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SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Life Story,
Letters, and
Reminiscences

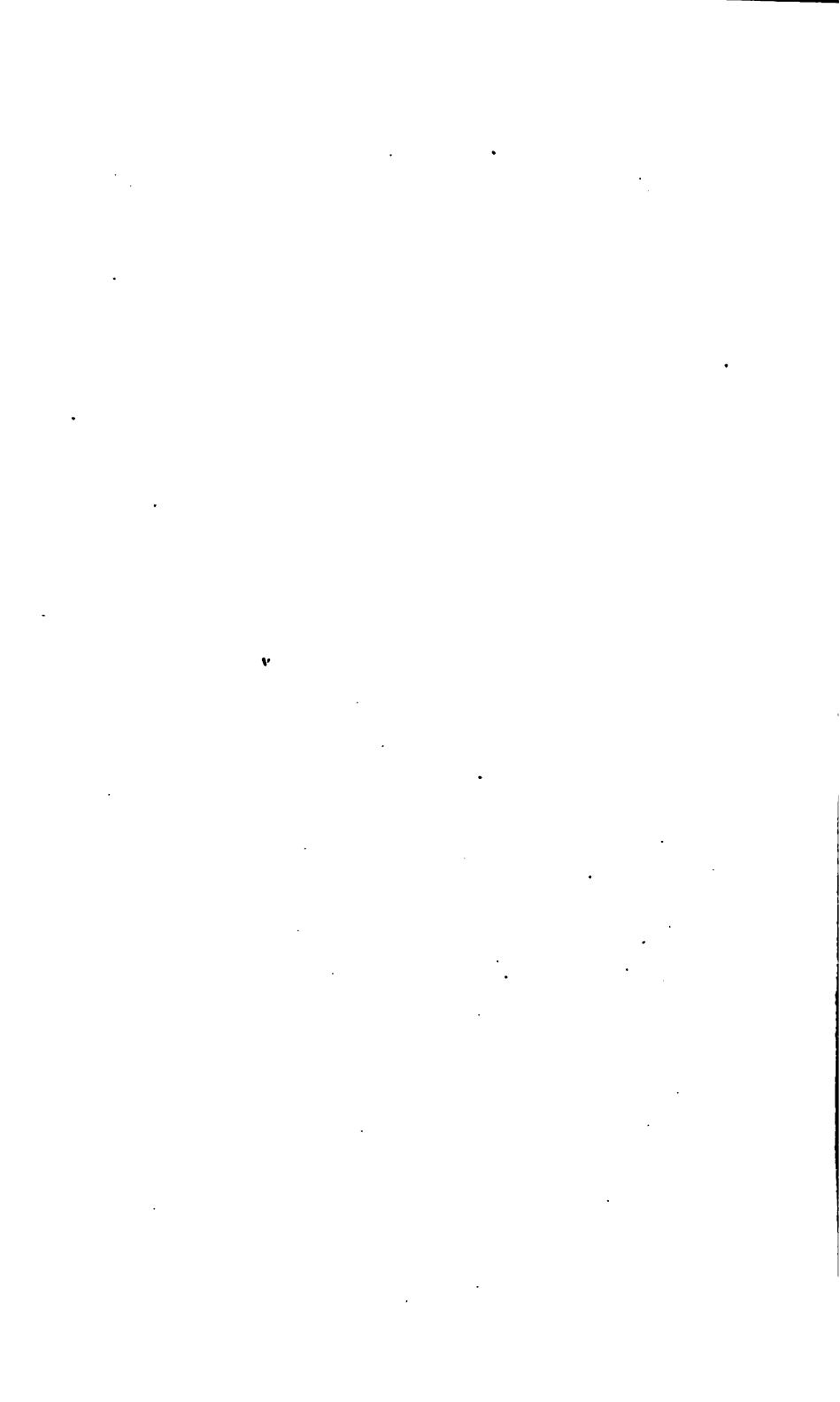
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*From the Portrait
Painted in 1888
by Sir John Millais.*

Arthur Sullivan.

Sir Arthur Sullivan

LIFE STORY, LETTERS
AND REMINISCENCES

BY

Arthur Lawrence

WITH CRITIQUE BY B. W. FINDON AND BIBLIOGRAPHY
BY WILFRID BENDALL



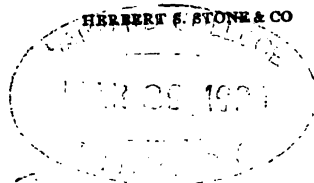
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PREFACE

IT is of importance to Sir Arthur Sullivan and myself that I should explain how this book came to be written. Averse as Sir Arthur is to the "interview" in journalism, I could not resist the temptation to ask him to let me write something of the sort when I first had the pleasure of meeting him—not in regard to journalistic matters—some years ago. That permission was most genially granted, and the little chat which I had with him then, in regard to the opera which he was writing, appeared in *The World*. Subsequent conversations which I was privileged to have with Sir Arthur, and the fact that there was nothing procurable in book form concerning our greatest and most popular composer—save an interesting little monograph which formed part of a small volume published some years ago on

English Musicians by Mr. Charles Willeby—gave me the notion of writing this book.

Sir Arthur's only objection to my proposition was one which did credit to his modesty : that he hardly thought a record of his life and recollections would be of interest to the public ; but as an item of the vast number, all the world over, who know Sir Arthur Sullivan's work, and who may therefore desire, so to speak, to have better personal acquaintance with the composer, I excused myself from sharing this modest opinion, nor have I any fear that the music-loving public will fail to justify me in regard to my attitude upon this particular point.

So much by way of explaining that the responsibility of writing and publishing this book is entirely my own. On the other hand, having, I hope, made this reservation clear, I must add that throughout a work which has been in the doing of it so pleasant to me, I have had Sir Arthur's heartiest co-operation, and the book is published with his goodwill and sanction.

Indeed, I have been given every facility. Sir Arthur has placed in my hands the letters which he wrote home over a period of some thirty years, as well as letters which have been written to him, and the like. Throughout the book—and more especially in Chapter XIII.—will be found my transcription of notes made during the many conversations which I have had with Sir Arthur Sullivan for this special purpose, including anecdotes and so forth which he has given me on the understanding that I could make use of them or not, as I saw fit. Moreover, Sir Arthur has revised and passed the proofs of those chapters dealing with incidents in his life, thus enabling me to claim accuracy and authenticity for this work, and, I need hardly add, leaving me with a debt of gratitude which, if I had the ability, this is not the place to express.

I shall not be guilty of any immodesty in suggesting that much utility and interest appertains to this book by reason of the complete and

accurate appendix compiled by Mr. Wilfrid Bendall, and by the three chapters on "Sullivan as a Musician" contributed by a musical critic of Mr. B. W. Findon's ability and experience.

If the reader, unhampered by any shortcomings of my own as biographer, shall find the life-story of the composer as interesting and refreshing as I have found it, I trust I need make no apology for having written the biography of a man during his lifetime, whilst there is an obvious and not to be over-estimated advantage in having it added to—and revised—by no less an authority than the subject of it.

THE AUTHOR.

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Sir Arthur Sullivan

HIS LIFE STORY

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD

(1842-1857)

Chapel Royal—Mendelssohn Scholarship—Leaves
Chapel Royal for Leipzig.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN was fortunate in regard to two circumstances which I deem to be the best incentives to hard work and achievement—he had the best of good parents, to whom he was devotedly attached, and, although there was no unpleasant straitment of means, he knew that he would have to earn his own living.

The word “prodigy” is an unpleasant one. The infant phenomenon may prove interesting, but whether the prodigy produces in one a feeling of interest or of boredom one can scarcely claim that the prodigy shall be congratulated as such.

Too often exceptional ability at a tender age implies an abnormal and unhealthy development of powers which, by reason of the hot-house processes which have attended their growth, are subject to premature arrest and decay. Innumerable instances will come to mind of great men in every profession, artists in every sense of the word, who have been dunces at school and whose powers, to say the least of it, have not been apparent during the time of their earlier development. On the other hand, it is not surprising if the extreme ability which we call genius should manifest itself early, and this was certainly the case with young Sullivan.

Born in London, on May 13, 1842, Arthur was the younger of two sons, the elder of whom, Frederic, is frequently referred to in this work. His father, Thomas Sullivan, an Irishman and a musician, was bandmaster at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, from 1845 to 1856, and took part in the Military School of Music at Kneller Hall, from 1857 until his death. The mother, Mary, daughter of James Cogher, was of an old Italian family, named Righi. Here one might make almost any deduction one pleased on the

score of heredity, or the peculiar advantage of this admixture of Celtic and Italian blood in this most English of Englishmen.

The band which his father conducted was small, but extremely efficient, for Thomas Sullivan loved his craft and was a first-rate musician. His elder son Frederic, although very fond of music, was educated and brought up as an architect,¹ possessing also a good voice and a *penchant* for using it, more especially in the effective delivery of comic songs, but, on the other hand, almost from infancy Arthur showed that he had different qualities and ambitions and gifts. An enthusiast in his art; all his efforts were directed towards composition, in which aim, it is needless to say, his father gave him every encouragement. It would seem that while there is no art which asks more of good education than music there is no faculty which is of a more instinctive character than the melodic faculty, but, whether or not this

¹ Lord Russell of Killowen tells a little anecdote of young Frederic Sullivan. It seems that at that time our Lord Chief Justice, who was then, of course, Mr. Charles Russell, had occasion to examine Frederic as a witness, in the course of which he said to him, "You are an architect, I believe, Mr. Sullivan?" to which Frederic replied, "I have been an architect, but am now on the stage," and added, "you see, I still draw big houses."

holds good by way of generalisation, how early young Sullivan's genius found some expression may be realised from the fact that, at the age of eight, he had written his first piece of boyish and, of course, immature composition, which Sir Arthur smilingly tells me was an anthem, "By the Waters of Babylon," while his first mature composition, the music to Shakespeare's "Tempest," which brought him fame and an assured position in the appreciation of the public, was written at the age of eighteen. It should be added that before the first-named piece had been written the eight-year-old boy had learned to play almost every wind instrument in his father's band with some facility.

In his own words his knowledge of these instruments, among them the flute, clarinet, horn, cornet, trombone, and euphonium, was not "a mere passing acquaintance, but a lifelong and intimate friendship." It was, indeed, an acquirement by no means necessarily included in the curriculum of every would-be composer. In this way he had gradually learnt the peculiarities of each instrument, where it was strong and where it was weak—first steps, indeed, in the branch of

his art and an acquirement of knowledge which must have assisted very practically his ability in orchestration.

There can be little doubt that even in those days, before the boy had attained his ninth birthday, his tendencies, his aptitudes, as well as his professed inclinations, prevented any sort of parental uncertainty as to the career of the younger boy, and though no doubt maternal affection might account for the circumstance, I am inclined to think that the scrupulous care with which Mrs. Sullivan preserved all his boyish epistles sent to her when he had left home is some evidence that, even then, they had good hopes, beyond those born of parental fondness and pride, that his career would be a distinguished one.

Young Arthur Sullivan wrote to his father and mother very regularly on all the occasions that he was away from home, from the time he first went to school, until his mother's death, a blow which fell upon him long after he had obtained a position which, even in their most sanguine moments, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Sullivan could have anticipated, and from those letters, although only brief

and of course very boyish effusions, I shall quote presently.

It is no small credit to the father—perhaps one may be forgiven for commenting upon it—that, notwithstanding any temptation, he avoided anything in the nature of that forcing process to which I have already alluded. On the contrary, he decided to send the boy away from all sound of music for a time, and placed him in a private school at Bayswater, where he remained until he was nearly twelve years old.

During those earlier school-days, however, there could be but one subject which ever remained uppermost in the minds of father and son, and at last the boy confessed that his great ambition was to become a member of the choir of either the Chapel Royal or Westminster Abbey, but the wish was opposed on the ground that the education was not the best to be had. For a time he gave up the attack, but then tried the powers of persuasion on his Bayswater school-master, a Mr. Plees, until with the assent of Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Plees finally consented to take him to see Sir George Smart, the organist and composer to the Chapels Royal, who lived at

that time in the house in which Weber spent his last moments in Great Portland Street. Sir George received him very kindly and heard him sing "With Verdure Clad," in which the would-be chorister accompanied himself; with the result that he was sent down to see the Rev. Thomas Helmore, the master of the Chapel Royal boys. The address given then was a house in Onslow Square. Mr. Plees went with him, but only to find that the master of the boys had moved. However, the agitated youth, always practical, bethought himself of inquiring of a local tradesman, and finding that Mr. Helmore had moved to Cheyne Walk, Mr. Plees and he went there together. Arthur Sullivan had an exceptionally good treble voice, and had learned to sing those arias which he had heard at home, so that the result of Mr. Helmore's examination was well-nigh a foregone conclusion. Two days afterwards he received a note saying that he might take up his work as a Chapel Royal chorister and enter the school. This was on Tuesday in Holy Week, 1854. On the following Thursday he had learned and sung the treble part in Nares' anthem "Blessed is He," and not

only the purity, sweetness, and strength of his voice, but the sympathetic quality of his rendering—as against the usual boyish rendering of solos—called forth some very decided approval on the part of his master and of many others amongst those who heard him.

Apart from the musical education, the fellowship with the boys of his own age, many of them intending to adopt music as a profession, must have been of considerable value to him, and, not least, he must have benefited by the *esprit-de-corps* which Mr. Helmore did so much to inspire. From the letters which he wrote home, dated from Cheyne Walk, it is not difficult to see that the tone of the place was a healthy one. Truth compels me to add that the treatment of the boys did not err on the side of laxity, for in one letter there is the terse information that “M. was caned because he did not know the meaning of fortissimo.”

There are one or two sentences in the letters written home during the Chapel Royal period which, although they cannot be of a particularly momentous character, are interesting in so far as the names mentioned remind one that these letters

were written in the early fifties, and in so far as they help us to form a picture of the bright-eyed, dark, curly-haired boy who was destined to become the most popular composer of our own time.

It would be purposeless to give any of these letters in their entirety, or, indeed, to do more than quote very briefly from letters extending over a considerable period, but it may be interesting to note that throughout they are curiously restrained and mature for a boy of twelve, a remark which applies also to the handwriting. Throughout one is sensible that they are from a boy with a strong sense of duty, and of the importance of making the best use of the short time before him, and of doing everything to the very best of his abilities.

With an intense appreciation of home, there is an abiding anxiety to give his "people" a clear account of everything that goes on. Here and there one gets a glimpse of his little economies, and more often a touch of ironic humour, but every letter bears the same impress of seriousness and restraint.

In one of them he writes to his father: "We have got the gold clothes to-day. . . . Will you come to chapel on that day? If you do, you will

have the double pleasure of seeing me toggled out and hearing me sing a solo." In another letter he explains, "We" (the Chapel Royal Choristers) "were going home for a party. Before we got to Buckingham Palace, we were attacked by a lot of boys, but a man taking our part, and we making a desperate defence, *I managed to get home safely.*" The stress on the last words is a good-humoured allusion to the fact that they had to execute an undignified, if strategic, retreat. These attacks were of constant occurrence. It would seem that the gold coats were a perpetual irritant to the *canaille*.

"We went to the Bishop's party (at Fulham Palace) on Thursday and had such a jolly time. I sang 'With Verdure Clad,' with which the Bishop was very much pleased, and patted me on the head; he then gave us half a crown each. So I bought 'Samson' when I went to Novello's, as one of the boys owed me sixpence. Shan't I be well stocked with Oratorios?"

In another there is an allusion to his stock of wealth and the intellectual refreshment which his brother Fred had provided. "I want some more stamps sent me. I have expended nearly all my



ARTHUR SULLIVAN
AS A CHAPEL ROYAL CHORISTER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

money, only Captain Ottley gave me a shilling for running a race, but I have paid a good deal of that to the Cricket Club. Fred often comes to see me of a night and sings us comic songs," one of which, according to quotation, seemed to have contained an allusion in quite a Dickensy manner to "free spots of brandy on a lump of sugar, which was the rewing of him."

"Has Helen learned any fresh races on the piano, one hand after the other? The young ladies' letters were very nicely written and indited. I hope they are getting on well with their respective studies. I shall give them a lesson or two on religious instruction when I get home."

On October 6, 1856, he writes to say that he is now "first boy," and presumes that a bottle of "champagne stuff" will be drunk on the strength of it, and the year before, *à propos* of Guy Fawkes Day, "They talk of doing away with the services for that day altogether, and let the poor fellow sleep in his grave in peace, and only remember that it was the day the battle of Inkerman was fought, since the Roman Catholics helped us to win the day, and we speak so badly of them in the service."

"Yesterday I had to sing a long solo in the Chapel Royal," and naming the then Duchess of Sutherland, the late Lord Wilton, and others who were present, he continues: "Watch the *Times* every day, and most likely you will see all about it, for there was a reporter from there, and he took down my name and a good deal else." In another he reports that he is being taken to Drury Lane to hear Grisi and Mario.

In another letter, dated May 20, 1857, there is a fairly decided statement of opinion for a boy of fifteen. "I enjoyed the Philharmonic very much last Monday, all except Rubinstein. He has wonderful strength in the wrists, and particularly so in octave passages, but there is a good deal of clap-trap about him. As for his composition, it was a disgrace to the Philharmonic. I never heard such wretched, nonsensical rubbish; not two bars of melody or harmony together throughout, and yet Mr. E. thinks him wonderful."

The following extracts will give a glimpse of the more serious and of the lighter side of affairs with him at the Chapel Royal:

"When I had composed my anthem I showed it to Sir George Smart, who told me it did me

great credit, and also told me to get the parts copied out, and he would see what he could do with it. So I copied them out and he desired the sub-dean to have it sung, and it *was* sung. The dean¹ was there in the evening and he called me up to him in the vestry and said it was very clever, and said that perhaps I should be writing an oratorio some day. But he said there was something higher to attend to, and then Mr. Helmore said that I was a very good boy indeed. Whereupon he shook hands with me, with half a sovereign"—which was very satisfactory and the first money earned by composition.

In another letter comes a reference to a special form of recreation: "Every time I have made up my mind to sit down and write to you some fellow or other is sure to turn me away from it by asking me to come and lead our 'band,' which, by-the-bye, consists of two French speakers, which by singing through them produce a twangy sound like the oboe; two combs, and the cover of a book for a drum—I am organist: or else they ask me to go on composing something for the band."

It could not but happen that the enthusiasm

¹Ex-officio Bishop of London. This was Dean Bloomfield.

and activity of the young chorister should attract just the sort of attention which was destined to prove most useful to him. One incident of his somewhat precocious ability is worth relating. When he was thirteen he came home from the Chapel Royal for his holidays, much exercised in mind concerning a work by Sir Frederick Ouseley, entitled "The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp." Sir Frederick had written it as an exercise for his degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford. Arthur Sullivan sang the solo soprano part in the performance at Oxford, and "thought there never was such music." As soon as he reached home, he said to his father, "There is a splendid march in 'The Martyrdom of St. Polycarp.' You really ought to get it for the band." Mr. Sullivan replied that he could do nothing, as the music had not been published. However, the boy was not to be overcome by a difficulty of that sort, and beginning work early one morning, by night-time he had written out the march from memory in full military band score, and it was played with great success by the band at Sandhurst. The success of this experiment—a wonderful effort of memory for a boy of thirteen—reached the ears of Sir

Frederick, and the pleasure which he expressed was no doubt mixed with some gratification at what was, in effect, though not in intention, very practical flattery.

He had been two years at the Chapel Royal, when, in the early part of '56, it was announced that the Mendelssohn scholarship would be thrown open for competition. The movement in favour of this form of memorial to Mendelssohn in this country had been initiated some ten years before, with the result that a committee had been convened to formulate the nation in London. In order to raise the necessary funds it had been decided to take advantage of the generous offer of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, who proffered herservices at the performance of "Elijah," which she gave with the aid of the Sacred Harmonic Society and Mr. Julius Benedict, and which took place at Exeter Hall on December 15, 1848. The result of the performance was eminently satisfactory, the pecuniary outcome being a thousand pounds, which was invested and formed the nucleus of what is now the Mendelssohn scholarship. The original plan of amalgamating the London and Leipzig projects had fallen through,

and, as I have already stated, it was not until '56 that the scholarship was actually offered for competition.

The suggestion that Sullivan should compete would seem to have emanated from his own parents, for in one of his letters home, dated from Cheyne Walk, in the early part of '56, he writes: "I should like to try above all things for the Mendelssohn scholarship, but you had better speak to Mr. Helmore first about it;" while in another, dated June 24, he states that "Saturday is the examination day for the Mendelssohn scholarship. There are seventeen candidates for it, all clever fellows, so Mr. Porter says, so that I stand a poor chance. I wish you would come up that day. Besides, it is the grand rehearsal of Jenny Lind's last concert, and you would have a chance of hearing her."

It was one of the conditions that no pupil under fourteen years of age could compete, but luckily for him, his birthday falling on May 13, he just escaped disqualification on account of his extreme youth by five or six weeks! When it came to the last day of the examination it was announced that the scholarship lay between the

eldest and the youngest of the competitors. The youngest was Arthur Sullivan. The eldest of the competitors was Joseph Barnby. The result being a tie between them, it was decided to put them both through a severe final examination. At the close of that long summer's day, which must have been a trying ordeal for both of them, the judges reserved their decision. The result, they were told, would be communicated by letter to the successful competitor.

The next day was one of feverish excitement for at least one of the "Children of the Chapel Royal," living at No. 6, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. It was not a prize that could be reckoned out and assessed at any definite monetary value. To young Master Sullivan it meant a continuance of his musical education under the most favourable circumstances. It meant also that the winner of the first Mendelssohn scholarship in this country would receive just that amount of publicity that would prove of almost immediate advantage. It would mean the friendly attention of those best able to help him, and, not least, infinite pleasure to his best of good friends, his own parents. The letter which he received announcing the result,

and the first paragraph intimating that result to the public in the *Illustrated London News*, were promptly framed, and are at the present moment among his most cherished possessions. Young as he was, he must have been conscious that no subsequent success would ever afford him such a keen sense of pleasure. It was his real start in life, and it would be his own fault if he did not make the best use of it.

During the time of his stay at the Chapels Royal there had been no lack of interesting incidents. With the rest of the choir he was present at the opening of the Crystal Palace in 1854 by the Queen and the Prince Consort, an occasion no less memorable for the fact that it was the first time that an enormous number of singers and instrumentalists were gathered together upon the scale afterwards developed by the Handel Festivals. He was present also, as chorister, at the baptismal service of Princess Beatrice, the last-born child of the Queen.

There is also another link with the past provided by the mention of the name in one of the boyish letters home which I have already quoted—Jennie Lind-Goldschmidt. She is, of course,

no more than a name to this generation. Sir Arthur tells me that the occasion when he first heard her sing was the greatest event of his boyhood, and yet remains the deepest musical impression of his life. When he came home from that concert he was in a state of enchantment. For two or three hours after the other boys had gone off to bed he sat on the staircase dreaming and thinking about it. Sir Arthur tells me that she was altogether the greatest singer he has ever heard, or—so far as an opinion can go—the greatest the world has ever seen. Yet the reason for the enchantment is difficult of definition.

“Her voice,” says Sir Arthur, “which, as an organ, has been equalled and surpassed, had an individual quality about it totally unlike anything else I have ever heard. She sang with a spirituality and intensity which moved one strangely. Her vocalisation, phrasing, and interpretation were absolutely perfect, but her power over one was due to something more than these qualities. There was an indefinable something in her beautiful voice which called forth the high tribute of deep emotion and real tears of sympathy. She

was a rare woman and a great artist. I remember one occasion when she was quite an old woman, she came to visit me. It chanced that in the course of conversation I ran my fingers over the keys of the pianoforte, playing a little song of Mendelssohn, and I assure you that the sound of her voice had the same magical effect upon me—the tears came to one's eyes—so deep and true was the rare spirituality of her temperament."

"Helmore," Sir Arthur tells me, "was enthusiastic for the revival of old church music, and was at the head of the movement for the use of Gregorian music in the church. He published two works which are of permanent value, the 'Hymnal Noted' and a 'Psalter,' both of which are really monuments of research. The words are mostly translations by the Rev. J. M. Niel, the great hymnologist. I assisted in the work a good deal in harmonizing tunes during the time that I was a chorister there. The knowledge and experience I gained in this way in regard to hymn tunes assisted me materially in making my big collection of hymn tunes for the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, entitled 'Church Hymns,' and for this collection I wrote

a great many tunes." Many of which, one may add, are like household words in the church.

"It is perhaps a curious fact," Sir Arthur adds, "that one of my best-known hymn tunes was written as a result of a quarrel. The quarrel was between the proprietors of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' and the firm of Novello who printed it, and who then gave way to Messrs. Clowes, who still print it. Novello's then proceeded to compile a collection of hymns, and for that Hymnary I wrote 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' which, you see, was thus the indirect outcome of a quarrel."

He remained for some time at the Chapel Royal, and did his work at the Academy concurrently. His masters there were Sterndale Bennett and Arthur O'Leary for the pianoforte, and John Goss for harmony and composition. He has ever been an exceedingly hard worker, and that he did not belie himself upon this occasion was shown by the fact that, in consideration of the progress he had made, the committee awarded him an extension of the scholarship for two years in succession, although it was not until the end of the first year that his voice "broke" and he left London for Leipzig. This was in the June of

'57 (ætat. 15), and his work and experience in Leipzig must be reserved for the next chapter.

They were happy days, and among the children of the Chapels Royal it may be doubted if any of the boys enjoyed the work more than young Arthur Sullivan. He had been there three years, had become "first boy," had written two or three anthems, one of which had been sung in the Chapel, and for which he had received his first earnings—ten shillings; had alternated his spare time between the Catch Club and the Cricket Club, and the wonderful Choir "band," of which he had been the conductor, organist, and composer, and the bright-eyed, eager boy, with his assiduous attention to duty, had made many friends. He left the Chapel and the Academy well equipped in the rudiments of his profession. Nor was this all, for, better still, he had acquired much the same sort of practical knowledge of the voice and the requirements of choral music that he had already gained in regard to instrumental music from the military band which his father controlled at Sandhurst. So we find that up to this point he had gained not the least valuable part of his education—the personal knowledge of

each instrument and each voice, without which, it goes without saying, and may well be emphasised here, no man can be considered qualified for the post of conductor, nor hope to do effective work as a composer. It was a knowledge which I think the most adverse critic will not deny has proved fruitful, and it is knowledge which, added to his rare melodic faculty, has enabled him to do work which has not only achieved unique popularity, but will also help to secure for the greater part of his composition the permanent interest of posterity.

CHAPTER II

AT LEIPZIG

(1858-1861)

IT was in the autumn of 1858 that he left London for Leipzig. He carried with him letters of introduction which would find him very acceptable friends, and the fact that he was the first Mendelssohn scholar would be sure to gain him some little attention in the Conservatorium at Leipzig, but, best of all, he brought no prejudices with him. He worked hard and formed opinions and came to some definite conclusions, but, as one would expect, the sixteen-year-old lad was unprejudiced and receptive. On this side of the water, in those days, there was no god but Mendelssohn, and the lighter form of music indulged in as an alternative was almost too banal for description. Apart from appreciation of Mendelssohn, the taste of the musical public in

England was at a low ebb, vapid pianoforte pieces, insipid ballads, and songs characterised by nothing better than blatant vulgarity sufficed to keep the more intelligent folk away from the concert room, and, unfortunately, by the will of the majority, similar stuff was made to serve as the staple after-dinner refreshment. At Leipzig there was, if anything, rather a prejudice against Mendelssohn, in the shape of a reaction against the notion that if the out-and-out admirers of Mendelssohn were right, then the admirers of any other composer must be wrong. Schumann, at that ~~time unknown~~ in England, was enjoying a great vogue in Germany. Schubert, too, had "come to his own," and the admirers of Wagner were giving vent to that enthusiasm which, in its later developments, has done that great master the ill service of the suggestion that to be unable to regard everything he has written as being on the same plane of excellence is to argue that one is without education, or that one has a weakness for indulging in heresy. At any rate, up to the time of which I am writing, the work of Wagner, Schumann, and Schubert had been ignored in this country. Not the least important

part of the education he received during his two-and-a-half years in Leipzig was this breadth of appreciation and knowledge of even more importance than the practical tuition he received at the admirably managed Conservatorium.

Here he had for masters Moscheles and Plaidy for the pianoforte, Hauptmann for counterpoint and fugue, Julius Rietz for composition, and Ferdinand David for orchestral playing and conducting. He was extremely fortunate in his masters. Rietz was an excellent conductor, who never allowed his own strong personal prejudices to stand in the way of a good performance, while Plaidy's instruction (pianoforte) was eagerly sought after from all parts of the world, for he had a remarkable gift for imparting technical power.

"Amongst my fellow-students at Leipzig who afterwards distinguished themselves," Sir Arthur tells me, "might be mentioned John Francis Barnett, Franklin Taylor, Professor Ernest Rudolph, and Greig, the celebrated composer. His younger brother was also there, and it is curious to remember that he was thought to be very much more gifted and more likely to achieve

celebrity in the world than his elder brother; but the younger brother has done nothing since. To continue the list of my fellow-students, there was Carl Rosa, Dan Reuter, the late Walter Bach, and many who are better known in Germany than here.

“At that time Leipzig was a most interesting old town, with some of the most picturesque German architecture in the world, of which nothing now remains but a few old houses in the market-place

“In 1860, whilst I was there, the wonderful hailstorm occurred. It lasted less than ten minutes, but it broke every window in the town that looked to the west, and it was a curious thing that, in the post-office, which faced west, every pane of glass looked as if it had been clean cut by the glazier. The hailstones were about the size of a bantam's egg, and many of them were of a most beautiful pattern and shape. A good many cattle, but, luckily, no human beings, were killed, although a number of people were badly injured. The stones were swept up at the sides of the streets, and a few days afterwards the King of Saxony came over to look at them. It was cer-

tainly the most curious thing I have ever witnessed in Europe."

The story of young Sullivan's work and experience at Leipzig can best be told from the letters which he wrote during that period.

In September of '58 he writes to his father to tell him that he is now "safely housed two floors high, and that the bed-sitting room contains a grand piano." He has already had several pleasant walks with Moscheles and David.

"The first of the twenty subscription concerts will begin next week, but I shall not go to the first two, as they are on Sunday."

The first question Sir George Smart put to him on his return from Leipzig was, "Did you go to any concerts on a Sunday?" and was delighted to have a reply in the negative.

"I am obliged to work tremendously hard here. No sooner is one master dispatched than I rush home to prepare for another. In fact, to tell the truth, the great fault of this institution is that there are too many *lessons*—not enough time given to the student to work at home." The same letter (dated November) contains an amused reference to the influence of what he has so far seen and

heard around him. "I had filled two sheets of paper with a letter to Mr. Helmore the other day, but tore it up again, as it contained heresy, as Captain Ottley would call it."

There are two letters to his brother Frederic to congratulate him on his birthdays. In December of '58 his brother Frederic was twenty-one, and Arthur was six months over sixteen.

"I shall treat myself to a 'Halbe-Flasche' of Hocheimer on Saturday to drink your health in, old chap, and for which you can pay me in your next letter. This is the best time to be in Germany. Every one gives presents to each other. It is an old Christmas custom, and all is mirth and jollity. I walk perhaps into the Augustus Platz, and the whole square is filled with Christmas trees of all sizes for the inspection of the buyer. Every one has a tree, even the poorest in the town. It is not Christmas without it. Walking a little further up the Grimmasche Strasse I am attracted by shops filled with the most exquisite bonbons and sweetmeats of all shapes and patterns. Houses, trees, animals, human beings, ham, sausages, and all kinds of cunning devices, cut out in the most beautiful manner, and in all colours, from

sugar and all of it eatable. These are put on the trees."

In the letter to his brother in the same month of the following year ('59) he alludes jocularly to his student importance: "I was writing a little piece for the violoncello in honour of your twenty-second birthday, but was obliged to give it up on account of my important public duties! in connection with the Conservatoire festivities. I have been unanimously elected President of our Music Committee. The operetta—one of Reinicke's—is only written for pianoforte accompaniment, and as that is not strong enough, I am obliged to arrange a great part of it for string instruments, and, besides that, I have to *conduct* the whole piece. I anticipate great fun at the rehearsals! The dresses have been lent us by the theatre. My orchestra consists of three first violins, two second, one 'cello, and one contrabass, with the grand piano, and perhaps I shall have two or three more violins and another 'cello. We have eighteen in the chorus and six solo singers, so I shall have enough to do to keep them all together." It was a favourite trick of his to append to his signature some sort of title. This time he

proudly adds, "Conductor of the Royal Opera at Leipzig!"

Writing in the previous September to his father he remarks, "I have written a little romance for four stringed instruments which I will send you over to play, if you promise to observe the pianos, fortes, and staccatos in a marked manner, as the thing loses its effect without them.

"We had what they call a Landpartie the other day—that is, all the students of the Conservatorium, accompanied by the directors, masters, and various visitors, walk out to a little village, eat and drink in the Gasthof, or an inn, and then amuse themselves in a free-and-easy manner. I, with my usual luck, happened to be elected on the Committee of Arrangements, thereby losing three days' work, and finding myself minus two-and-a-half thalers at the end. How we four wretched creatures worked and slaved those three days! First day concocting and writing notices to be hung up in the hall, running about the town buying ingredients for 'punch,' flowers for the ladies, decorations for the salon, &c. Another committee meeting at

eight next morning. Rode over to Währen to tell 'mine host' that eighty people were coming to dine with him the next day, and that he must be provided. Then we decorated the room in the most brilliant manner, each in his shirt sleeves, and a pot of 'Baieresches Beer' before him—Germans can do nothing without beer! That done, back again to Leipzig, went round to invite the masters, directors, &c., according to etiquette. Next day committee meeting at eight, rushed two miles out of town to buy the fireworks and illuminated lanterns. Brought them home in triumph, went home, dressed and ate, and went back to the Conservatorium before two, in time to receive the people. At Währen they drank coffee and played games in the meadow, danced, ate supper, saw the fireworks, and finally drank an immense quantity of punch. Had you come in at about a quarter past ten you would have seen Albrecht and me with two gigantic bowls ladling it out to the company."

30th March, 1860.—"Tell Jack [his brother] I will sell him the copyright of the Overture for twenty pounds, or you shall have it for the same price for the great——band! What a swindle

that thing is! Cheating the public to go to Exeter Hall in order to hear a set of wretched muffs blowing themselves to pieces and labouring under the delusion that they are entertaining the public. But I must say that you have shown great judgment in discarding bassoons, for what earthly use are they amidst the noise of trumpets, trombones, euphoniums, &c.? Besides, the bassoon is a purely orchestral instrument, and, in my opinion, utterly out of place in a military band. The althorn, on the contrary, although of a very sweet and charming tone, tells much more, mixes better with the other instruments, and is capable of quite the same, if not more, execution. Your selections seem to be very judicious, but of course I cannot speak on that subject as you are far in advance of me in such things. I must get you to teach me more about military instrumentation when I come back. . . . Most of the bands I have seen in Germany seem to be all brass. I must confess they do play splendidly, and it has a most glorious effect. You cannot tell how much superior it sounds to ours in England."

June 4, 1859, he writes to his father: "I have been here eight months, an immense advantage to

me"—although "it is only now" that the improvement was manifesting itself in young Sullivan—"for, of course, I had to work back again to this system, besides having to struggle against the difficulties of the language, for I lost half the benefit of my former lessons through not understanding what was said. . . . You will be pleased to hear that I have made my first public appearance as a player, as the enclosed programme will show you, though I certainly had not much cause to be nervous, there being four of us playing together. I do not much mind playing in public now, as I have got over my nervousness, and for which I may thank the *Abend Unterhaltung*. My quartette was played in the *Abend Unterhaltung* a fortnight or so ago, and went capitally. I mean it played well. I was congratulated by the director and professors afterwards. They wanted it performed in the *Prüfung* (public examination), but Mr. Rietz would not have it, for reasons which were quite proper; besides, I have no doubt he thought I should become idle after it, as is very often the case with them here.

"This has been a very gay week for Leipzig in consequence of the great 'Tonkünstler-Ver-

sammlung,' or meeting of musical artists, got up principally by the 'Future Music' people. Through it I have formed the acquaintance of Liszt, who has been the 'Lion.' My first introduction to him was last Tuesday, when Mr. David gave a grand musical matinée to which he invited me. Liszt, Von Bulow (Prussian court pianist) . . . and many other German celebrities, musical and non-musical, were there. In the evening when nearly every one was gone, Liszt, David, Bronsart, and I had a quiet game of whist together, and I walked home with Liszt in the evening. . . . The next evening a grand concert in the theatre, Liszt conducting. . . . Liszt is a very amiable man, despite his eccentricities, which are many. What a wonderful player he is! Such power and at the same time such delicacy and lightness. . . . We have had 40,000 Austrians passing through here this last fortnight, on their way to the war. They are not bad-looking men. The general feeling of hatred against Napoleon throughout Germany is tremendous. The papers are daily filled with the most raving animosities against him, and no effort is made to stop them. I do not think that it is possible for Germany to

help mixing up in the war. There are now 16,000 men out of work in Leipzig alone, and if things do not mend soon there will be revolutions everywhere.

"I had a letter from Sir F. Ouseley the other day. He writes so kindly, and wants to know if I will write him another anthem for his book, but the words he has sent me are so unmusical that I cannot set them. . . . Tell Fred, with my love, that he is a *brick*, and that I will write him something for his violoncello."

June 5, 1860.—"I enclose you a programme of our last Prüfung. You will, doubtless, on looking over it, recognise one of the names. Translated, the thing stands as follows: Overture to T. Moore's poem, 'The Feast of Roses,' from Lalla Rookh (E Major), composed by A. S. from London (conducted by the composer). 'The Feast of Roses, is the German name for the 'Light of the Harem.' It was such fun standing up there and conducting that large orchestra! I can fancy mother saying, 'Bless his little heart! how it must have beaten!' 'But his little heart did not beat at all. I wasn't in the least nervous, only in one part where the drum *would* come in wrong at the

rehearsal, but he did it all right in the evening. I was called forward three times at the end and most enthusiastically cheered. I shot the bird, as Mr. Schleinitz said—*i.e.*, had the greatest success in the whole Prüfung. The newspapers have also treated me very favourably, much better than I expected, for the Overture being written in Mendelssohn style, and there being such a clique against Mendelssohn, I thought they would have treated me roughly. The *Leipzig Journal* says, 'With respect to the compositions, we were gratified at finding in the youthful Sullivan a talent which we many venture to say, by the aid of active and continued perseverance, gives promise of a favourable future. His Overture was certainly a little spun out, but, nevertheless, successful by the aid of well-selected materials, in mastering the expression of the one definite aim held in view.' The *General Anzeiger* says, speaking of the applause which followed Fisher's 'Quartette,' 'Still more was obtained by Herr Sullivan in the second part for his Overture, which was conducted by himself, and which, striving towards a new direction, transported us into the Persian plains of Moore's lovely

poem, and gives us great hopes for the young composer."

August 22, 1859.—"Where do you think I have been? To no less a place than Schandau. You sent me five thal., I saved up five, and my landlady, who wanted to get me out of the house in order to clean it, lent me five. It was too hot to live in Leipzig. Fancy having 113 Fah. in the shade. . . . Well, I set out at nine in the morning for Dresden and got there about twelve. But, alas! I had chosen an unfortunate day. There was no opera that night, the picture gallery was closed, and all that I could do was to walk about the town till the boat for Schandau went. I was altogether delighted with Dresden: it is a beautiful town, and well deserves the name of the 'German Florence.' The streets are clean and the houses fine and well built, and the river Elbe so clear that you can almost see the bottom of it. . . . At two I took my place in the steamer, and we jogged quietly up the river. It was a beautiful day and we were enabled to see all the lovely scenery as we passed, for, by taking the river, you go through the whole of the Saxon-Switzerland. The first part consists prin-

cially of woods and hills sloping down to the river, interspersed with cottages, all built in the Swiss style. But when within about five or six miles of Schandau it grows grander and grander, immense rocks, some with foliage, rising one above the other to a tremendous height. . . .

"I put up at the Bath Hotel, as being the best and most reasonable. What a glorious week we had! We made excursions into all the neighbouring 'Lions.' . . . Payne, a young Englishman studying in the Conservatorium, and staying with me in the hotel, came up to me and said, 'Sullivan I should like to see our bills; we have been here just a week, and I don't think we can hold out any longer.' 'I have just told the waiter to bring them,' I said, 'for I am getting anxious too.' The bills were brought, and after paying mine I found I had just a thaler left! 'How am I to get back to Leipzig?' was naturally the question that came to my head. Payne had five thalers left, and we agreed to start off the next morning at six o'clock and make a joint-stock purse! With six thalers we found we could come through very well. All went off very jollily till we came to the pier at Dresden, when Payne,

who was cashier, discovered that he had lost both boat tickets, when, of course, we had to pay again. 'Pleasant,' thought I. 'This is the height of human enjoyment,' said Payne, with a melancholy attempt at a smile. We hadn't enough to pay for the train to Leipzig. So we stood by the Roman Catholic Church, looking at the theatre and the Royal Palace, and wondering if the King knew we hadn't money enough whether he would send us out any. It was one o'clock, and in another hour the train would start for Leipzig. A thump on the shoulder, and 'Hullo, old fellow!' made me look away from the Palace, and there, to my joy, stood W., who, with his mother, was just going on to Schandau. To explain the state of the case and borrow two thalers was the work of a few seconds. That fellow always comes everywhere at the right moment. He has the best and kindest heart in the world, and is the confidential friend and adviser of all the English in Leipzig. Well, we got back to Leipzig at last, after having bullied all the porters, guards, and railway officials on the line, who naturally thought us young 'Milords' with hundreds of pounds in our pockets instead

of a few groschens. . . . I was in high good humour to-day, for the sight of that thaler has done me good. I shall immediately go to the orchestra lesson, conduct the symphony, which I haven't done for two or three weeks, and bully the band, in tolerably bad German, for hurrying so. Dr. David laughs at me and says I shall make a capital conductor." Referring to his brother: "Captain Ottley saw him sawing away with a zeal that would have done honor to half a-dozen Lindleys put together at the Handel Festival. I do wish he could come over here for a week or two."

October 30, 1859.—"My quartette was performed again last Friday in the Abend Unterhaltung. Herr Veit, an amateur of talent and celebrity, having had a symphony performed in the Gervandhaus Concert, honoured us the next evening with his presence in the Couservatorium, and the directors wishing him to hear some pupil's composition selected my quartette. When it was over Veit called me to him, shook hands with me, and practically repeated what Spohr said to me: 'So young, and yet so far advanced in art.'"

September 1860.—“How shall I thank you sufficiently, my dearest father, for the opportunity you have given me of continuing my studies here? I am indeed very grateful, and will work very hard in order that you may soon see that all your sacrifices (which I know you make) have not been to no purpose, and I will try to make the end of your days happy and comfortable. I had given up all idea of studying longer, and, indeed, was making preparations for my journey home. Therefore the surprise was greater for me.”

October 28, 1860.—“The director has exempted me from paying for the Conservatorium during the next six months I am going to stay here. When I went up to thank him for it he said, ‘Oh, yes, we will let that be entirely. You are a splendid fellow (pächtiger Kerl) and very useful. We all like you so much that we can’t let you go:’ is it not very kind of him?”

Writing to his brother Christmas '60: “We were wishing for you to come over and give us your valuable assistance here a short time ago. We had a grand nigger performance at Mrs. Barnett’s and all the English and Americans in the Conservatorium invited to witness it. The

performers were four in number. Taylor,¹ banjo (played upon my *tenor*); Barnett,² bones, deficiency supplied by castagnets; Wheat, violin, and myself, tambourine. We composed the whole entertainment amongst us, and a very good one it was too; most of the audience had never seen anything of the kind before, and the consequence was they were most of them ill with laughing. In the same sort of case, in fact, that father and I were in after we had seen Christy's. In our rehearsals, when we were at a standstill or in a difficulty, the general exclamation was, 'Now, if Sullivan's brother were here he'd be the fellow. Yes, write to Fred Sullivan and tell him to give us a few hints,' so you see your reputation is firmly established in Leipzig.

October 31, 1860: "Mother, my great hobby is still conducting. I have been told by many of the masters here that I was born to be a conductor and consequently have been educating myself to a high degree in that branch of the art. If I can only once obtain an opportunity to show what I can do in that way I feel confident of my success

¹ Professor Franklin Taylor.

² John Francis Barnett.

afterwards. Do not mistake this for conceit. . . . but I am getting of an age now when I shall be obliged to have confidence in myself and my own resources. I often try to think what would have become of me had I never come to Germany. In England there was very little more for me to learn. I had heard and knew well almost all the small stock of music which is ever performed in London (and it is *very* little compared to what one hears here). I should have made very little improvement in pianoforte playing, whereas now thanks to Messrs. Moscheles and Plaidy, I am a tolerably decent player. . . . Besides increasing and maturing my judgment of music it has taught me how good works ought to be done. They have no idea in England of making the orchestras play with that degree of light and shade to which they have attained here, and that is what I aim at—to bring the English orchestra to the same perfection as the Continental ones, and to even still greater, for the power and tone of ours are much greater than the foreign.”

Writing of the English attitude at that time towards new work: “If something does not please them (tickle their ears) the first time they

hear it they throw it aside and will not have anything more to do with it, forgetting that really good music is seldom appreciated by one the first time of hearing, but that it grows on one and one sees its beauties gradually. Take Beethoven, for instance. His fifth symphony was poohpooh'd and laughed at when it was first tried at the Philharmonic; Carl M. von Weber said of his eighth (or seventh) that the composer was fit for the madhouse. The Choral Symphony is only just now beginning to be *understood* in England. And yet what do we think of Beethoven now? Suppose they had cast him aside, as they do Schumann (the most popular German composer), Schubert, Gade, and other less distinguished composers. Look at the programme for to-morrow night's concert. . . . Fancy seeing Schumann and Wagner in the same programme in England. The time will come yet I hope. . . . The fact is I am letting out now all the rage which has been concentrated in me ever since I began reading that wretched *Musical World*. It is my opinion that music as an art in England will go to the devil very soon if some few enthusiastic, practical, and capable young educated

musicians do not take it in hand. I get so savage sometimes when in company here and talking to great artists who have been to England at the sneering way in which they talk of 'England's art,' English taste. . . . and yet I ought not to be angry with them, for I feel that they are quite right. However, hope and persevere is my motto."

November 26, 1860.—Writing to his father on various musical matters, more particularly with regard to military band music, he goes on to say: "I have given up the symphony. I finished the first movement, but did not like it when it was done, for whatever way I turned the second subject it always sounded like the Quintette of Schumann, a piece you do not know, of course, being an Englishman. I cannot understand why the critics, and, in consequence, musicians themselves, should be so prejudiced against that unfortunate composer. At the very name of Schumann an English musician draws back alarmed, shrugs his shoulders, and mutters a few words about Zukunftsmusik, Weimar, &c., and doubtless with fine judgment will point out the marked difference between Schumann and



ARTHUR SULLIVAN
IN 1887, AETAT. 16. LEIPZIG PORTRAIT.

Handel! Yet, if you ask that man to tell you conscientiously if he ever heard a note of Schumann's music, he will probably be obliged to answer, No.

"P. S.—Here is a little choice bit. . . . My friend W., happening to be writing to the *Athenæum* newspaper, also thought he might give a little news respecting the Gervandhaus concerts this year. Amongst other things mentioned as being performed was Schumann's music to Lord Byron's 'Manfred,' which, being one of his first works, and acknowledged as great music by all musicians, was commented upon by him in terms of highest praise. They took the article and printed it with the exception of the whole paragraph about Schumann, which the musical editor had cut out! This a fact from W.'s own mouth. Is it not very paltry?"

At the foot of this letter comes a modest line marked "P.S.—Private. I am writing music to the 'Tempest.'"

February 10, 1861.—"Very much occupied with my 'Tempest,' which does not proceed as quickly as I could wish. I have already completed two entr'actes, two dances, and a song,

besides parts of the melodrama, but it is in the overture I have come to grief, for I cannot get it into form to please me. . . . I am very anxious to know if *you* will like my music. It is very different to any you have heard. For instance [bar quoted]. But, of course, it is not often I go into such extremes as that. At first it may sound rather harsh, but you will soon grow accustomed to it, and most probably like it very much."

His father in January 1861 begs him to finish his "Tempest" music before returning to England, but adds: "Make up your mind to be cut to pieces by the knowing ones when you produce anything in London. If you escape you will be lucky indeed. Even Handel himself has been catching it lately from Chorley. 'Prodigious!' as the Domine would say."

Arthur writes, April 11, 1861, that his "Tempest" was performed with great success in Leipzig the previous Saturday, and that he will be in London on the following Monday or Tuesday.

CHAPTER III

FIRST PUBLIC SUCCESS

(1861-1866)

Charles Dickens—First Visit to Paris—Rossini—Organist
St. Michael's and at Covent Garden Opera—Visits Ireland
—Germ of English Comic Opera.

ON his return from Leipzig Sullivan added several numbers to his "Tempest" music, and it was produced at the Crystal Palace Concert on April 5, 1862. This was his *début*. His previous successes were in the direction of scholastic achievement, and had brought his name before the public in but a minor degree. The winning of the Mendelssohn scholarship, of course, appealed mainly to a more or less intimate musical circle, and so far, the by no means unenviable reputation which he had gained, more especially as being a conscientious worker, and a young man of considerable promise, had been confined to his immediate associates, and

those concerned in the direction, or criticism, of the work done at the Conservatorium in Leipzig.

The production of the "Tempest" proved a veritable triumph for the youthful composer. The musical critics were enthusiastic, and it is no exaggeration to say that, like the poet, Sullivan woke up the next morning to find himself famous. Sir George Grove and Mr. Manns, who conducted the concerts at the Crystal Palace, decided to repeat the performance on the following Saturday. On that occasion there was a record attendance. All musical London would seem to have gone down to hear it. After it was over Charles Dickens, who had gone down with Chorley, waited in the artists' room until Sullivan came out, and with a characteristic grip of the hand, said: "I don't profess to be a musical critic, but I do know that I have listened to a very remarkable work." This was the beginning of a firm friendship between them, and one which was only severed by death.

It is from this time, April 1862, that Sir Arthur dates his public career as a composer. The "Tempest" music had been written when he was

eighteen and its successful production in England took place before he was twenty. Whatever doubts and fears he may have entertained up to that time, he then definitely decided to avoid teaching and to rely upon composition. As he has said :

"I was ready to undertake everything that came in my way. Symphonies, overtures, ballets, anthems, hymn-tunes, songs, part-songs, a concerto for the violincello, and eventually comic and light operas, nothing came amiss to me, and I gladly accepted what the publishers offered me, so long as I could get the things published. I composed six Shakespearian songs for Messrs. Metzler and Co., and got five guineas apiece for them. 'Orpheus with his Lute,' 'The Willow Song,' 'O Mistress Mine,' were amongst them, the first having been since then a steady income to the publisher. Then I did 'If Doughty Deeds', and a 'Weary Lot is Thine, Fair Maid,' for Messrs. Chappell."

These were sold outright for ten guineas each! With the next song, however, entitled, "Will he Come," published by Messrs. Boosey, a royalty system was inaugurated, and the previously pub-

lished songs having attained by this time a well deserved popularity, the result of the royalty system proved eminently gratifying to the composer.

It was towards the close of this year that he made his first visit to Paris, in company with Charles Dickens, H. F. Chorley, the eccentric critic of the *Athenaeum*, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Lehmann.

In one of his letters from Paris he writes: "I am to play the 'Tempest' (with Rossini) on Friday. . . . We called upon Dickens, and then all dined together (the Dickens, Lehmanns, and selves) at the Cafe Brébant and then went on to the Opera Comique to see David's new opera, 'Lalla Rookh.' It is very pretty, but rather monotonous.

"The particular purpose of our visit," Sir Arthur tells me, "was to hear Madame Viardot in Gluck's 'Orfeo.' She was intensely emotional and her performance was certainly one of the greatest things I have ever seen on the stage. Chorley, Dickens, and I went together, and I remember that we were so much moved by the performance, and it was of so affecting a character,

that the tears streamed down our faces. We vainly tried to restrain ourselves.

"I went about a good deal with Dickens. He rushed about tremendously all the time, and I was often with him. His French was not particularly good. It was quite an Englishman's French, but he managed to make himself understood, and interviewed everybody. Of course he was much my senior, but I have never met any one whom I have liked better. There was one negative quality which I always appreciated. There was not the least suspicion of the *poseur* about him. His electric vitality was extreme, but it was inspiring and not overpowering. He always gave one the impression of being immensely interested in everything, listening with the most charming attention and keenness to all one might say, however youthful and inexperienced one's opinion might be. He was a delightful companion, but never obtruded himself upon one. In fact he was the best of good company.

"It was on his return from Paris on this occasion that the train accident occurred alluded to in Forster's biography. Dickens told me that he did not feel anything until he got back to

London, then he felt quite shattered and broken up, and Dickens added: 'I felt I should never be able to go in the railway train again and that I must take some strong measure to fight against my own nervous weakness.' The next day, or the day after, he went to Paris and back again over the same ground. If he had not faced the trouble in this way he thought that his travelling days on the railway were over. As it was he never got over it completely. The sensation would come upon him at intervals.

"It was in December that I called on Rossini: Madame Viardet introduced me. Rossini received me with the greatest kindness and took great interest in my composition. I had with me my music to the 'Tempest,' arranged as a piano-forte duet, and this we—Rossini and I—used to play, or a part of it, nearly every morning. This was because he had taken such a fancy to the music in question, and I must say that I felt greatly pleased, as one could never accuse Rossini of insincerity, nor did he ever fear to say what he thought, however unacceptable his verdict might be. When I left him he begged me to send him

a copy of everything I wrote and to keep him *au courant* with all that I did.

"One morning when I called in to see him, he was trying over a small piece of music as I entered. 'Why, what is that?' I exclaimed. He answered me very seriously, 'It's my dog's birthday, and I write a little piece for him every year.'

"I induced Chorley to let me take him to meet Rossini. Chorley hesitated a good deal because he had sometimes expressed his opinions very freely in the *Athenæum*, and not always favourably, about Rossini's music." Sir Arthur adds smilingly: "I suppose that Chorley thought that Rossini had read every word that he, Chorley, had written. However, I overcame his scruples with regard to that, and took him with me one morning to meet the composer. Rossini, as you will see in the miniature which he gave me, was a stout man, with a prominent stomach. Chorley was as thin as a lath, and looked as if he had no internal organism worth mentioning. As soon as I came into the room I said 'Voilà, Maître, je vous présente M. Chorley.' To which Rossini replied with a courtly bow, 'Je vois, avec plaisir,

que monsieur n'a pas de ventre.' Chorley was completely taken aback.

"Up to the time of his death I continued to visit Rossini every time I went over to Paris, and nothing occurred to interfere with the cordiality of our friendship."

There can be no doubt that this intimacy with Rossini influenced Sullivan greatly. This, added to the impression made by Madame Viardet Garcia's impersonation of "Orfeo," had the immediate effect of making him desirous of knowing more about the opera and things operatic. He determined to write something suitable for dramatic presentation, but not until he had mastered the technique of the stage. He spoke to his friend Michael Costa, who was the conductor of the opera at Covent Garden, asking that he might be allowed to attend the rehearsals. Costa refused on the ground that he could make no exception to his rigid rule in this matter. Nevertheless, Costa finally effected a handsome compromise, and offered Sullivan the duties of organist in the opera. This offer the young composer gladly accepted, little dreaming of what great importance this experience would ultimately

prove. He had been there but a short time when at the conductor's request, he wrote a ballet for the opera. It was entitled "L'île Enchantée." To quote Mr. Willeby's monograph: "From it alone he learnt much that was of value to him. The mere fact of having to subordinate his music to the requirements of the inventors, the scene painters, stage machinists, and *première danseuse*, each of whom had not one, but many, words to say, was of itself a valuable lesson—the more so as these people were the best of their kind, and the suggestions they made were generally the outcome of knowledge and experience. Certainly the things that he was called upon to illustrate musically were not lacking in variety.

"On one occasion," says Sir Arthur, "I was admiring the 'borders' that Beverley had painted for a woodland scene. 'Yes,' he replied, 'they are very delicate, and if you could support them by something suggestive in the orchestra, we could get a very pretty effect.' I at once put into the score some delicate arpeggio work for flutes and clarionets, and Beverley was quite happy. The next day probably some such scene as the following would occur. Sloman, stage

machinist (*log*): 'That iron doesn't run in the slot as easily as I should like, Mr. Sullivan; we must have a little more music to carry her (Salvioni) across. Give us something for the 'cellos, if you can?' 'Certainly, Mr. Sloman; you have opened up a new path of beauty in orchestration,' I replied gravely, and I at once added sixteen bars for the 'cello alone. No sooner was this done than a *variation* (solo-dance) was required, at the last moment, for the second danseuse, who had just arrived. 'What on earth am I to do?' I said to the stage manager, 'I haven't seen her dance yet—I know nothing of her style.' 'I'll see,' he replied, and took the young lady aside. In five minutes he returned. 'I've arranged it all,' he said. 'This is exactly what she wants (giving it to me rhythmically): *Tiddle-iddle-um, tiddle-iddle-um rum-tirum-tirum*, sixteen bars of that; then *rum-tum rum-tum*, heavy you know, sixteen bars, and then finish up with the overture to "William Tell" last movement, sixteen bars and coda.' In ten minutes time I had composed it, and written out a *répétiteur's* part, and it was at once rehearsed."

Sullivan had also been appointed organist of

St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, soon after his return from Leipzig, and held this post until 1867. In regard to this Sir Arthur remarks :

"When I was organist of St. Michael's, my friend, Cranmer Byng, was appointed vicar of a new church, and I designed the new organ for him and undertook to find an organist. When the day arrived for the consecration I hadn't obtained the organist for him, so I volunteered to play for two or three Sundays until I could find some one else, with the result, however, that I played there for two or three years. I remember that at the consecration of the church by the then Bishop of London, the hour fixed was twelve o'clock, and by some misunderstanding the Bishop didn't arrive until one. Consequently I had to play the organ the whole time in order to occupy the attention of the congregation. As the minutes went by and the Bishop didn't arrive I began to play appropriate music. First I played "I waited for the Lord," and then went on with a song of mine which is entitled "Will he come?" The appropriateness of the pieces was perfectly apprehended by the congregation."

Choir practice and Covent Garden rehearsals

filled up a great part of his time, but he never deviated from the determination to earn his living, not as an organist, nor as a teacher, but as a composer. In such intervals as occurred in the performance of his duties as organist he wrote many delightful songs, some of which have already been mentioned. It was during a visit to Ireland that he wrote his well-known symphony in E, his only contribution to this great form of musical art.

There is an allusion to it in one of his letters home dated from Richmond Lodge, Holywood, Belfast, August 30, 1863: "I have been dreadfully idle, but already I feel my ideas assuming a newer and fresher colour, and I shall be able to work like a horse on my return. Why, the other night as I was journeying home from Holestone (fifteen miles from here) the whole first movement of a symphony came into my head with a real Irish flavour about it, besides scraps of the other movement. I shall get it ready for the Musical Society next season. I have been photographed here, yielding to the entreaties of my friends—and very successfully I think."

In another letter, written from Belfast soon

afterwards, there is an interesting allusion to his first operatic attempt, "The Sapphire Necklace," for which Mr. Chorley had written the libretto.

"A note has just come," he writes, "the joint production of Miss Dickens and Mrs. Lehmann, to tell me that Dickens is perfectly enchanted with the minuet theme in my opera—at the beginning of the overture, and which Mrs. Lehmann continually plays to him at his request. He even thinks it quite sufficient to make the opera a success."

Mr. Chorley's libretto, however, proved quite unsuitable for stage presentation, and most of the music has been since utilised in other works. Then came his cantata "Kenilworth." Here he again suffered at the hands of his librettist, as he has suffered since it may be remarked, *inter alia*, on much more recent occasions.

"Kenilworth" was produced at the Birmingham Festival (1864), and in spite of the libretto it received very enthusiastic recognition. The interpolated scene from "The Merchant of Venice," "How sweet the moon-light sleeps," will probably be best remembered and is often heard now in the concert room.

The year 1866 was an eventful and a busy one for him. At an evening party in a friend's house he had seen Du Maurier and Harold Power play Offenbach's farce, "Les Deux Aveugles," and it occurred to him that a similar extravaganza in English might not be less happy. On his way home from that party he discussed the idea with his friend F. C. Burnand, who promptly proposed an adaptation of Morton's then extremely popular farce, "Box and Cox." Soon after that the MS. was handed to the composer, under the inverted title of "Cox and Box."

Speaking of the genesis of "Cox and Box," Sir Arthur tells me: "There was a society of amateurs who met for the purpose of singing part-songs and so forth at Moray Lodge, Kensington, the house of Arthur J. Lewis, who afterwards married Kate Terry, and this little society called itself the Moray Minstrels. They were all picked voices and they really sang to perfection. Mr. Lewis gave four evening entertainments at his house, on the last Saturday in January, February, March, and April; on these occasions he issued invitations to many of his friends, and these parties were really attended by all the best



ROBERT FRICKEIT ARTHUR LEWIS GUSTAV TWISS SIR JOHN TENNIE, ARTHUR BERRY
 ARTHUR MULLIVAN SHIRLEY BROOKS MARK LAMON KATE TERRY HENRY SILVER
 MARY TERRY GEORGE DU MATHIEU TOM TAYLOR

GREEN-ROOM AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF "THE SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING,"
 AND "BOX AND COX," IN AID OF THE BENEFIT FUND.

people of that time, particularly in the various professions—judges, lawyers, literary men, and great painters. And then we had a light supper afterwards, of oysters and refreshing drinks. One season (1865), on one or two occasions, after supper, instead of any more singing, they performed 'Les Deux Aveugles,' played by Du Maurier and Harold Power, the son of the celebrated actor who went down in the ill-fated *President*. The performance of the play was so successful that it was suggested that I should do one expressly for them, and so Burnand and myself came to write 'Cox and Box.'"

After the piece had been performed privately in this way on several occasions it was decided to produce it in public at the Adelphi Theatre, for the benefit of a fund organised by the staff of *Punch*, on behalf of their late colleague, C. Bennett, with G. Du Maurier, Harold Power, and Arthur Blunt ("Arthur Cecil") as Box, Cox, and Serjeant Bouncer, respectively. The way in which the accompaniment was left to the last moment, and the extraordinary energy, physical endurance, and rapidity manifested in the work of orchestration is so characteristic of

the composer's methods and resourcefulness, instanced on many other occasions, that I must reserve the description of the way in which the music came to be written for a special chapter on the subject, to be found at the end of this book. "Cox and Box," and a still further development, "Contrabandista," in the following year (1867), the libretto in both instances being by Burnand, are of special interest, historically, for, as far as the music is concerned, they were the germ from which has sprung the English comic opera of the past memorable twenty-five years.

Nor was the more professional side of his work allowed to remain in abeyance, as he was afforded plenty of scope for his incessant activity. On September 17, 1866, he writes: "I am to conduct the Ballad Concert on behalf of Manns—it may lead to greater things," and "I have received a letter from Sterndale Bennett offering me the Professorship of Composition in the Royal Academy of Music."

Occasionally the multiplicity of his engagements necessitated being at work day and night, and how the diurnal programme occasionally

worked out is exemplified in a letter dated from Manchester, December 6, 1866. "Sim sat up with me" ("Sim" was Sim Egerton, the late Lord Wilton, reputed to be the best amateur musician in England) "until four o'clock this morning, and, after he went to bed, I dressed myself in morning clothes and packed all my things together, smoked a cigarette, and waited till the cab came, which it did at five o'clock, and then I drove to Euston Square, and waited about until the train started at 6.15 A. M. I slept a good part of the way, but was nevertheless awfully tired when I got to Manchester at twelve mid-day. The rehearsal was at half-past, so I was in ample time. We worked very hard for two hours-and-a-half at the symphony, and the band cheered me, and I made them a short speech, and Hallé was very kind, and in fact, everybody was delighted with themselves and each other. We dine at six and the concert is at half-past seven."

He returned to town the same night to attend a rehearsal next morning at ten o'clock, feeling more dead than alive. The year 1866 had been one of activity and great musical achievement,

but it was saddened by an event which inevitably comes to young and all, but is often tragic beyond expression to those who love them. He had accepted an invitation to write a work for the Norwich Festival. As the time approached for its completion he had written nothing which was in any degree satisfactory to himself. About a month before the Festival he was in despair, and told his father, to whom he was passionately attached, that he really felt he would have to give up the Norwich work. He could think of nothing. "No," said his father, "you mustn't give it up, you will succeed if you stick to it. Something will probably occur which will put new vigor and fresh thought into you. Don't give it up." His words were prophetic, but how grievous was the event that should give the young composer a subject, and the needful momentum, neither of them knew. Three days after this discussion (September 22, 1866) the father died suddenly. On the evening of the day after the funeral the grief-stricken son sought relief from his thoughts, and some expression of his feelings, in his work. Within a week of that date was completed his "In Memoriam" overture, with its solemn, long-

drawn strains of a funeral dirge, working into a passionate movement, as if an overwhelming sorrow was carried up to a climax of exultant hope. When it was produced at the Norwich Festival it provoked not less emotion in those who were ignorant of the origin of the Overture than in those who knew.

There are many matters of too delicate and too sacred a character to be discussed publicly, but, quite inferentially, it may perhaps have been gathered that the teaching of Sullivan's home-life had been of such a nature (and his own attitude being very far removed from that of the materialist) that the death of those he loved best, after the first pang was passed, had its loftier and consoling side, and I cannot forbear quoting a letter which he wrote to his mother from Lucerne on September 20, 1868, two years after his father's death, in which he writes: "But I want you to have this on Tuesday, so that we may be all together in spirit. I shall be spending the day happily and peacefully in the mountains, which is what I shall like best. I know you have thought me hard and perhaps unfeeling sometimes, dear mum, but I could never trust myself

to speak of the dear one. I always get so sick and 'chokey,' and it was no good scolding you if I myself were to show weakness. Now I am much stronger, and can talk and think of him quite calmly and peacefully, and like to do so."

CHAPTER IV

SECOND VISIT TO PARIS

(1867-1871)

Tennyson—Paris in the time of the Commune—"The Prodigal Son"—Emperor and Empress Napoleon—Prophetic words from Prince Henry of Battenburg.

IN the autumn of 1867 Sullivan accompanied Sir (then Mr.) George Grove to Vienna on a successful voyage of discovery for Schubert MSS. Sir George Grove has already described in his appendix to Kreissler's "Life of Schubert" the way in which the then almost forgotten, but now well-known, music in "Rosamunde" was discovered, how delighted they both were at the unearthing of this practically buried treasure, and the good time that he and Sullivan had in playing over the dusty MSS. together. The owner would not permit them to be taken away, and the two sat up all night copying the parts. They then went on to Paris, and Sullivan, writing July, 1867, says: "We met Strauss on board,

going to Frankfort, and we fraternised and sat on the deck together, and suffered agonies in company, so that it was quite jolly," and after a description of a day spent at the Exhibition with Grove—perhaps Sir George Grove will forgive my quoting the following complimentary reference in consideration of the saving clause at the end of it. "What shall I say of Grove? It would be painting the lily to try and describe his goodness and charm, so I refrain. We take great care of each other, are very economical, haggle over centimes, and get on famously. I shall read this part to him, so have made it strong!"

"In 1867," Sir Arthur tells me, "I received a special appointment to help in the musical arrangements, and the opening of the Exhibition was celebrated by a banquet held at the old Hotel de Louvre (which does not exist now), and there were present the various Royal Commissioners of different countries, with the late Lord Granville in the chair. The banquet consisted of dishes from all parts of the world, at least they were so described on the tremendously long *menu*. I was requested to secure some glee singers from England to sing glees during the dinner as they



ARTHUR SULLIVAN
AETAT. 26.

do at most English public banquets, and so, following our custom here, directly dinner was over, they sang the grace, "Non Nobis Domine." At the end of it Lord Granville's face was a study, for the grace was greeted with a universal burst of enthusiastic applause, and cries of 'Bis! bis! bis!' came from all parts of the room! I didn't feel justified in giving it a second time, and the fact that no encore was given must have mystified the Russians, Chinese, and others who had called for it."

"Granville was a perfect master of the French language, and spoke admirably on this occasion. I remember that, acknowledging the fact that ladies were present, he entreated their pardon for the weariness the speeches must have caused them, although it was impossible to pardon them for the distraction which they had caused to the various plenipotentiaries by their beauty, and so he went on in this delightful manner, although I confess that which sounds so fine in French comes rather flat in translation."

On his way back to England the Leipzig Concert Direction, hearing of Sullivan's presence in the town, invited him to conduct his "In

Memoriam" overture, than which they could have paid him no greater compliment.

An overture entitled "Marmion" had been commissioned by the Philharmonic Society, and had been produced by them in June. This, with "Contrabandista" and a concerto for the violin-cello, comprised his output for the year, in addition to a number of songs, hymn-tunes, and minor pieces.

Not the least of his good fortune was the friendship of Tennyson, who had occasionally visited him at his house in Claverton Terrace, and on February 10, 1867, Sullivan writes home from the Isle of Wight to say: "When I got here I had a cup of tea and then went and smoked with Tennyson until dinner-time. He read me all the songs (twelve in number), which are absolutely lovely, but I fear that there will be a great difficulty in getting them from him. He thinks they are too light, and will damage his reputation, &c. All this I have been combating, whether successfully or not I shall be able to tell you to-morrow."

He was not unsuccessful, though there was a slight rift in the lute by reason of a preface which



Dear Mr Sullivan

I have been some time in
answering your note because I have
been asking several friends who had
already seen my little preface to
the Songs of the Wrens, what their
impression of it was. They had all
failed to see in it the slightest
kind of unkindly allusion to
yourself & only took it as an
expression of my own regret at
the unsympathetic of the time
of publication - & even that my

words was not more worthy of
your music

You may feel quite certain that
there was & is no intention on
my part to give the public any
other impression; & you can, if
you choose, let all your chaffing
friends of the club know that
you have this under my hands
& seal

J. Chapman

Tennyson felt it incumbent upon him to write to the songs in question, and which was construed by many of those who read it as a reflection upon the musician. The point is not one which need be revived now, and the accompanying letters from Tennyson to the composer, reproduced in facsimile, will suffice for elucidation.

Sir Arthur has told me that he always felt that Tennyson "was the one great man whose personal appearance seemed to correspond with his work. He always appealed to me as being the rugged old prophet Isaiah of this country. I really owed much to his gentleness and patience. I actually had the audacity to lecture him about rhythm! 'Don't mix up your iambics and spondees' I would tell him, and then continue my dissertation in pretty much the same strain! Of course one reason of his good-nature in this matter was that he knew that I was not discussing his verse from the point of view of a critic of poetry, but merely in regard to certain musical difficulties. You see he would write a simple song or ballad wherein the music to each verse should be the same, but which really required a separate setting, and would make strong accents

in one verse, where in the corresponding place in another verse he would place a weak one, so that the ballad became most difficult for setting to music. It is a glaring fault with most hymn-writers also."

In 1869 was produced his first important clerical work, "The Prodigal Son," with Titiens, Trebelli, Sims Reeves, and Santley in the solo parts. It was a piece of work which did much to firmly establish his reputation as a composer.

It is no lack of compliment to him to say that, beyond and apart from the extreme ability displayed in the work he had already done, the field had been singularly open to him, for music in this country stood in no small need of rejuvenation. The occasion demanded the man, and with the genius which is expressed in the better part of his work, and the grace and distinction which characterizes everything he has set his hand to, it is not surprising to recollect that from the first he had come to his own, and his work had received immediate recognition everywhere. In this one respect he had certainly been exceptionally fortunate, for genius has often had long to wait for its recognition. Seven years before, the young man

of twenty had come over from Leipzig and had taken the ear of the public with his "Tempest" music, and had never since lost it. Yet even this receptivity on the part of the public, with a corresponding absence of rivalry and professional jealousy, had another side, and there is no doubt that, up to this point, so unaccustomed were English critics to anything like versatility in composition, that the mere fact that the author of the "In Memoriam" overture had written "Cox and Box" and "Contrabandista" must have added not a little uncertainty to their hopeful expectancy, which such a work as the "Prodigal Son" did much to set at rest.

If I may use a not very pretty Americanism he had now fully "arrived" and in the following year (1869) set the seal to his reputation by one of the most beautiful of his lighter works, the "Overture di Ballo," which was written for the Birmingham Festival. To adopt the opinion of a sound musical critic, "While couched throughout in dance rhythms the overture is in strict form, and for melodic charm, graceful fancy, and delicacy of treatment it is difficult to rival it amongst modern music."

The Press had already learnt to write of him as promising to be one of the foremost, if not the foremost, composer this country has ever produced.

Notwithstanding the work which he managed to get through, he found time to do what he has hardly ever omitted to do during a busy life—to get away into fresh scenes for a month or so, and recruit his energies whilst thinking out fresh compositions.

In the October of '68 he is at Munich, having visited Madame Schumann at Baden-Baden, who had many autographs and MSS. of her husband's to show him, and in the corresponding month of the following year we find him at Brussels, although the experience, in this instance at all events, does not seem to have been particularly refreshing.

"This is awfully dull," he writes from Brussels. "We are dragging out our time wearily here, waiting for Bentham's *début*, which is fixed for Sunday, to the great disgust of all his English friends, and his mother and sisters, but we shall all go of course. Directly he does appear I'm off. I have serious thoughts of going to Paris for a month.

I am just beginning to get into the sound and feeling of the language, and I think a month's work would enable me to speak it tolerably well. Not to be able to do so is an intolerable nuisance. Arthur Blunt turned up last night from Boulogne, with a complete guide to Brussels, drawn for him by a friend, and which has had the effect of utterly confusing him, as he can't find any single place in the town. He always goes in the opposite direction. We have been to all the respectable places of entertainment, and having exhausted that resource have begun the more disreputable ones. These are, if anything, more depressing than the theatres, and we sit with solemn faces until the very end of an evening, and then go home slowly and sadly to bed."

From thence he went to Aix-la-Chapelle, drove to the principal hotel, asked if "M. Burnande" were there, and "found Frank at the *table d'hôte* in the midst of a circle of merry listeners."

Later on, from Lyme, in Cheshire, he writes:

"Biggest house that I have ever been in that is comfortable. Very old, Elizabethan. Full of historical and interesting traditions. Room I sleep in is the chamber once occupied by Mary, Queen

of Scots, and the bed, a marvellous piece of wood-carving, was slept on by Bradshaw, the regicide. The people in the house now are Lord and Lady Norris, Val Prinsep, Lord and Lady Skelmersdale, Lord and Lady Denbigh, and their daughter, Lady Ida Fielding.

When the news came of the distress in Paris, consequent on the seige in 1871, a Mansion House Relief Fund was inaugurated. Arthur Sullivan's name was among those placed on the Committee, and a day or two days after the Versailles troops had entered the city and vanquished the Communards, he rushed off to Paris, immediately preceded by Sir George Grove and W. Von Glehn. His experience there can best be told in his own words. The only letter which I can find written from Paris at that time—June 5, 1871—may be found interesting.

“After a series of thrilling adventures, not unaccompanied by danger, I just find time amidst the rattling of the shells and the thunder of the cannon, to write and say that hitherto I am safe and unwounded. I found Grove and Willie Glehn just dressing, and their surprise was only equalled by their delight. We hired a small open carriage

and drove all through the city to see the ruins—it is something too shocking to see the result of the uncontrolled, devilish spite of these ruffians of the Commune. The people all wear a miserable look, and this, added to the wet, nasty day and the absence of the greater part of the population, makes a very dismal effect. Grove paid me that sovereign, but borrowed it again an hour afterwards at a barricade to give to Paschal Grousset, who would otherwise have shot him.

“The whole place looked as if it had been stricken with the small-pox—the bullet-marks on the white walls of the houses,” Sir Arthur tells me. “In many of the houses the front wall and some of the floors had been torn down, and it was so pathetic to see the little pictures and household gods remaining on the other three walls and over the fireplaces. While I was in Paris all the lights had to be put out at half-past ten. We went to the Gymnase and saw two celebrated people, Ravel and poor Aimée Desclée. There were about eighty people in the house, and it was lit in the most dismal manner; whether the gas had been partly cut off, or what, I don’t know, but with so few people about in this sombre half-light,

the whole performance produced a most weird effect. However, we had to get out of it and get home early, in order to avoid being arrested in the streets. Of course it was a very bad time for professional people in Paris, and a great many French people took refuge in England, among them artists like Gounod, with whom I became acquainted and whose work interested me a good deal.

“ Dr. and Madame Conneau were great friends of mine, and they came over to England, in attendance, as it were, upon the Emperor and Empress Napoleon. Through the Conneaus I became more intimately acquainted with the Emperor and Empress at the time they were staying at Chislehurst. They were exceedingly kind to me, and frequently invited me down to Chislehurst. The Emperor was always sad and somewhat silent, and wore the air of a man who had suffered great pain. In fact, he had been a martyr to the same complaint to which I have been such a victim, and I rarely saw him smile. On the other hand, the Empress was bright and cheerful, and after luncheon she would ask me to play to her, and Madame Conneau would sing. One could not but

be struck very forcibly with the love and devotion that both of them had for their son, the little Prince Imperial. He was of a most sweet and patient disposition, as well as very intelligent and high-spirited. When he and young Louis Conneau entered as cadets at Woolwich, they often came up on Saturday afternoons and spent their half-holidays either with me at my house or with Madame Conneau. The Prince spoke English exceedingly well, and in every way seemed to me to have the tastes and accomplishments of a young Englishman, fond of riding, hunting, and, indeed, all out-door exercises. Since the Emperor's death I have always been privileged to keep up my acquaintance with the Empress and often see her at Farnborough."

"I well remember an incident which occurred when I was lunching there one day with Prince Henry of Battenburg. After lunch the Empress took us to the Prince Imperial's room, so that we might see the relics and things reminiscent of him. She broke down and could not go into the room, leaving the Prince and me to go in together. We were looking at the Prince Imperial's coat, with the bullet-hole in it, when I made the remark about

Africa: 'How many had gone out to Africa,' I said; 'only to find the graves of themselves or their reputations in that country!' I had no foreknowledge, of course, of what would happen to my companion, but I remember that as we stood in the darkening room, I was curiously impressed with the gravity of his tone, as he replied, 'Yes, and it is not over yet. There are still many more lives to be sacrificed there!' The Prince had no idea of going out to Africa at that time."

CHAPTER V

SULLIVAN MEETS GILBERT

(1872-1875)

**Musician Laureate — Meeting with W. S. Gilbert —
"Thespis"—"The Light of the World"—Sims Reeves
—"Trial by Jury"—Lord Chief Justice Cockburn —
Desbarrolles.**

IT should be observed that since 1863, when Sullivan was asked to compose the music on the occasion of the marriage of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, he may be said to have held the unofficial position of Musician-Laureate. "On Shore and Sea" was written for the opening of the International Exhibition at South Kensington in 1871, for which Gounod also wrote "Gallia," and in 1872 Sullivan wrote the Festival "Te Deum" in celebration of the recovery of the Prince of Wales from his serious illness. It might be thought that the music written in this way almost "to order" would be found lacking in strength and spontaneity; but that this is not the case a reference to the music written in connection with

various public functions, and which will be found tabulated in their date order in the Appendix to this book, will sufficiently prove. Nor will it be denied for one moment that in the case of the greatest of our Poets Laureates the work done in virtue of the office he held was among the best work which he did.

Sullivan's "Te Deum" was produced at the Crystal Palace on Thanksgiving Day, May 1, 1872. Upwards of 30,000 people were present, among them the Princess Louise, the Duke of Edinburg, Prince and Princess of Teck, and the Duke of Cambridge. The performance was in the hands of the London contingent of the Handel Festival Choir, the orchestra of over 2,000 performers being conducted by Mr. Manns, Mdllr. Titiens taking the solos.

It was in the preceding year (1871) that Arthur Sullivan had been introduced to W. S. Gilbert.

"I was introduced to him," Sir Arthur tells me, "by Frederic Clay at one of the German Reed entertainments. Of course he had done a good deal of work, and I knew him by name very well before that occasion."

"Some little time after our meeting, John Hol-

lingshead wanted a piece (in 1872) for Nelly Farren and J. L. Toole, and asked Gilbert to do the piece and asked me to write music for it. The piece was 'Thespis; or The Gods Grown Old,' and both music and *libretto* were very hurriedly written."

"Until Gilbert took the matter in hand choruses were dummy concerns, and were practically nothing more than a part of the stage setting. It was in 'Thespis' that Gilbert began to carry out his expressed determination to get the chorus to play its proper part in the performance. At this moment it seems difficult to realize that the idea of the chorus being anything more than a sort of stage audience was, at that time, a tremendous novelty. In consequence of this innovation, some of the incidents at the rehearsal of 'Thespis' were rather amusing. I remember that, on one occasion, one of the principals became quite indignant and said, 'Really, Mr. Gilbert, why should I stand here? I am not a chorus-girl!' to which Gilbert replied curtly, 'No, madam, your voice is not strong enough, or no doubt you would be.' However, he always carried his point, and incidents of this sort became more infrequent.

"One day, at a rehearsal, a girl came up to us crying and Gilbert asked her the cause of it. Between her sobs she told us that she had been insulted. We at once assured her that we would look into the matter, and that no girl should be insulted in our company, but what was it all about? She said that Miss X., one of the costumiers' assistants, had been very rude to her, and had said to her, 'You are no better than you ought to be.' Gilbert immediately looked very sympathetic and said to her, 'Well, you are not, are you, my dear?' to which she replied promptly, 'Why, of course not, Mr. Gilbert!' 'Ah, that's all right!' he said, and she went away perfectly comforted."

"On the occasion of our visit to America, Gilbert discovered that some of the dresses were out of order, and told the American assistant that they were to be shortened in time for the next morning's rehearsal. 'That can't be done,' he exclaimed. 'But it must be done,' Gilbert replied. The young man then expectorated with great vehemence and we sprang aside hastily. The young man was sent out of the theatre directly, and we called for his superior, who afterwards said to us, 'All right, the work shall be done, and, by the

way, you don't seem to like that *young man* I sent up to you this morning?' 'I don't object to the *young man*,' Gilbert said, 'he may possess every virtue imaginable, but I *do* object to his spitting on my boots.' 'Waal,' replied the man, not liking to condemn an American citizen, 'his manner is fresh.'

"There were other difficulties, among the more important being the fact that, in those days, there were comparatively few actors or actresses who could sing, and of those who pretended to, hardly any could be said to compass more than six notes. Naturally I found myself rather restricted as a composer in having to write vocal music for people without voices! Notwithstanding all this, the piece was fairly successful, and ran a good many nights."

No one could have then imagined that two men had met who were to destroy the vogue for French opera-bouffe in this country, and who would make an English comic opera possible. All sorts of rubbish, translated from the French, and set to still more rubbish dance music, had held the boards up to that time, and, on the production of "Thespis" (1872), the dramatic critic, not being

blessed with prophetic vision, remarks somewhat patronisingly, "Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Arthur Sullivan have attempted, with not a little success, to imitate French comic opera, concerning which we have heard so much for the last half-dozen years," but goes on to say: "In these days—when the French critics are savagely turning round on us, and calling us pickpockets—it is not disagreeable to find that we have authors and musicians quite as talented as our neighbours," and in the same critique there is one significant sentence: "Mr. Sullivan has certainly persuaded us of one thing—that a musician can write to any metre."

I imagine that "Thespis" will be best remembered by the exquisite musical setting to the simple little Gilbertian ballad, "The Little Maid of Arcadee."

During this period Sullivan conducted the so-called "Classical Nights" at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts; travelled on the Continent in order to get a permanent orchestra for the Royal Aquarium, and, in 1873, wrote his great oratorio, "The Light of the World."

Meanwhile, perhaps I may be forgiven for quoting one of his letters, in which he describes

the rapid movement necessary to fulfil his engagements, written September 16, 1872, from Cossey Hall, Norwich:

"I hadn't a chance of writing to-day," he writes to his mother, "as I passed all the day at St. Andrew's Hall, and, being very hungry, went and dined with Titiens and Trebelli and so missed the post. . . . I got to town at ten o'clock yesterday, wrote three letters at the Garrick, went home, found Godfrey¹ hanging about Pall Mall, got into his cab, then up to Montagu square, and sat for some time, back to the Garrick for my luggage, and got to Shoreditch about two o'clock. I found a heap of the orchestra and singers going down, and divided my journey between Santley and others in a smoking carriage, and Trebelli and others in a non-smoker. I got a bed at an inn, went and sat an hour with Titiens and Trebelli, and was up fresh for rehearsal this morning. 'St. Peter' was rehearsed first, and then the 'Te Deum,' which went well at rehearsal, and even better at the concert to-night. Then I drove out here in the moonlight (five miles) and met with a most kindly reception from Lord and Lady Staf-

¹ His cabman who drove him about for many years.

ford, who had got some supper for me. They were dancing when I arrived, and a priest was playing a choice selection of waltzes. I can't describe the place because I only got a glimpse of the exterior as I drove up, but it looks magnificent, a lot of towers and turrets, and the inside is certainly royal. There is a fine chapel which Lord Stafford took me to see in the moonlight, and a little dim lamp was burning in front of the altar. I must drive into Norwich in the morning to rehearse 'Guinivere,' as there was no time to do it to-day."

These excursions into the country were not always so busy. Here is another side of the picture. In a letter dated from "Grieve's Hotel," Langholm, N. B.:

"Fancy me getting up at six this morning, going into the stables and getting a gamekeeper to pour buckets of water over me (as there are no baths in this little inn), then breakfast, cigarette, &c., and starting at eight for the moors in a wagonette and beginning shooting at a quarter to nine. That is what I've done to-day and have got to do two days more. We have been-shooting eight hours, or, rather, walking up and down

these awful, endless hills they call moors and never a bird of any sort could we get near. The rain and wind kept them off. I was drenched through without by the rain and soaked inwardly by whisky. I never thought I could have drunk so much raw spirit, and it has about as much effect as cold water. As there is no house we live in this little inn and are very comfortable."

From Pembroke College, Oxford, May 5, 1873:
"Yesterday I called on the Liddells (he is Dean of Christ Church and Chancellor of the University), and they asked me to dinner, but I went in after dinner instead, and found a good many nice people, and they had a little music. Miss Liddell sang 'Orpheus,' charmingly. To-day I lunched with them and went to Ruskin's lecture afterwards. Then Prince Leopold met us, and after the lecture he and I walked back to the Liddell's and had tea. We chummed together and he gave me his photograph."

Later on, writing from Eastwell Park, Ashford, Kent: "I had a lot of musical letters to write for H.R.H. to-day, so missed the post for you. This morning we were to have gone out shooting, but

it was wet. The duchess and I played some duets after dinner—Schubert's marches. She plays extremely well. Princess Christian asked me to try and help a *protégé* of hers at Windsor. I wish I had a quarter the influence that folks think I have. To-night is New Year's Eve in the Russian calendar, so there was service in the chapel, M. Popoff coming down from London for it, and there will be a grand service to-morrow."

From Ingestre, Stafford:

"Dicey and I played cribbage under great disadvantages as far as Blisworth, when he arose and departed, the winner of one shilling! Jack¹ and I then got on very well until within half-a-mile of the house, when the horse of the fly fell down and cut its knee badly, so I had to run on to the house and send up assistance, a stableman and a donkey cart to fetch the luggage. Then Lady Shrewsbury, Lady Theresa, and I walked up to the scene of the disaster and watched the operations."

In the autumn of 1874, he is in Paris with the view of meeting a librettist (Albert Millaud), and on arrival writes: "All right. Train upset three

¹ His black servant.

times, and ran off the rails twice, but beyond upsetting a tea-table no damage was done."

On February 25, 1874, he writes home: "If you are bothered again by newspaper reporters, just say that so far as I am concerned I know nothing about the proposed knighthood beyond what I have seen in the papers. I don't see why I should be 'interviewed' on everything that may be said about me. There is, of course, no foundation for such a thing, and it only grows out of the good-natured fancy of the *Hornet*."

Part of the summer of 1874 was spent in Germany, and in August he writes home from Coburg that he is "*en route* for Dresden, where the Lindsays have invited me to be their guest for a few days, and then we all return to London together. We have been going on pretty much the same way as usual—excursions, dinners, &c. Monday was the Duchess's name's day, and there were great doings. . . . Yesterday the Rouzlandts,¹ Captain Clerk, Lady Mary Butler, and myself went over to Nürnberg to see the place. . . . We had four hours to see Nürnberg in, and got home at eleven at night awfully tired. But it is

¹Madame Christine Nilsson and her husband.

worth seeing. It is, I should think, the most beautiful and picturesque town in the world. Every house is a picture to study—all old-fashioned and high-roofed, with wonderful gables and beautiful ironwork about them. It was a very fine day, and the Duke took care of our comforts, sending a luncheon basket which we discussed in the train. . . . Everything had been telegraphed for and arranged beforehand, On Monday the Grand Duke sent one of his Privy Councillors with the order of the Coburg House for me (Knight, 2nd class), so that I swagger about with a ribbon and star. He also sent the Order of Merit for Art and Science to Nilsson. So we are both very pleased, as he is very sparing with his decorations." The most interesting guest was Field-Marshal von Roon, who was the great Prussian Minister of War.

Rosenau—where they stayed—is a small country house where the Prince Consort was born—very pretty, and lying in a beautiful park. The Queen stopped there when she came to Coburg. "After dinner we went all over the house and saw all the rooms billiards all the evening fortunately brought a lot of

work here and shall write some songs—that will fill up my time every morning.” “London is emptying itself, of course, which will be a comfort for me when I get back. I hate the season heartily.”

At the Duke's castle at Carlenberg he remarks that in the evening “Nilsson sang and I accompanied her—both by heart. She is quite in earnest about singing an opera for me next season, and we are the best of friends and companions.”

Franzensbad, August 8, 1874.—“Our party broke up on Friday. We kept the Duke's birthday as I told you we should. There was a grand dinner in the evening at which we *wore our orders!* . . . Next morning we had a general breakfast at 11:30 and 12:30; the Rouzlandts and I took leave of the Duke and Duchess . . . we arrived here at 5:30, and were met at the station by Mrs. G——, an American lady staying here with her three children. She is the lady whom the Rouzlandts have come to see, and is a perfect specimen of a high-bred, charming American woman . . . very intelligent, well educated, pretty manners, and as cheery as a bird. I am

writing this in her sitting-room, which is the general room for us. This place is a typical specimen of the Bohemia Baths. Quiet, pretty, and unexciting, every one living more or less out of doors, taking their meals and listening to the music under the shade of the trees. . . . It is rather a relief after the life we have been leading to be perfectly free and unfettered, and not to have to dress in different costumes three or four times a day; not that I can say one word of complaint, for H.R.H. was really so kind and thoughtful for us that it would be ungrateful. He really is one of the nicest men in the world. He is so remarkably clear-headed and thoughtful and very clever. He is quite idolized in Coburg, and I don't wonder at it."

Hotel Bellevue, Dresden, August 12, 1874.—
"I am glad to be in Dresden again; it is such a whiff of the old times, and I am enjoying it immensely, for our party is the pleasantest and most agreeable to be wished for. I wrote to you last from Franzensbad. . . . We took it into our heads to drive over to Eger, about three or four miles distant, the oldest town in Germany, they say, and I can well believe it, for it is the most

ramshackle, tumble-down, queer-looking place I ever saw. And yet it is extremely picturesque, and historically of great interest, for here Wallenstein was murdered during the Thirty Years' War. We went into the room where he was killed (it is now filled with relics of him—a sort of museum), and I stood like 'Sein, the astrologer'—don't you know the photograph in the drawing-room close to the door? Then there was the old castle, built as usual about eleven hundred years ago. The chapel is in perfect preservation, built in two storeys, the upper one for the lords and ladies, the under one (where the mass was performed) for the servants—a nice distinction to draw, which is even now preserved in a good many country churches! I tried the organ in the church, but it wasn't a good one at all. There were, however, two splendid knockers and handles (carved brass) on the door—magnificent pieces of work, and when I am very rich and build my palatial residence, I mean to have them copied for the great hall doors! However, enough of Eger. . . . On Monday we all left for Dresden . . . a large and cheery party, the Rouzlandts, Mrs. G. and her three children, myself, and four servants. I was

the only one who spoke German fluently, and so was paymaster, courier, and keeper of order.¹ . . . The next day Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay arrived, and we have all been one party ever since. We go to the picture gallery and other museums, and visit all the old china and *bric-a-brac* shops, of which we are good customers. I have been rather extravagant and bought two or three lovely old Dresden cups, &c. Mrs. G. has given me a delicious little old tea service, and to-day Sir Coutts gave me a grand old piece of German pottery (about two hundred years old), which I had taken a great fancy to."

Balcarres, Fife, September 9, 1874.—"We had a heavenly day yesterday and drove in the morning to the English Church, six miles distant. There was a very nice service, and we all sang the hymn lustily, to the accompaniment of a small organ, played by one young lady and blown by another. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Goschen arrived yesterday, Colonel and Lady Florence Cust came

¹ Sir Arthur tells me: "I telegraphed in my own name for rooms. At the station the pile of luggage was tremendous. One port-manteau only belonged to me, and I was immensely amused when the driver of the fly said, 'Do all these things belong to the Sullivan family?'"

to-day. To-morrow the Yorkes go, I am sorry to say. I am doing my songs, and am getting on pretty well, but wet weather is more favourable to composition than fine!"

Balcarres, Fife, September 21, 1874.—"I finished and wrote out my song, 'Thou art passing hence, my Brother,' and dated it the 22nd. It is very curious that I should have done it just now. Time passes very quickly. It doesn't seem eight years ago since dear father died."

Washington Hotel, Liverpool, September 29, 1874.—"The streets were all alive and bunting flying about everywhere, and thousands of people waiting by the station yesterday when I arrived, but it was not in honour of me, but of the Duke, who was going about on all sorts of ceremonies with the Mayor and a guard of honour. I couldn't go to the banquet last night because I had a full rehearsal of my oratorio. Every one was there except Reeves, who telegraphed to say he could not come until Wednesday. I hope he will come, not for my sake alone, but for his own. The Duke arrived punctually this morning at the concert and stayed to the very end. I didn't see him to speak to, as he was upstairs and I down.

Davison, Bennett, Ryan, Patey, and Patti, are all staying in this hotel."

In August his oratorio "The Light of the World" had been written, and produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival. It created tremendous enthusiasm, record attendances and so forth wherever produced. It was barely nine months since he had written the music to the light and fantastic "Thespis," produced as we have seen, in the December of the preceding year, and although the critics received the new oratorio with almost unanimous approval, there were many who seemed to feel somewhat irritated by the fact that both productions had been the work of one man. The public, generally speaking, detests the indefinite. It is always anxious to tear aside anything in the nature of mystery. It has no reverence for it. We love to label a man, and are indignant if he does not deliver his goods as per the bill of lading with which we have invested him. Here was the composer of "Contrabandista" and "Thespis" taking the grandest possible theme for his work and apparently challenging comparison with Handel and Mendelssohn! The general opinion, however,

would seem to have been very fairly expressed by the critic of *The Standard* when he wrote:

"After due reflection the general opinion is that in his oratorio Mr. Arthur Sullivan has enriched the world's musical library with a fine work, distinctly representative of the modern school of composition, and calculated to exist in that sphere where it holds a prominent position as a specimen of the new type of oratorio, the dignity of which it upholds. Considering the difficulties of precedent with which Mr. Sullivan had to deal, in Handel's 'Messiah' and Bach's 'Passion Music,' not to mention Mendelssohn's unfinished 'Christus,' he may be said to have entered the lists against an array of giants. To say that in the face of these he has held his own ground, if he has not encroached on theirs, is to bestow praise of the highest significance; and to Mr. Sullivan belongs the acknowledgment that he has incontestably secured great honours to himself without robbing his predecessors of a single laurel. The 'Light of the World' has nothing whatever in common with the 'Messiah'; it borrows neither style nor ideas from the 'Passion Music'; and it even steers clear of

that magnetic rock, Mendelssohn, upon which so many fair and well-freighted barks have been lured to their doom."

The composer was certainly to be no less congratulated upon the vocal interpretation which he secured. Titiens, Patey, Trebelli and Santley, Folli and Sims Reeves carried a by no means light burden triumphantly, and, without making any invidious distinction where all were so good, Sims Reeves particularly distinguished himself. No one could hope to outrival him in the sacred fervour which he infused into his rendering, and in the management of his voice, expression, and perfection of phrasing, which he had added to the magnificent gift which nature had given him. It may be doubted if this country cannot well afford to boast that in Sims Reeves—happily still with us—we can lay claim to the fact that this country has given birth to the finest vocalist—*tenore robusto*—that the world has ever known.

This is not the place for detailed criticism of the oratorio, if I were at all competent to furnish it. It would be very fairly suggested that, apart from raising the question of competence, the

biographer and other friends of a composer are possibly prejudiced in his favour. In any case it is always desirable to avoid the use of the superlative, and throughout the book, wherever it may seem necessary to refer to the merit or otherwise of a production, I shall content myself with quoting the opinion of others. The only definite and complete judgment, of course, is that of posterity, and that is an issue which every one is free to discuss. The point of view of a biographer must needs be that of a contemporary historian, and so I am more concerned with the nature of the reception of each composition and the conditions under which each composition was produced, contented to leave to others the task of discussing and, perhaps, prematurely deciding upon, the merits or demerits, and the permanance or otherwise, of the work under review.

In pursurance of this intention I do not think I can do better than quote one paragraph from the long notice in the *Observer* of that date (August 31, 1873) as being a fairly typical expression of opinion on the oratorio contemporary with its production.

"If we have spoken at some length of the

‘Light of the World,’ it is merely because the occasion amply justified our doing so. The oratorio is one of imagination, of not only clever ideas, but of really devotional religious thought. The orchestra is handled throughout in a manner which only one who is fully acquainted with each instrument, its individual capabilities, and its effect in combination, is able to appreciate. The instrumentation is never obtrusive, but it is always delicate and expressive, while many orchestral passages are notable for the beauty of the scoring. The vocal parts, solo and choral, are written with the object of producing the fullest effects by the most legitimate means. They exhibit great talent in treatment, and, considering the nature of the subject, are written with considerable variety. In conclusion, ‘The Light of the World’ is a great production, and we may safely look now to Mr. Sullivan for sacred works of the highest class, since the originality of his genius has escaped the siren-like influence of Mendelssohn, whose fascinating style has proved too frequently the destruction of original talent.”

It was not until the beginning of 1875 that Mr. D'Oyly Carte, who was then managing for Miss

Selina Dolaro, then playing "Perichole," at the little theatre in Dean Street, Soho, finding that they were not doing "good business," approached Gilbert and Sullivan.

"It was on a very cold morning," Sir Arthur tells me, "with the snow falling heavily, that Gilbert came round to my place, clad in a heavy fur coat. He had called to read over to me the MS. of 'Trial by Jury.' He read it through, and it seemed to me, in a perturbed sort of way, with a gradual crescendo of indignation, in the manner of a man considerably disappointed with what he had written. As soon as he had come to the last word he closed up the manuscript violently, apparently unconscious of the fact that he had achieved his purpose so far as I was concerned, inasmuch as I was screaming with laughter the whole time. The words and music were written, and all the rehearsals completed within the space of three weeks," and all London went to see it. As the *Times* had it, "Mr. Sullivan, in fact, has accomplished his part in the extravaganza so happily that—to ascend some steps higher towards the empyrean—it seems, as in the great Wagnerian operas, as though poem and music had pro-

ceeded simultaneously from one and the same brain."

Penley, unnamed in the programme, filled the modest *role* of Foreman of the Jury, while the elder brother, Fred. Sullivan, who had been for some little while in the Dolaro company, played the Judge with such humourous severity and all-round ability that he contributed not a little to the original success of the piece. It was produced on March 25, 1875, ran for some considerable time, and was the first joint production of Gilbert and Sullivan, which showed definitely that there were two men who could produce something which should be mirth-provoking without lacking the literary and artistic element. "There is a genuine humour in the music," the *Times* continued "as for instance, in the unison chorus of the jurymen, and the clever parody on one of the most renowned finales of modern Italian opera; and there is also melody, both fluent and catching, here and there, moreover, set off by little touches in the orchestral accompaniments which reveal the experienced hand."

The run of the comic "Trial by Jury" was practically contemporaneous with another trial of

a more serious character, the memorable Tichborne Claimant case.

Sir Alexander Cockburn was Lord Chief Justice at that time, and Sir Arthur tells me, "Although he was very fond of me personally, being very fond of music, he did not like the notion of our 'Trial by Jury' at all, as he thought the piece was calculated to bring the bench into contempt! He went to see the piece once, remarking afterwards that it was very pretty and clever and 'all that sort of thing,' but he would not go again for fear he should seem to encourage it.

"I used to go and sit on the Bench with him, however, at the time of the trial of the Claimant, and occasionally I would sleep at his house overnight, so that I might be in time in the morning to drive down with him to the Court. The incidents of the trial and Cockburn's masterly summing-up are, of course, matters of history, but I was greatly struck by the effect of the adverse verdict on the Claimant. He was, as you know, a big burly fellow, but the moment the verdict was given he seemed in some unaccountable manner to decrease promptly in bulk, so that his clothes appeared to hang loosely about

him. I certainly never witnessed a more curious sight."

Speaking of the various people he has known, among them Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Tennyson, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Leighton, and Millais, Sir Arthur remarks that with Millais he was always on the most affectionate terms. "When I was very young and didn't have much to do I used to spend a good deal of my time in his studio playing on the pianoforte while he painted.

"One night when I was at Gounod's house in Park Place, there came in after dinner a venerable, white-haired, handsome old man. He sat down and talked to some people in another part of the room. I asked Gounod who he was, and Gounod exclaimed, 'Oh, he is the celebrated Desbarrolles.' Of course I knew him by reputation with regard to his work on the hand, so-called palmistry being then a new thing to the public. Gounod took me across the room, and, without introducing me, or mentioning my name, said, 'Here is a subject for you. Look at his hand.' The venerable old man took up my hand, looked at it, and in a moment said, 'Oh dear, you have

had a very great shock in your life so many years ago.' I said, 'No, you are mistaken,' but he insisted, adding that it was the death of some one I loved, and in a moment I remembered that the year he mentioned would be the year of the extremely sudden death of my father. He then went on to mention many details which could have been known to no one else but myself, and I must confess that this rather staggered me. There was nothing of the charlatan about him."

CHAPTER VI

IDLING IN ITALY

(1875-1877)

Conductorship—Visits Italy—Death of Fred Sullivan—
"The Lost Chord"—"Henry VIII."—"The Sorcerer"—
Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay—Princess Louise.

SHORTLY after the production of "The Light of the World" Sullivan received from the University of Cambridge, in company with his old master, Sir John Goss, the honorary degree of "Doctor of Music," and in the year under consideration (1875), after a great deal of pressure had been put upon him, he accepted the post of Principal of the National Training School of Music. It was a post which he accepted very unwillingly as he had always been adverse personally to teaching in any form.

In reference to the school, its history and development under the new name are interesting and important, especially as Sir Arthur Sullivan was so completely identified with it, and I venture to quote his own words in regard to it. "The

Royal Academy of Music had fallen into very low water at that time, and Sir Henry Cole thought it was a favourable opportunity to establish an institution for musical education. It was his desire to get everything centered at South Kensington, so as to bring all the art schools together. He experienced a great deal of difficulty, and one reason was that he seemed to think that such an institution could be carried on as if the art of music were an exact science. Eventually they wanted me to become principal of it, but I declined because I didn't approve of the principles which had been adopted. However, very great pressure was brought to bear on me, and after some mutual concessions I very unwillingly accepted the post of principal and held the position for six years.

"I got a very fine teaching staff about me, and we certainly turned out a number of first-rate practical musicians, who, without doubt, exercised great influence in the cause of music throughout the country, having in their turn become teachers, organists, and so forth. Difficulties arose with reference to the establishment of the school on a permanent basis, and eventually the Prince of

Wales and the then Duke of Edinburgh took the matter up with great zeal, and so the Royal College of Music was founded on the basis of the Training School which I had conducted. It was to all intents and purposes the same institution. They took over our building, our library, and our teaching staff. Sir George Grove was appointed Director, and carried on the institution on the lines which I had already laid down. So you see that the National School of Music was really the forerunner and parent of the Royal College of Music."

In the winter of the same year he also conducted the Choral Union Orchestral Concerts in Glasgow, and, as reflecting the opinion of that time—just a quarter of a century ago—it is interesting to note that *à propos* to these concerts, one paper remarked: "The committee have acted wisely in gaining the services of a conductor of Mr. Sullivan's reputation and position. England has produced but few musicians whose names are likely to live. That Mr. Sullivan belongs to this small number he has given us strong reason to hope. We do not know how far a recent statement that his name is a uni-

versal drawing-room favourite, may be gratifying to a composer of high and earnest aspirations, but we are quite certain that work of another sort ought to occupy Mr. Sullivan, and that the accomplishment of really great things in his art must be to him simply a matter of choice. The very first essential for a good orchestral conductor is that of perfect familiarity with his music, and this Mr. Sullivan's training and experience have, of course, insured. The orchestra is, in the main, the same as that of last season, yet last night it was often difficult to believe this the result was in every way such a complete expression of the composer's intentions."

Not the least service which, throughout his busy life, Sir Arthur Sullivan has rendered to the revival of musical work in this country is indicated in the paragraph which I have quoted. Much more is required of a conductor than that he shall wave a *bâton* in front of an orchestra. One cannot refrain from paying one's modest tribute of praise to the fact that on the thousand-and-one occasions on which he has been called upon to conduct, he has evinced his extreme catholicity of taste. He has ever shown a musicianly "radical-

ism" in full sympathy with the purpose and method of each individual composer, and each item in his musical programme has been given the care and attention which he would have demanded in the case of his own work. Moreover, he has never been lacking in good generalship in a matter which involves more tact and trouble than one can imagine, while his own painstaking enthusiasm has, on all occasions, so communicated itself to the executants that, even after an exceptionally long and arduous rehearsal, the spectacle of the orchestra applauding the conductor has become almost a convention.

"Trial by Jury" having been produced, as we have seen, in the early part of 1875, there is no further production to record until two years afterwards. In the summer of 1875 he visited Italy, where his companions were Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay, to whom he owes the pleasure of a long and close friendship. Writing from Cadennabia, on August 25, he says: "I have been to Milan at last! Visetti was there at the station to receive me. . . . He behaved in a princely manner to me the whole time, treating me as his guest. My visit was a real success, and I am very glad I

went. On Monday morning after breakfast we went out and called on Mazzucato (the director of the Conservatoire), Ricordi, the publisher, and Filippi, the 'Davison'¹ of Italy. . . . We went to the Conservatoire to listen to a performance by the students. Mazzucato welcomed me with great warmth. To my extreme gratification he came to the station with me to bid me farewell. I cannot speak highly or warmly enough of Visetti. He was kindness itself, and almost more gratified than myself at the success of my visit."

Writing again from the hotel at Cadennabia on the Lago di Como: "The heat is so great as to make it almost impossible to do anything but sit about without movement in a chair until the evening, when we manage to saunter out a little or to be paddled about in a flat-bottomed boat. Then it is delicious, absolutely lovely. The stillness of the water, the brilliant moon, throwing its glittering light on the lake and making a long trail of little diamonds, the mountains all round looking grave and calm, little boats filled with men and women, some of them with mandolins

¹ The celebrated critic of *The Times*.

and singing popular melodies, and the light from the villages and towns dotted round the lake contribute to form a scene which is enchanting, and unlike anything one has dreamed of. . . . I have an advantage that not every Englishman has—*i.e.*, of being here in the summer. People do not often brave the heat, and consequently lose the magnificence of the luxuriant foliage and the beautiful colours and lights, which can only be seen at this time of the year."

Shortly afterwards Lady Lindsay sends a sketch to Mrs. Sullivan, reproduced in these pages. I quote the letter with its ironic postscript: "Dear Mrs. Sullivan, I enclose you a drawing, by which you will see that your son is not overtiring himself here. He spends the day, and so do we, sitting on the balcony in rocking chairs, sometimes going through the exertion of reading a novel." "P. S. [in Sullivan's handwriting] This is written *for* me, as I am overworked(!), and consequently cannot write to-day."

Perhaps I may be excused for quoting another little epistle sent soon afterwards from Cologne. "I have been out with the children; we went to the cathedral and heard a pretty children's serv-



FREDERIC SULLIVAN
AS THE JUDGE IN "TRIAL BY JURY," 1878.

ice. It is a blazing hot day, and the cathedral was so peaceful and cool it did me good, and took me out of the world for a time. When the service began the organ struck up, and then in the far distance the boys' voices were heard singing, and they came nearer and nearer, singing all the while. The result was I burst out crying, as I always do at children's voices. I have no doubt that the music was weak, and the boys' voices execrable, but the whole thing moved me and did me good."

The year '77 was saddened by the death of his brother Fred Sullivan, who died on January 18, aged 36. His cleverness as a comedian and his unfailing good spirits had made him much liked by all who had known him, and during his brief career as an actor he had already achieved reputation. Best known to the public for his perfect performance of the Judge in "Trial by Jury," he was a skilled musician and an actor of great ability.

It was during the distressing three weeks, mainly occupied in watching by the bedside of the elder brother, that Sullivan wrote "The Lost Chord." The account which has already been

given in Mr. Willeby's monograph of the way in which it was written is accurate, and will, I hope, bear repetition. "One night—the end was not very far off then—while his sick brother had for a time fallen into a peaceful sleep, and he was sitting as usual by the bedside, he chanced to come across some verses of Adelaide Procter's with which he had five years previously been much struck. He had then tried to set them to music, but without satisfaction to himself. Now in the stillness of the night he read them over again, and almost as he did so he conceived their musical equivalent. A sheet of music paper was at hand, and he began to write. Slowly the music grew and took shape, until, being quite absorbed in it, he determined to finish the song. Even if in the cold light of day it were to prove worthless, it would at least have helped to while away the hours of watching. So he worked on at it. As he progressed he felt sure that this was what he had sought for and failed to find on the occasion of his first attempt to set the words. In a short time it was complete, and not long afterwards in the publisher's hands." Thus was written "The Lost Chord," perhaps the most

successful song of modern times, at all events one whose sale has, up to now, considerably exceeded several hundred thousands.

In the autumn of 1877 the composer's activity was manifested in two directions. In the first place he had supplemented his list of incidental music to Shakespeare's plays with the music for "Henry VIII.," first produced in the splendid revival of that play at the Princes Theatre by Charles Calvert.

On the strength of the success of "Trial by Jury," and in the confidence inspired by hopes of a prosperous collaboration between Gilbert and Sullivan, Mr. D'Oyly Carte had formed a small syndicate, known as the Comedy Opera Company. Its first production was "The Sorcerer," first played at the Opera Comique on Nov. 18, 1877. The result was by no means discouraging, for it drew large audiences for the space of six months. It was everywhere regarded as "another attempt to establish native opera as a legitimate and permanent institution in this country," and while the public was delighted at the rare combination of humorous and scholarly music with the fun of a skilful libretto, those whose duty it

had been to pay attentive ear to operatic music from foreign sources were particularly pleased with the clever parodies of conventionality in serious opera which ran through "The Sorcerer," parodies skilfully interwoven with purely original melody, allied to good taste, fancifulness, and command over orchestral resources.

Sir Arthur has mentioned the difficulty which he experienced in the beginning, of finding any actor or actress who could sing, but the demand soon created a supply, and "The Sorcerer" was responsible for the introduction of Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Rutland Barrington to the stage.

About this time "Lewis Carroll" wrote to him in the following terms:—

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter. I thought it needless to trouble you with any particulars till I knew if my proposal were at all possible. And now, though your answer gives little or no ground to hope, I think I may as well, before giving up all hope, tell you what it is I want, as perhaps it might change your view of my question. I am the writer of a little book for children—'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'—

which has proved so unexpectedly popular that the idea of dramatising it has been several times started. If that is ever done, I shall want it done in the best possible way, sparing no expense, and one feature I should want would be good music. So I thought (knowing your charming compositions) it would be well to get two or three of the songs in it set by you, to be kept for the occasion (if that should arrive) of its being dramatised; we might then arrange for publishing them with music. In haste, faithfully yours,

“C. L. DODGSON.

“(‘Lewis Carroll.’)”

“CHESTNUTS, GUILFORD, MARCH 31, 1877.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have again to thank you for a letter which, like the last, is nearly final, but just leaves the gate of Hope ajar. Excuse my troubling you with more questions, but I should much like to know what the sum is, which you say you thought ‘absurdly extravagant’ for the copyright of the musical setting of a song, and also what the terms would be, supposing you had a ‘royalty’ for every time it was sung in public.

For my own part, I think the 'royalty' system the best of the two, usually, but the other has the advantage of finality.

"You speak of your readiness to enter on the matter, if I should ever carry out the idea of dramatising 'Alice,' but that is just what I don't want to wait for. We might wait an indefinite time, and then, when the thing was settled, have to get our music prepared in a hurry, and, worse still, *you* might not then be able or willing to do it. That is my reason for wishing to get something ready beforehand, and what I know of your music is so delicious (they tell me I have not a musical ear, so my criticism is valueless, I fear) that I should like to secure something from you now, while there is leisure time to do it in. Believe me, very truly yours,

"C. L. DODGSON."

During the summer of '77 he is once more in Paris, and in making brief quotations from letters dated from Paris and elsewhere my apology is that they are particularly interesting in so far as they indicate a mental attitude toward people whom he met, and contain allusions to them.

"It seems as if I had never left Paris. When I went into the buffet at Victoria last night to get a mouthful of cold meat before starting I saw J. S. Forbes, the Chairman of the L. C. and D. Railway. He was going to Paris, so he took me as far as Calais for nothing, shared his cabin with me, and we got a carriage all to ourselves to Paris undisturbed. It was luxury combined with economy."

He is back in London a month later. "Last night was the dinner at the Lindsays to Princess L—. It was very pleasant. To-day the Princess called whilst I was out and left me a beautiful photograph of herself, which she had promised me. It was very kind of her," and "Grove says he does not wish to be critical in the matter of tamarinds, but they cut out like pieces of negro—hard and black. I thought the pot I sent him was in beautiful condition. How difficult it is to please all mankind!"

In February of 1878 he writes: "Here I am in 'Genoa the Proud,' having arrived here late last night. I took affecting farewell of all my friends at Nice on Friday, and on Sunday morning started off with a very nice fellow, in a little car-

riage with two capital little horses. Silva¹ went by train with the luggage, and we drove along the far-famed Cornice road which runs all along the Riviera from Nice to Genoa. It was a heavenly day, and I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. I cannot give a description, but refer you to Doctor Antonio for it. We stayed an hour and a half at Mentone for lunch, and then resumed our journey as far as Bordighera, where we stayed the night. Yesterday morning we were up betimes and on our way again, winding for miles along the picturesque route, mountains on one side of us, the Mediterranean on the other, through the quaintest, dirtiest, most picturesque old towns as far as Albenga. There we parted from our carriage, it being late in the evening, and took a parliamentary train, which seemed to be wandering about listlessly, on to Genoa. . . . The thing that most interested me was the church of St. Lorenzo, the finest here. It was shut up, but we got in at the side door, and found the interior magnificently prepared for the funeral mass for the Pope, the day after to-morrow. All the pillars and other stone work were covered with red satin, damask, and

¹ Valet.

gold—a great catafalque in the centre, draped in scarlet, black, white, and gold, and nothing but scarlet, black, and gold everywhere. The effect was magnificent.”

CHAPTER VII

AMERICAN REMINISCENCES

(1878-1880)

"H.M.S. Pinafore"—Promenade Concerts—"The Pinafore" Fever in America—First Visit to America—American Reminiscences—American Piracy and the "Pirates of Penzance."

SINCE 1872 Sullivan had been suffering at intervals from an agonising malady. It would lie dormant for a considerable period, and then rouse itself to an attack which would last for some time. "H.M.S. Pinafore" was produced at the Opera Comique, May 28, 1878. It was the musician's ill-fate to be racked with pain during the period when this delightful opera was written. As usual it had to be written against time, and it says much for the dogged courage of the composer that the exquisite and jocund music was persisted with in the intervals of the most acute suffering

Strangely enough, "H.M.S. Pinafore," eventu-

ally so tremendously popular, at first failed to attract. There was the crowded and enthusiastic audience on the first night, and the press cried approval; of course well-meant suggestions appeared here and there to the effect that "our representative English composer should confine himself to more serious work." Truth to tell, the "business" done at the theatre became so unremunerative that the management decided to withdraw "H.M.S. Pinafore" not many weeks after production.

At that time Sullivan was conductor of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, and one night he put into the programme a brilliant arrangement by Hamilton Clarke of the "Pinafore" music, for the orchestra and military band. Although the piece was running to poor houses at the time, and was on the eve of withdrawal, this selection from the music at the concerts created quite a sensation. The selection was invariably encored, and parts of it sometimes played over two or three times, before the audience would permit the programme to be proceeded with. It was apparently as the result of this that the receipts at the Opera Comique

gradually crept up, and that nearly two years afterwards "H.M.S. Pinafore" was still in the bill and flourishing hugely. Instead of failing dismally, it had the stage for seven hundred nights. Meanwhile the piece had become the "rage" throughout America, about which there will be much to say presently.

The Promenade Concerts, at one time under the sway of Jullien at the time of which I am writing — August, 1878 — were controlled by Messrs. Gatti. The orchestra numbered eighty of the best English players, and one of the papers, commenting on the fact that "Mr. Arthur Sullivan is the conductor," remarked that "it is the first time that he has assumed such an office at entertainments of this kind. . . . The man who has given us not only 'Cox and Box,' the 'Contrabandista,' 'Trial by Jury,' 'The Sorcerer,' and 'H.M.S. Pinafore,' each in its way unsurpassed, but also the 'Tempest' music, 'Kenilworth,' the 'Symphony in E Minor,' the overture 'In Memoriam,' the 'Te Deum' to commemorate the recovery of the Prince of Wales, and last but not least, such an oratorio as 'The Light of the World,' is no common labourer in the field of

art, and merits all the distinction that may be conferred upon him."

Taking the lighter side, I have included in the illustrations the sketches produced in the *Sporting and Dramatic News* of the time, anent which "The Captious Critic" remarked, "It was, I believe, the custom of at least a few of the Chapel Royal choristers—those little Bee-flaters who dispense sweet music for the saving of high-born souls—to proceed from St. James' to Hungerford market and waste their substance in the consumption of Gatti's far-famed ices. Amongst these ardent devotees of Gatti were little Arthur and Alfred. Their pocket money was quickly consumed in the form of the cool and refreshing ice. These two little boys are grown up, and are now receiving those pennies spent in reckless frigidity back from the coffers of the Gatti family, for they are none other than Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Alfred Cellier, the conductors of the Promenade Concerts."

In America "H.M.S. Pinafore" had caught on, and raged furiously. In London it had been successful beyond anything of the kind, but in the States it created the tornado-like *furor* for

which, amongst many other big things, that great nation is celebrated. It was not an uncommon thing for one individual to have seen the piece, say, a dozen times; church choirs added it to their repertoire; thousands of sturdy Puritans who had never been inside a theatre before went to see one or other of the performances. It is on record that (*miserabile dictu*) a hundred thousand barrel organs were constructed to play nothing else! For the season it was found hardly worth while to run anything in opposition to it, and the spectacle was presented of every theatre and concert company of importance in the big cities, producing the same piece! In one of the sketches produced in an American paper, in which posters are seen affixed to a wall, the notion is by no means exaggerated. "Academy of Music. Colonel Mapleson's troupe, 'Pinafore'"! "Stadt Theatre. The pretty comedy 'Von Pinaforen.' Pumpernickel, Kaiserlich und Limburger." "Grand Concert! Signorà Ilma di Marska will sing the principal arias of 'H.M.S. Pinafore'"! and so on. For instance, here is one of the many similar notices given in all seriousness: "The Church Choir 'Pinafore' Company has prefaced

their 'Pinafore' performance with the 'Gloria' from Mozart's 'Twelfth Mass,' and Handel's 'Hallelujah Chorus.'" Some of the libretto, as catch phrases, "What, never?—Well, hardly ever!" must have become deadly. It is related that one editor was compelled to forbid their use by his staff on pain of dismissal. "It has occurred twenty times in as many articles in yesterday's edition," he sorrowfully said to them on one occasion. "Never let me see it used again." "What, never?" was the unanimous question. "Well, hardly ever" replied the wretched man.

"Dot 'Pinafore' expression vas a noosance," remarked a Teutonic gentleman to a genial coadjutor. "Auf you tole a veller sometings, he speaks noding von blame English. He say, 'Vot, hardly, sometimes nefer!' Vot kind of language is dose?"

The ironic form does not preclude the fact that the following statement was within the truth: "At present there are forty-two companies playing 'Pinafore' about the country. Companies formed after 6 P.M. yesterday are not included." Philadelphia boasted a "coloured" "Pinafore" company, and in Boston "Pinafore" is announced

to be given at the Music Hall on such-and-such date, when "the leading characters will be sung by prominent soloists of the Catholic choirs of the city, and the chorus will consist of fifty voices from various Catholic churches."

Meantime, there were two facts which were not likely to escape the notice of Messrs. Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert. On the one hand, "their attention had been called" to the popularity which the piece was creating on the other side of the water; and, on the other hand, although its popularity meant the transference (in the States) of many hundreds of thousands of dollars, they were quite cognisant of the fact, without having their attention called to it, that this unique popularity had not produced one half-penny for the benefit of the joint authors of the production.

Of course there was no international copyright, but yet they felt something might be done. It might well be that the American managers and the English authors would be unable to make any compromise in their views, which were in direct opposition in regard to the interpretation of *meum* and *tuum*, but they held one good card and they

determined to play it. They would take over their own people to perform the operas. The opera in America, although so successful, was being played after a strange fashion, with many sins of omission and commission. The lesser of the American companies had turned the comic opera into a weird music-hall sketch of a nature which beggared description. The libretto had been tampered with, so-called topical songs had been interpolated, and many other inartistic horrors had been perpetrated. The music, too, more particularly in regard to its orchestration, was being treated quite out of accord with the intentions of the composer.

Accordingly, in November, 1879, accompanied by Mr. D'Oyly Carte and the late Alfred Cellier, they left for America. They also took with them Blanche Roosevelt, who had been singer at the Covent Garden Opera under the name of Rosavella. Blanche Roosevelt went with them as the principal soprano of the "Pinafore" company. She sang fairly well, but what success she achieved was mainly due to her extraordinary beauty. She proved of little use in the part of Josephine, which had not been written for her

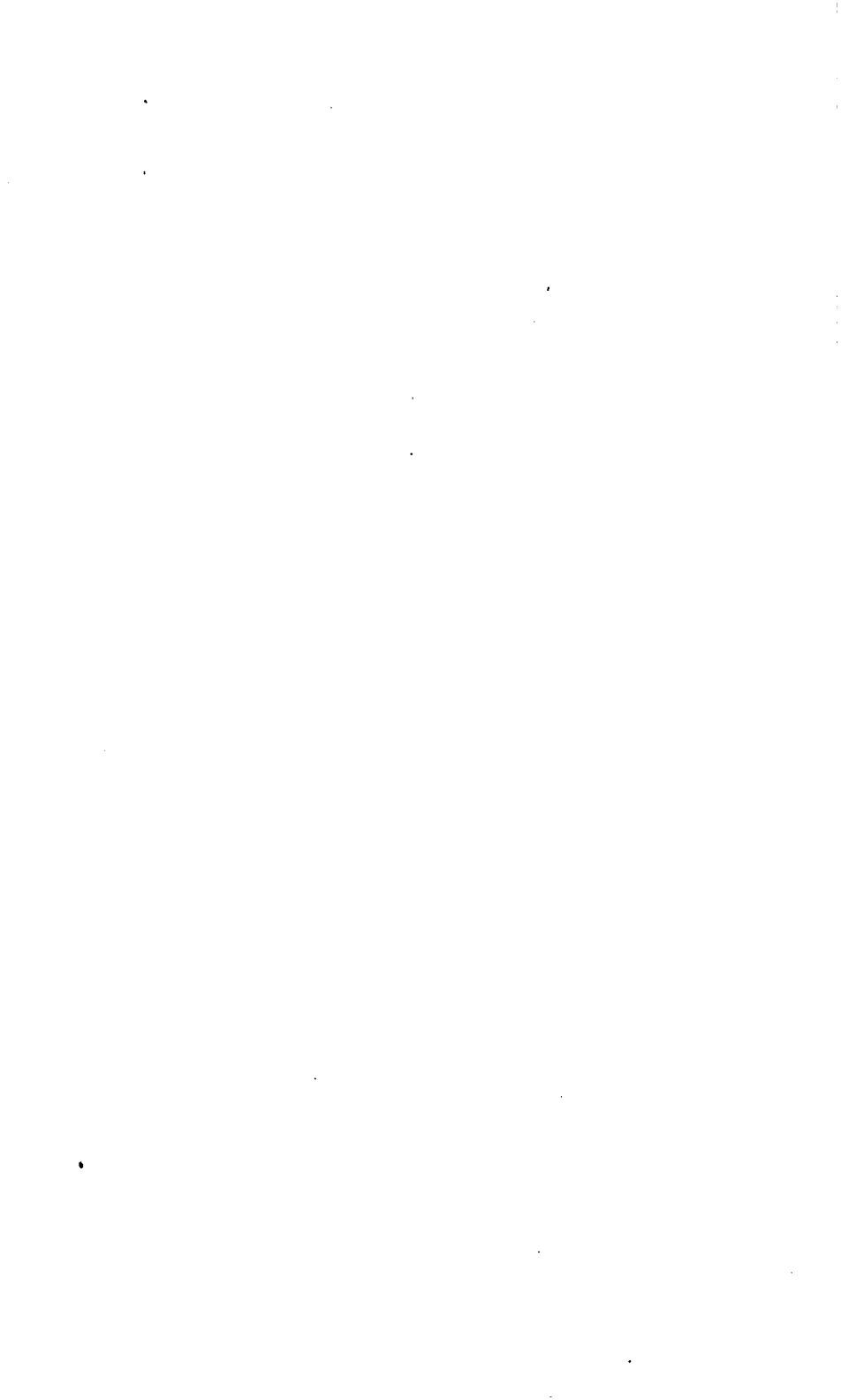
voice, but made a very successful appearance subsequently as Mabel in "The Pirates of Penzance," more especially as the music for Mabel in the first act had been written with a view to her interpretation. The rest of the principals followed them to America shortly afterwards.

The original rendering of the "Pinafore" was produced at the Fifth Avenue. One might have thought that the "New Yorkers" by this time would have grown tired of the piece, and, indeed, one or two New York papers, forgetful that prophecy is the most gratuitous form of error, said as much—and more; but as a matter of fact the further production created quite a sensation. In what way the production differed from the American version can be deduced from some of the references made to it. The following description is quite instructive:

"Last evening," writes one reporter, "'H.M.S. Pinafore' was under command of its builders. Mr. Sullivan conducted in the orchestra, and the master-hand was clearly discernible in the result. It seemed already as though human ingenuity had been exhausted to provide appropriate business for the opera, and that everything thinkable



BLANCHE ROOSEVELT



had been thought of. But last night's performance was everywhere studded with new points. When the scene opened, the sailors were all seen at work, flemishing down the ropes, and attending to various ship's duties, while the whole was under the supervision of the busy and important Little Midshipmite.

"This gave an animation to the first scene that it generally lacks. Practicable shrouds were set, with sailors clambering up and down, and the chorus was skilfully divided, some on the gun deck, and some on the quarter deck, so as to destroy the usual unpleasant stiffness in the grouping.

"But the really noticeable difference in the interpretation was the orchestration. There was breadth, colour, and tone, together with a harmonious blending with the vocalism which was utterly wanting in what may be called the home-made 'Pinafores.'"

The authors were called before the curtain and, a speech being demanded, Mr. Gilbert thanked the audience for the cordial reception accorded to their "little work." "It is not," Mr. Gilbert said, "a new work." It had indeed been intimated to

him that it had been performed here before, and he begged to assure the audience that its present production was not prompted by a desire to challenge comparison with other versions, but because he and Mr. Sullivan thought it would be interesting to the audience to see the author's and composer's idea of how the work should be performed. "It has been our purpose," he added, "to produce something that should be innocent but not imbecile."

From this point I cannot do better than continue the narrative of the composer's experiences in America in his own words.

"Of course Gilbert and myself had been kept informed of the unique business which 'Pinafore' was doing in America, and our visit was prompted by the notion that, as the authors of the piece, we ought to profit by it. Meanwhile, we did not trust to the 'Pinafore' opera to do us any material monetary good in America; we determined to produce our next opera in the States first and in Great Britain afterwards. The Americans acknowledged that the author had a right in his unpublished work in the same way that he could lay claim to his own personal apparel or any other

form of property, and only lost his prerogative after it had been published. So all we could do was to follow the course I have indicated and produce our piece in America first and get our own company well under way before others could bring out their imitations. With this object in view we took with us the half-completed opera of the 'Pirates of Penzance.' I had only composed the second act, without the orchestration, in England. Soon after my arrival in America I wrote the first, and scored the whole opera. We produced it at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on New Year's Eve—December 31, 1879."

No such stage management had been witnessed or such music heard on the light opera stage before. The whole piece was a revelation to the theatrical world in America, and its success was immediate and prodigious.

"Of course, at that time, there was no copyright between the two countries, and so we were compelled to retain possession of the whole work in manuscript. To have stolen that from us would have made the thief amenable under the common law, but if we had published it, and had proceeded against any thief who had made use of the opera,

we should have had to take action against him under the statute law, and should have failed. The moment any portion of the opera appeared in print it was open to any one in the States either to publish, produce, or do what he liked with it. Apart, however, from the absence of international copyright, the law concerning artistic questions was involved and uncertain, and in a very unsatisfactory state altogether. Keeping the libretto and music in manuscript did not settle the difficulty, as it was held by some judges that theatrical representation was tantamount to publication, so that any member of the audience who managed to take down the libretto in shorthand, for instance, and succeeded in memorising the music was quite at liberty to produce his own version of it. This made matters exciting for us, although the excitement was far from being a pleasant one. We kept a sharp look-out, and if any one in the theatre was observed taking notes or anything of the kind the note-taker was promptly turned out.

“Yet it very often happened, and many other dodges were practiced. It is impossible to memorise orchestration, and consequently some

of the members of my orchestra were bribed to hand over the band parts. Incidents of this sort became of constant occurrence. I remember that I was dining one night with Mr. Sam Barlow, the George Lewis of New York, when my copyist came from the theatre to see me, positively livid with excitement. He had made the discovery that one of the orchestra had been offered a bribe of one hundred dollars if he would supply the first violin part of the opera."

Here it may be well to interrupt the narrative for a moment to explain to those unacquainted with such technical matters that the "principal first violin" part is the leader's part, and besides containing the part for the first violin it has the necessary cues to the rest of the orchestration, so that the principal first violinist could conduct from it if it were necessary.

"However, notwithstanding the absence of copyright law, we did very well in America, as is evinced by the fact that Stetson offered us £5000 down for the right to play the piece for a short time in Boston, an offer which we declined, preferring to send our own company, and taking the risk of making what we could out of it. We

sent out a great number of companies on the road to different towns in the States. Some of the tours showed a slight loss, and others a considerable profit, and, taking it all round, we did excellently well, more especially when one remembers that our attempt to retain possession of our own property involved us in a guerrilla warfare. On the other hand, before producing anything in America, it was necessary, in order to comply with English copyright law, to have a bogus performance in this country. This was always carried out in some out-of-the-way village, and arranged with great secrecy.

“ Apart from the activity of the piratical people of those days, I was most hospitably treated everywhere, and I liked the American people immensely.

“ Meanwhile, in England, ‘ Pinafore ’ had been running all the time at the Opera Comique, and when we came back to England in March (1880), we put ‘ The Pirates of Penzance ’ into rehearsal, and produced it at the Opera Comique. Having had the cream out of America, so to speak, the manuscript of the music and libretto was put into the hands of the printer, and the

opera was published. From that moment, of course, the piece was free to be played throughout America.

"With the subsequent operas, 'Patience,' 'Iolanthe,' and so on, we tried all sorts of expedients to preserve our own rights in our own work. For example, it had been laid down in the Massachusetts circuit—the most important legal circuit in the States—and in accordance with a very unfortunate precedent in the British law of the time, that the pianoforte arrangement of a work should be regarded as a separate copyright and a separate property. It was a ridiculous and an indefensible notion, but, unfortunately! it had been so decided in an important case—Boosey *v.* Cramer, on this side of the water.

"However, we decided to act on the American judgment to which I have referred, and induced an American citizen to come over here from the States to make the pianoforte arrangements of the score here, and by means of a sort of silly fiction, I allowed him to use the vocal parts of my opera as being part of his pianoforte arrangement of the score. He then copyrighted,

in his own name, the pianoforte arrangement of my work, and it became his property, with the private understanding that he should subsequently hand it to me for a small monetary consideration. This was a very roundabout way of doing business, but we thought that by this means, the pianoforte and vocal parts being legally the property of an American citizen, we should be able to hold on to it." Nevertheless, the copyright in question was promptly infringed, and when an injunction was sought, the judges in the same circuit (Massachusetts) gave a verdict against us, thus stultifying their own previous decision. It seemed to be their opinion that a free and independent American citizen ought not to be robbed of his right of robbing somebody else.

"We tried similar expedients with two or three of the subsequent operas, but although the companies we sent out had a great vogue in America, the methods adopted for preservation of copyright did not really pay, mainly owing to the trouble and expense of the law-suits in which we became involved in the effort to protect our rights.

"All we could do, as I have indicated, was to send out our companies before the operas were published, and to refrain from publishing in Great Britain until after the operas had been produced in America. As soon as the work was in print, any action that we might take came under Statute Law, but as long as it remained in manuscript the action came under Common Law, and any one attempting to deprive us of the manuscript was no less amenable to the law than any other thief, who, for example, might try to get hold of one's purse or one's handkerchief.

"My second visit to the States was made in 1885, when I travelled alone, having no other purpose than the settlement of some private family affairs. This was just after 'The Mikado' had come out in England, and we had the inevitable law-suit in America in regard to it. It was an important case, and our counsel, who fought splendidly for us, is now the American Ambassador in England—Mr. Choate."

It should not go unrecorded here that in regard to "The Mikado," Mr. D'Oyly Carte carried through a counter-movement against the would-be pirate on the other side of the water. It was

an effort which must be almost unique in theatrical history.

I have had a fairly full account of it given to me from different sources, but I doubt if I can do better than quote the explanation given by an American paper at the time, as the report is sufficiently detailed and absolutely accurate. It is not often that such a romantic element is imported into the business side of theatrical enterprise.

"The English public," remarked the paper in question, "has heard a good deal about the local warfare which has been waged over 'The Mikado' in America. Some may remember that after the enormous success of the opera in London two American managers entered into treaty with Mr. D'Oyly Carte for the production of the piece in New York. These were Mr. Stetson, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and Mr. Duff, of The Standard. Mr. Carte finally closed with Mr. Stetson, and, annoyed by the success of his rival, Mr. Duff resolved to pirate the piece and to play it in New York in advance of Mr. Carte, and, of course, in advance of the author and composer. Then commenced a campaign between the English and

American managers. Mr. Carte had arranged to produce 'The Mikado' at the Fifth Avenue Theatre about the middle of October (1885), but when he ascertained that it was Mr. Duff's intention to forestall him by beginning his unauthorised performance in August Mr. Carte decided to steal a march on his opponent by placing all possible impediments in the way of carrying out his scheme, and by so arranging his own plans that the first performance of 'The Mikado' which the New Yorkers witnessed should be the genuine and authorised one. Mr. Duff had the advantage in commencing hostilities of being on the scene of action in New York, whereas Mr. Carte was well aware that if he made preparations to take his artists over to America the fact would at once be cabled to Mr. Duff in New York, who would then have about ten days' start in bringing out the opera with his own company. It was obvious that the expedition must be organised secretly, and what the difficulties were in the way of such a course any one can imagine who reflects on the number of different persons who have to be taken into confidence before a large opera company can be got together and made ready to start for a

foreign shore. At this juncture of affairs Mr. Carte discovered that Mr. Duff was attempting to obtain in London Japanese costumes in imitation of those used at the Savoy Theatre, so Mr. Carte immediately proceeded to buy up all the Japanese costumes of any value in London and also in Paris. Several hundred costly costumes were bought up in this way, but they could easily be utilised for the various companies in England, Australia, and America.

“All the members of the company were rehearsed under the impression that they were destined to start on a tour in the English provinces, but one day Mr. Carte privately requested them to assemble at the Savoy Theatre. Here he addressed them in a body, told them the whole story of Mr. Duff's proposed piracy, and finally told them that it was impossible to rely on the protection of American law in the matter, in the absence of any international Copyright Act; the only practical plan was to get the play, company, costumes, &c., out to New York so secretly that no information of his intentions could reach the city before their arrival. They would have to sail in two days.

"The company left London on August 7 by midnight train and reached Liverpool in the early morning! They breakfasted together at a small commercial hotel where none of them were known and were then conveyed by special tug to the Cunard s. s. *Aurania*. She was to start that afternoon and when the passenger tender was seen approaching all the company retired to their cabins and shut themselves in, so that they might not be seen and recognised by any persons who were coming out to bid farewell to their friends. The berths of the members of the company were all booked under fictitious names, and Mr. Carte was entered on the ship's books as Mr. Henry Chapman. On the arrival of the vessel in New York harbour, Mr. Carte's agent came out to meet it with the pleasing information that nothing was yet known about it in New York. Great was the consternation of Mr. Duff when it became known that the enemy, supposed to be three thousand miles away, was actually in the citadel. The outcome of this strategic movement was a complete defeat for Mr. Duff, as 'The Mikado' company drew all the city to the first night performance, whilst Mr. Duff's company had

hardly begun their preliminary rehearsals. The success of 'The Mikado,' produced at the Fifth Avenue on August 19, was immediate and triumphant."

"It was on the occasion of my second visit," Sir Arthur tells me, amused at the recollection, "that I was compelled to slip out of the States to avoid being arrested! Merely to annoy me, and not because there was the slightest excuse for requiring my testimony, a *ne exeat* order had been issued against me to secure me as a witness. This would have necessitated my remaining in the country for some time. It would have proved exceedingly awkward for me to have remained longer in the States, dawdling about doing nothing. Of course it was their intention to give me this inconvenience. However, as it had been given out that I intended leaving by a certain Cunard steamer which was being watched, I slipped away by a German Lloyd steamer the day before."

Harking back to the occasion of his first visit to America, Sir Arthur continues: "I ought to add that, while we were there, the Americans whom we met were exceedingly kind and made

a great deal of us personally. While I was there in 1879 I conducted a performance of my oratorio, 'The Prodigal Son,' at Boston, at the invitation of their oldest and best society, the Handel and Haydn Society, the equivalent to our Sacred Harmonic Society over here.

"At Baltimore they were good enough to ask me to conduct a complimentary concert consisting of a selection from my own works, and I remember that it was in the course of that concert that a cablegram was handed to me offering me the conductorship of the Leeds Festival."

"Speaking of my own experience of orchestras in the States, they certainly did very well. I found that in the *personnel* of the orchestras the German element largely preponderated, the balance being almost entirely made up of bandsmen who had deserted from the British army. The German element was so strong, however, that I found it necessary at the rehearsals to speak to the orchestra in German.

"Your question about the standard of excellence attained by the orchestras in America reminds me of the one big game of bluff which I perpetrated. We had been rehearsing 'The Pi-

rates,' and it was but two or three days before the performance that the whole band went 'on strike.' They explained that the music was not ordinary operetta music, but more like grand opera. Perhaps it is necessary to explain that their method is to charge according to scale, so much per week for entr'acte music, with an ascending scale for operetta, and so on. Had they made their complaint earlier no doubt matters could have been arranged satisfactorily, but their going 'on strike' for higher salaries at the very last moment in this way appealed to me as being a very mean thing to do. Under these circumstances I felt there was nothing for it but to grapple as best I could with the emergency. I called the band together and told them that I was much flattered by the compliment they had paid to my music, but I declined to submit to their demands. I went on to say that the concerts at Covent Garden which I conducted had just been concluded, and the orchestra there, which was the finest in England, had very little to do before the opera season began, and that I was certain that, on receiving a cable to that effect, they would come over to America to oblige

me for little more than their expenses. In the meantime I told them I should go on with the opera, playing the pianoforte myself, with my friend Mr. Alfred Cellier at the harmonium, and that when the Covent Garden orchestra did come, we should have a very much finer band than we could get in New York.

"Then I went to my friend, the manager of the *New York Herald*, and asked him to write an article in the shape of an interview with me on the subject, which he did, and I launched out freely with my opinions. The upshot of it all was that the band gave in, and everything went along smoothly. Of course, the idea of getting the Covent Garden band over was hardly less absurd than the ludicrous idea of using the pianoforte and harmonium in a big theatre, but, fortunately, public opinion was with me, and my one game of bluff met with entire success.

"I was much struck with the casual way many matters seemed to be done in the out-of-the-way States. One day, when I had been wandering about in the mountains, I drove up to a place where there was a little station, and I said to the darky porter, 'When does the next train go to

Sacramento?' Judge of my astonishment when he replied, 'Waal, there is a train that is apt to pass here at about 6.30.'

"I found America in '79 very much what England probably was sixty years ago. Away from the more intellectual centres one would have described the disposition and attitude of mind of the American people as being 'provincial.' I am speaking of America twenty years ago, and of course that nation has made great strides since that time. It was a significant and unpleasant fact that all artists were looked at askance. An artist had no social position at all in New York, and I think this especially applied to the musician.

"It is hardly worth while mentioning it now, perhaps, as American views on the subject have changed so completely, but as an instance of what I mean, I remember that, on one occasion, having accepted an invitation to dine one night at one of the best houses in New York, there was one vacant chair. It should have been occupied by a woman who was noted for her good looks and her good social position. I afterwards discovered that her husband had prevailed upon her not to dine

with us, as there was a distinguished Professor of Music with us. He thought it was so curious that she should be asked to sit down to the same table with a musician! If I remember rightly, he was a prosperous watchmaker in Broadway.

“Music in America in '79 was in a very backward state in many important respects. When I went over there in '85 a great change had taken place, and everywhere much greater consideration was shown to music—and to musicians.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE MOST POPULAR OPERA

(1878-1885)

"Iolanthe"—"Princess Ida"—"Patience"—"The Mikado"—His Mother Dies—Knighthood—"The Golden Legend"—Visits Salt Lake City.

IN the beginning of 1878 Sullivan was appointed Royal Commissioner for music at the Paris Exhibition. An allusion to this is made in a letter to his mother from Nice, dated January 16: "I got the following telegram last night from Owen, Secretary to the British Commission—'Conference finally settling every question meets for last time on Saturday. Have been most urgently requested by the French Government and whole Commission to desire your presence Saturday. Urgently necessary or would not disturb you. Whole of our part of musical arrangements finally compromised by your absence.' To this I replied that I would go, and so I must leave my beautiful sunshine, and lovely flowers, and travel twenty-two hours into the cold

again." Four days later writing to another relative he says: "Yesterday was the meeting of the Musical Commission, which lasted two hours and a half. I prepared my proposition and threw a bombshell into their midst—they were staggered, and they called another meeting to-morrow morning to consider the question. I have said that if they didn't agree to my request /, as the representative of England (!), will withdraw from all further participation in it and am writing to the Prince of Wales now to tell him of the state of affairs. I found these French beggars so awfully selfish and I was glad to have a shot at them, so to-morrow will see the result."

However, the "beggars" calmed down and everything went smoothly. For his services in connection with the Exhibition he received the order of the Legion d'Honneur. More than this, however, the Directors of the Paris Conservatoire proposed the performance of his "In Memoriam" Overture at one of their concerts. It was the first occasion in the annals of the Conservatoire that the work of an Englishman had formed part of its programme.

In the April of the following year, 1879, "The

Pirates of Penzance” was produced at the Opera Comique after having run for some time in New York. It held the stage in London for nearly four hundred nights, during which time, having visited America as already recounted, Sullivan wrote a sacred cantata for the Leeds Festival, selecting Milman’s poem “The Martyr of Antioch” for treatment.

In the following year, 1881, another opera was produced at the Opera Comique, but was then transplanted to the new theatre—the Savoy, which Mr. Carte had been building. Mr. D'Oyly Carte had erected the new theatre solely for the presentation of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas. The active theatre director could fairly claim that the new theatre had been built on a spot possessing many associations of historic interest, being close to the Savoy Chapel, and in the precincts of the Savoy, where stood formerly the Savoy Palace, once inhabited by John of Gaunt and the Dukes of Lancaster, and made memorable by the wars of the Roses. On the old Savoy manor there was at one time a theatre, and so the ancient name was used as an appropriate title for the new building. The seating capacity of the Savoy is 1,292

persons, and its inauguration was of the greater interest in that it was the first time that the attempt had been made to light any building entirely by electricity. Nor in the manner of decoration had Mr. Carte shown any lack of the progressiveness so characteristic of him. Instead of paintings of cherubim, muses, angels, and mythological deities, the ornament consists entirely of delicate plaster modelling designed in the manner of the Italian Renaissance. The main colour tones are white, yellow, and gold—gold used only for backgrounds or for large masses, and not following what may be called for want of a worse name the gingerbread school of decorative art, in the gilding of relief work, or modelling. I believe this was also one of the first theatres which absolutely abolished the absurd and irritating system of fees and gratuities. The Savoy was opened on Monday, October 10, 1881, with the transplanted "Patience" at its first-night production. Sir Arthur conducted on that occasion, and at midnight changed his clothes, went down to Norwich by midnight train, and conducted the rehearsal of the Festival at Norwich at ten o'clock in the morning, very

much to the surprise of everyone, who had been reading the accounts in the morning papers of the opening night at the Savoy.

In 1882 there is a gap in his correspondence, for in that year, on May 27, aged seventy-one, his mother died. It would be purposeless and painful to dwell even for a moment upon what this grievous loss meant to him. His father had died at the very beginning of Arthur's career, but the mother had lived to see her son become the most successful, and in every way—personally as well as in regard to his work—the most popular composer of this country. Although the intimate and affectionate intercourse which had always existed between them made the loss so severe for him, it was a sorrow with no bitterness in it, and one which time would assuage. Success had never in the least degree abated his love for home, and his mother's fifteen years of widowhood had brought mother and son all the closer together.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that at that time nothing of first-rate importance appeared from his pen. "Iolanthe" (1882) and "Princess Ida" (1884) are amongst the least



Dec. 6. 82.

My dear Sir

Though I am very
sorry that your kind
wish to visit me to
the Savoy Theatre on Monday
night should have entailed
on you so much trouble, I
must thankfully acknowledge
the great pleasure which the
contribution gives me -

appreciated of the operas.¹ If, however, the public conceive that this falling-off implied that the distinguished collaborateurs had come to the end of their resources, the production of "The Mikado" in 1885 provided a very strong re-assurance on the point.

Meanwhile, in 1883, he had been knighted. It is often argued nowadays that the honour of knighthood is an empty one, because it is given to the wealthy tradesman as well as to the man who would be no less distinguished without it. Yet one may suggest that in matters of this kind

¹1882, it may be remarked, is the darkest year of Sullivan's history. On the very evening that he was to conduct the first-night performance of "Iolanthe," information reached him that all the savings of a lifetime had disappeared in the bankruptcy of Cooper, Hall & Co., with whom all his securities and so forth had been deposited. Nothing now remained of his fortune save a few hundred pounds which he happened to have at his bank at that moment. The popularity of all his work is well known. The operas preceding this unfortunate year had alone been the source of a big income, and he had never been an extravagant man. In a moment the result of the work of a lifetime and of continual economy had been swept away. Financially he was now little better off than at the time when he was a student at Leipzig. From the purely monetary point of view he had to make beginning once again. At the zenith of his career the outcome of twenty-five years' success disappears as if at the behest of an evil magician. It is a dark day, which leaves him poor indeed. In the evening he conducts the first-night performance of "Iolanthe."

everything depends upon the services for which this honour is given and the manner of the man to whom it is given, and who, in so many cases, gives an added dignity to the title. So long as we are able to appreciate distinguished services of any kind, on the field of battle or in civil life, in the ranks of statesmanship or diplomacy, or on the part of the musician, the artist, the litterateur or the historian, it is only natural that as a nation we should seek some way in which to express our approval, and if the man is proud of his order, or ribbon, or title, we can honour him for the pride which he takes in it, and for his enhancement of this mark of his country's regard.

"Iolanthe" had been received with no less enthusiasm than its predecessors, and the fact that any music at all could be applied to the words of certain songs found in the libretto had been a matter of surprise to those who, even by this time, had scarcely become acquainted with the composer's unique rhythmic facility. From the musical point of view "Iolanthe" is memorable for the charming duet, "None Shall Part Us," and for the delightful ballad, "In Baby-

May 3. 83

Dear Mr. Sullivan

I have the pleasure to inform you that I am permitted by Her Majesty to propose that you should receive the honour of Knighthood, in recognition of your distinguished talents as a Composer and of the services which you have rendered to the promotion of the art of

hood." The "early English" element which Sullivan had so frequently and so happily introduced into some of the operas is exemplified in "Iolanthe" by the song of the centurion in the second act. Equally fine is the florid cadenza sung by the same gallant soldier later on in the piece. There is also the "Patter Song" for the Lord Chancellor, in which, as in all work of a similar character, Sir Arthur Sullivan has shown himself quite incomparable. As a writer said at the time: "Mr. Sullivan might have been content with mere chords of accompaniment, since the audience in such cases listens only to the words, but the orchestral part is one of singular elaboration, beauty, and effect. We know nothing better of its kind." "It has all the delicacy of touch and felicitous fancy of Mendelssohn when dealing with kindred themes."

Personally I am disposed to quarrel with the frequently expressed view that Sullivan's music should be allied to more "serious" subjects. To quote one critic: "Abounding in charm of melody, piquancy of rhythm, and instances of tender grace and sentiment, his music 'is worthy of more serious association.'" These remarks

are of course made by the way of compliment, and, so far, well and good, but it has often occurred to me that in these well-meaning references the people who make them are assuming too readily that what is called serious work, as such, is important. Nor is there any reason for suggesting that there is anything particularly precious about any form of art because it appeals to the few. On the contrary, if a work of art, be it book, music, or picture, is such that it can never be popular, its unpopularity is no more than an indication of its limitations. The ballads of a nation better indicate its condition and tendency than its laws. Moreover, there is not much temptation to write so-called serious work in this country, and if there were, there is no reason why any composer should succumb to it—at all events, to the extent of ignoring the lighter vein. Fortunately, even in this country, we are not always serious, and it must be added that there is no public which welcomes good humour so readily. Indeed, notwithstanding the pretentious declarations of some of the professional critics, whose business in life is to advise every artist to do something

other than that which he wishes and the public desires him to do, most of us are fully conscious that we owe a great debt of gratitude to the man who materially aids us in that laughter-loving spirit which is the best remedy or consolation for the heart-ache and a thousand ills which flesh is heir to. In more than one instance I have observed the tendency to tackle big schemes and adopt serious subjects, as a means of justifying purely academic treatment and feeble workmanship, while it is left to the man of genius to deal with the lighter and more familiar aspects of life, and to illumine his subjects by the splendour of his own treatment. The point of view, however, to which I have alluded finds expression in the quotation which I shall make from the *Musical Review* of sixteen years ago, and although the reference in this case is not uncomplimentary, it is amusing to note that the suggestion that he has "descended" to opera, and should return to so-called serious work, is based on the fact that he has been the recipient of a knighthood! "To use a slightly stale expression, *Noblesse oblige*, some things that Mr. Arthur Sullivan may do, Sir Arthur Sullivan

ought not to do. In other words, it will look rather more than odd to see announced in the papers that a new comic opera is in preparation, the book by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and the music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. A musical knight can hardly write shop ballads either; he must not dare to soil his hands with anything less than an anthem or a madrigal; oratorio, in which he has so conspicuously shone, and symphony, must now be his line. Here is not only an opportunity, but a positive obligation for him to return to the sphere from which he has too long descended. Again we would beg him to remember that he alone of all his brother knights possesses youth and strength, and, therefore, it is to him that we look to wield the knightly sword—to do battle for the honour of English art. Let him, with all his native activity and energy, with that scorn of the *dolce far niente* which characterises him, stand forth as our champion and leader against all foreign rivals, and arouse us thoroughly from our present half-torpid condition. Let our musical daze be broken by our musical knight, and that night prove the forerunner of brighter days."

The musical renaissance of Great Britain is part of the history of the last thirty years. It must be left to posterity to give it definition. How truly that renaissance has been due to the genius of Sullivan, and the fact that he has been able to write, so to speak, *coram populo*, will be determinable when the historian is able to analyse impartially the work and influence of the men of this generation, at a time when our present petty jealousies and differences of opinion will have been relegated to oblivion.

On March 14, 1885, was produced the most popular of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas, "The Mikado." It was a triumph on the part of the librettist and of the musician. While Sir Arthur claims "The Yeoman of the Guard" as the best of the operas from the musical point of view, "The Mikado" is probably the most popular of them all. Although it may be said that Gilbert has never written a better libretto, in which regard "The Mikado" is a powerful contrast to its immediate predecessor, "Princess Ida" (1884), which I imagine to be the least effective of the operas, certainly neither librettist nor musician has ever been more captivating than in this delightful

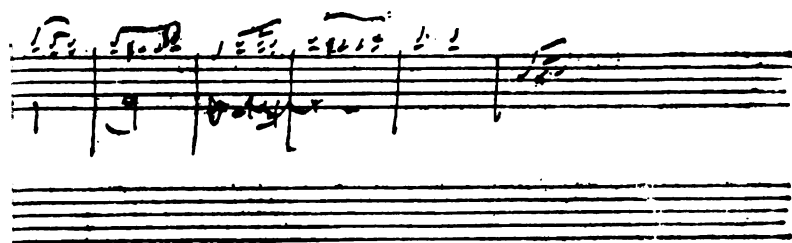
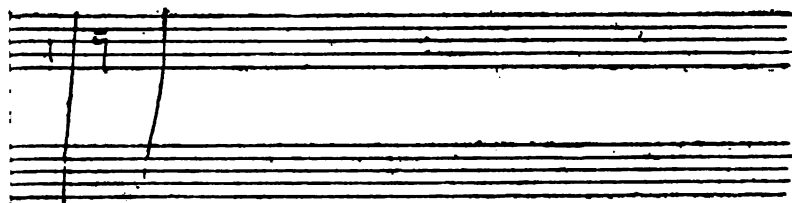
travesty of Japan. To name the choice things in the opera would be to mention everything in it. Such songs as "A Wandering Minstrel I," "The Sun Whose Rays," "Three Little Maids from School are We," will never lose their vitality.

Meanwhile, Sullivan had accepted the conductorship of the Philharmonic Society, and in the January of '86 we find him taking the chair at the annual dinner of the members of the Birmingham Clef Club, of which he was President. It was in the speech which he then made that he let loose upon the world a little anecdote which has travelled so far, and been so bruited about, that I should hesitate to use it again were it not for the pleasure of rendering it accurately: "Well, I have travelled far and seen considerable," he said in allusion to a reference he had already made, "and some of my experiences have been very curious. Amongst them was one I will relate to you if you will permit me, in which arose a most curious case of mistaken identity, more or less gratifying to me as a musician. I was travelling on a stage in rather a wild part of California and arrived at a mining camp, where we had to get

down for refreshments. As we drove up, the driver said, 'They are expecting you here, Mr. Sullivan.' I was much pleased, and when I reached the place I came across a knot of prominent citizens at the whisky store. The foremost of them came up to a big burly man by my side and said, 'Are you Mr. Sullivan?' The man said, 'No!' and pointed to me. The citizen looked at me rather contemptuously, and after a while said, 'Why, how much do you weigh?' I thought this was a curious method of testing the power of a composer, but I at once answered, 'About one hundred and sixty-two pounds.' 'Well,' said the man, 'that's odd to me, anyhow. Do you mean to say that you gave fits to John S. Blackmore down in Kansas City?' I said, 'No, I did not give him fits.' He then said, 'Well, who are you?' I replied, 'My name is Sullivan.' 'Ain't you John L. Sullivan, the slogger?' I disclaimed all title to that and told him I was Arthur Sullivan. 'Oh, Arthur Sullivan!' he said. 'Are you the man as put "Pinafore" together?'—rather a gratifying way of describing my composition. I said 'Yes.' 'Well,' returned the citizen, 'I am sorry you ain't John

Sullivan, but still I am glad to see you anyway—let's have a drink.' ”

It was in '86 that the bold experiment was made of producing the “Mikado” in Berlin. It was performed by one of the English companies which had been on tour in America. It was an experiment which was fully justified. The semi-official *North German Gazette* wrote: “At the very outset we were surprised by the pretty scenery and the truly blinding splendour of the dresses, as well as by the easy grace of all who took part in the play. Not only are the solo singers excellent performers, but the inferior members of the choir do their work artistically. We are conscious of entertaining a very pronounced predilection for all our home products, but we scruple not to confess that, as a performance, ‘The Mikado’ surpasses all our operettas. And were it not for the fact that the English dialogue, after all, must remain unintelligible to the bulk of the audience, and thus hamper their appreciation of the piece, their delight in the treat which is offered them would be greater still. The music is effective all through, and even comprises some delicate masterpieces.”





One of Sullivan's finest and most memorable works, "The Golden Legend," was produced at the Leeds Festival, October 16, '86. The effect of the work upon the feelings of the audience was immediate and tremendous, from the time of the splendidly descriptive introductory number, in which the roaring of the tempest, the clang of the cathedral bells, the defiant shouts of the demon, and the answering voices of the spirits of the air are blended with such striking effect, to the no less magnificent chorus which closes the work. Then the pent-up enthusiasm of the vast assemblage burst forth like a torrent. Cheer followed cheer, and the whole audience upstanding, handkerchiefs, books, or anything else that was near at hand were waved aloft, and the overpowered composer-conductor was subjected to a bombardment of flowers which the vocalists and ladies of the chorus showered upon him.

In an article written by the musical critic of *The World*, October 20, 1886, wherein the musical productions of the preceding week—principally the various new compositions performed at the Leeds Festival—are dealt with in a manner

anything but enthusiastic, there is a reference to "The Golden Legend" which I cannot forbear quoting, including one or two somewhat technical allusions, which are, however, extremely interesting.

"'The Golden Legend,' about which I said a few words last week, is, not only as the composer, but as everybody who has heard it thinks, one of the best works of Sullivan, and one of the greatest creations we have had for many years. Original, bold, inspiring, grand in conception, in execution, in treatment, it is a composition which will make an 'epoch' and which will carry the name of its composer higher on the wings of fame and glory. The effect it produced at rehearsal was enormous. The effect of the public performance was unprecedented. I have never to my remembrance found such unanimity of opinion among the public, musicians, and the press. The remark which was made a week ago in a certain journal, that nobody can write a cantata and an opera in six months is entirely disproved by Sullivan, who, in that space of time, wrote this great work and an opera which in ten days may be rehearsed. From the begin-

ning with a chord of the seventh,¹ in itself an innovation, although not quite without precedent, to the last note, it is an immense work in its entirety and in its details, its creative power, and its learning. It will go all over the Continent and carry England's flag high, in that very quality which so long and so unjustly has been denied it, in music. The charm and the majesty of the chorus, and the pure style of the unaccompanied choruses, sung with unexampled purity to the end without flinching, would alone suffice to make Sullivan the Mozart of England."

The unanimity of the critics concerning the cantata was indeed surprising, but I have only space for one more quotation—from the *Musical World*, October 23, 1886.

"Sir Arthur Sullivan in 'The Golden Legend' has surpassed the expectations of his most ardent admirers, and his success has pleased

¹ In sacred music, beginning with a seventh is, of course, without precedent, for the obvious reason of unprepared dissonance. In secular music I know only of a concerto by Moscheles which begins so, and the overture to "Masaniello," which begins with a diminished seventh. Playing the first notes on bells is done in V. Masse's overture to his "Les Noces de Jeannette," which begins with the merry wedding bells G E F, G E F.

them, if possible, even more than himself. That success has indeed relieved them from a somewhat awkward position. It was difficult for them to claim a place in the foremost ranks of the English school for the author of 'The Pirates of Penzance,' or even 'The Martyr of Antioch,' but the case of the author of 'The Golden Legend' rests on a very different basis."

In the July of 1885 he was at Los Angeles, California, where he had been to assist in straightening out some affairs which effected his young nephews; and writing home to his secretary (the late Mr. Smythe), he says: "At Salt Lake City I sent for X., who was proud and delighted to be my friend and guide. He took me about everywhere and showed me the whole Mormon organisation, their houses, families, &c. In the evening we went out to bathe in the Lake—about eighteen miles from the City—with hundreds of other citizens. The water is so full of salt and so bouyant, that you can hardly swim in it—your legs are always out of water. The next day (Sunday) I went to the Mormon Tabernacle to service. The hymn tune was my arrangement of St. Anne's tune! They had a very fine

organ, and I played upon it for an hour on Saturday. . . . I saw all I could of San Francisco, including the celebrated quarter—Chinatown, and should have enjoyed my stay there very much but for the ceaseless and persistent manner in which I was interviewed, called upon, followed, and written to. From eight in the morning till midnight I was never allowed to be alone. If I happened to be in the hotel I couldn't say I wasn't in; they would come right into the room, or hang about outside until I made my appearance; so on Friday I packed up my traps and left, started at 3.30, and arrived here on Saturday at 1.30 . . . and there I stuck with this letter the people are quieter now, but at first their attention was oppressing. Morning, noon, and night they would call and ask me what I thought of their state—a sort of welcome to California."

CHAPTER IX

SIR ARTHUR'S FAVOURITE OPERA

(1886-1889)

"Ruddigore"—"Yeoman of the Guard"—Emperor and
Empress of Germany—"The Gondoliers"

IT would seem as if the better and weaker of the operas were destined to alternate. "Princess Ida" preceded "The Mikado," which is followed by "Ruddigore," which then gives place to that delightful work, "The Yeoman of the Guard."

In "Ruddigore" we have the librettist at something less than his best. Even the title can scarcely be considered a good example of Gilbertian felicity, and the subjects satirised had become, at the time of the production of "Ruddigore," somewhat old-fashioned and out of date. As so often happens, many less important matters went with the stream. The stage setting lacked something in ingenuity. Incidentally it was a pity that in what should have been an impressive scene

where the ancestors step out of their pictures, the portraits in question were simply drawn up from the resting-places, and on the first night two of them fell down on the stage. There is some delightful music throughout the piece, but one has to look for it more in such concerted numbers as that which furnishes the music to the midnight scene to which I have already alluded, as but few songs in the piece have caught the ear of the public.

There was much divergent criticism, but it was left to the critic of the *Sporting Times* (January 29, 1887), in a long review of about equal parts of good nature and querulousness, to indite a paragraph which was curiously prophetic. "I scarcely dare venture on a moral, and even the conclusion that I have formed in my own mind probably will not be justified by events, for goodness only knows what space of time might be occupied with advantage by revivals of the earlier Gilbert-Sullivan operas. For something like ten long years the public has been supplied by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert with dramatic farce that has differed in degree rather than in sort. It is, therefore, just possible that the pub-

lic taste has become vitiated ; the delicacies of Mr. Gilbert's humour, however, are perhaps not quite so nicely appreciated as heretofore, and public appetite may be satiated with surplusage of dainties, and the public constitution may require a pick-me-up. A real comic opera, dealing with neither topsy-turveydom nor fairies, but a genuine dramatic story, written with all Mr. W. S. Gilbert's masterly power, and set to such music as Sir Arthur Sullivan alone can compose, would be a greater novelty and a more splendid success than anything we are at all likely to see during the present dramatic season."

It cannot often happen that the critic so surely strikes the note of truth, for the "genuine dramatic story, written with all Mr. W. S. Gilbert's masterly power and set to such music as Sir Arthur Sullivan alone can compose," may fairly be taken, I think, as an absolutely accurate, although prophetic, description of "The Yeoman of the Guard," which was produced in the following year, 1888.

Here we have the genuine dramatic story of such a nature and of such a musical setting that I doubt if it can ever be surpassed in its own line.

It has all the charm of sincerity, whilst there is no lack of the quaint conceits and polished lyrics which mark the master hand of our King of Librettists. Here also Sullivan has fair scope for his musical genius. Through the whole of the piece there is nothing which is not of his best. To mention the ballad of the Jester, "I have a song to sing—O," Fairfax's song, "Is life a boon," and the ballad for Phebe, "Were I thy bride," and the song, "When our gallant Norman foes," with its refrain, "The screw may twist and the rack may turn," is to recall work which is not less masterly than fascinating. Sir Arthur himself believes the "Yeoman of the Guard" to be the best of the operas he has written.

"The Golden Legend" was performed at the Royal Opera House in Berlin on March 27, 1887. This particular performance was unfortunate. In fact, the rendering was feeble throughout.

Sir Arthur having been asked to conduct, the house was crammed, and the Crown Prince, Crown Princess, and the whole Royal Family, as well as the Prince and Princess Christian, were amongst the audience. The performers were

not equal to the task, and the best points of the work could not be emphasised. Every one sympathised with the composer. Worst of all the heroine—a German vocalist of some repute—seemed to have lost her voice for the occasion, and all that remained for Sir Arthur's appreciation was the kindness of the audience on that occasion. It was decided to give another performance, and Sir Arthur was fortunate enough to secure the services of Madame Albani for the principal part. This second production, which took place on the following Saturday, April 3, was of so different a character that it resulted in a complete reversal of opinion on the part of the critics in Germany. Madame Albani sang superbly, and created a furore in the "Christe Eleison." She was enthusiastically encored, and Sir Arthur Sullivan received an absolute ovation at the conclusion of the performance. An encore in works of this kind is without precedent in that country.

I may here give my notes of a conversation which I had with Sir Arthur on the subject, and it will be noted that his account of the matter includes his recollection of the Crown Prince and

Princess (now Empress Frederick) and their kindness to him.

"In April 1887 I went to superintend and conduct the performance of 'The Golden Legend' in Germany. Owing to various unfortunate circumstances the first performance was an execrable one. They have no well organised choral societies in Berlin, such as exist in great numbers in London. The solo singers were moderate, and the principal soprano was a light soubrette from the opera! She was, of course, utterly unfitted to sing the music in question, and for some cause or other she could not manage to sing one note properly at the actual performance. One might have imagined her to be a bad amateur trying to read the music at sight.

"The performance took place at the Royal Opera House, where there was a very small and racketty old organ, which was also unfortunate, as the organ plays a very important part in 'The Golden Legend.' I could get no bells for the prologue, and through the personal efforts of the Crown Princess we secured some large Chinese gongs to try and represent the bells. Altogether the performance was lamentable. However, I

determined not to be overcome in this way if I could help it, and as Madame Albani was in Holland at that time I telegraphed to her to know if she could sing the work if I gave another performance on the following Saturday. She very kindly replied in the affirmative, and in spite of the drawbacks that I have mentioned Madame Albani sang the music so splendidly that the entire work created quite a different impression.

“Both the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess were very good, and extremely kind and sympathetic under the load of misfortune which I had to contend with, and they were most helpful in every possible way. Although I was living at an hotel they made me look upon their palace as my home. I constantly spent the whole day there, and it was then that I noted the first symptoms of his terrible illness. One day I drove out with them to the races at Charlottenburg. There was a cold wind blowing, and when the Crown Prince was standing outside the Royal Pavilion the Princess entreated him to go inside, and then it was that I noticed the curious harshness in his voice which indicated the approaching fatality.



ARTHUR SULLIVAN
ÆTAT. 44

"I have never met a man of greater charm of manner. He gave me the notion of great strength and extraordinary gentleness. His fund of general information was both sound and recondite, and he always had something interesting to say, whether the conversation turned upon art, literature, science, or politics. The Empress was one of the most captivating women imaginable, and of rare ability. If she had been compelled to earn her own living she would have made her mark, and been successful to a degree in almost any professional vocation."

It was on October 19, 1888, that, as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, Sir Arthur Sullivan distributed the prizes to the students in the Town Hall, Birmingham, and delivered an address on music which I have ventured to put on more permanent record by reprinting it in a supplementary chapter.

Amongst Sir Arthur Sullivan's productions this year was the incidental music to "Macbeth," written for the Lyceum and produced by Sir (then Mr.) Henry Irving, December 29, 1888.

"The Gondoliers ; or, The King of Barataria," produced at the Savoy on December 7, 1889, was

destined to prove one of the most popular of the operas, the librettist and the musician being at their best, whilst the setting of the piece resembles "The Mikado" and "The Yeoman of the Guard," in the brilliancy of its colour and its general effectiveness. Once more we are delighted with Sullivan's musical wit, with an orchestration of rare musicianly skill, individualised in this instance by many delightful passages for the oboe which is frequently and very happily employed through the opera, whilst among the many beautiful songs one may at least venture to claim permanence for that enchanting ditty, "Take a pair of sparkling eyes." As compared to "The Yeoman of the Guard," the "Gondoliers" is rollicking comedy as against melodrama. In regard to the *personnel* of this first performance it should be mentioned that the part of the heroine was played by Miss Decima Moore, this being, at the age of eighteen, her first appearance on the stage. Miss Geraldine Ulmar was the prima-donna. In this piece Rutland Barrington returned to his work at the Savoy. Mr. George Grossmith had seceded from the Savoy and Mr. W. H. Denney and Mr. Frank Wyatt were the new arrivals. Of

course the librettist had the personality of the

Mosch. 17. 89 =

acc² 19/10/59

22 BARKSTON GARDENS.

EARLS COURT. S W

Dear Sir Arthur

I fear you may forget
you promised me one of the
very first copies of the Piano
score of the Macbeth music.
- You, most like, will get
them before anyone else
knows they are even ready!

I'm going to Berlin in
Holy week & it w^d give
me so much delight to
take the music over to
my little daughter there,
& to the Hollanders - (the

destined to prove one of the most popular of the
~~operae the librettist~~

course the librettist had the personality of the

the good folk she is staying
with -) I hope you are
quite well now, & writing
with happiness more often
on music for the general
happiness = I wish we were
doing another big play, & that
you were writing the music
for it - it was lovely to
have you at the Theatre.

Yours devotedly

Ellen Terry =

course the librettist had the personality of the cast in his mind when writing the opera, so that the gap in the ranks caused by the absence of so accomplished a comedian as George Grossmith was scarcely noticeable. As "The Gondoliers" contained no part which would have particularly suited him, invidious comparisons were avoided, and, as all play-goers know, the opera was a tremendous success.

The musical critic of the *Telegraph* wrote very much to the point when he said: "The Gondoliers' conveys an impression of having been written *con amore*. It is as spontaneous as the light-hearted laughter of the sunny south and as luminous as an Italian summer sky. On it flows, adapting itself to every change of circumstance and sentiment, not less easily than a streamlet conforms to the channel in which it runs. And one can as clearly see to the bottom distinguish the bed of a mountain burn. It gives us an exuberance of pure tune, never disguised, but always, whether sentimental, joyous, or humorous—there is no less humour in the music than in the words—frank, openhearted and free. Connoisseurs of the divine art may listen

to it with half-contemptuous toleration, but let none of them carry away the idea that such songs and concerted pieces are easily written because of their transparent simplicity, stories of Rossini's fluency to the contrary notwithstanding. It is much less difficult to compose music that nobody understands—many people do it—than to give forth strains on which no shadow of doubt ever falls. Equally true is it that for a work like 'The Gondoliers,' the mere melodist—of first importance though he be—does not suffice. The trained and expert musician is hardly less necessary for effects that colour the rhythmic outline, and surround it with the embellishments of an artistic fancy. . . . The happiest devices of rhythm, the subtlest shades of inflection, and the choicest effects of colour are lavished on the score with unerring judgment, the result being that the music fits into every fold and crease of the subject. Let no one suppose, then, that, while the general public is delighted, the musician can find nothing for his own special admiration. No greater mistake is possible. He has only to follow the orchestration in order to secure an evening's enjoyment of the kind he loves. We

have spoken of humour in the music. As to this there is abundance, variously displayed, and often with the quickness and subtlety of an inspiration. Humour, we need not point out, is to a composer an extremely valuable gift, and nearly all the greatest masters had it. With Haydn it overflowed, some of Mozart's pages are a laugh, and even the sombre Beethoven sometimes greets us, on paper, with a broad grin. If valuable in general, it is absolutely essential to a composer of comic opera. Sir Arthur Sullivan has it in a peculiarly delicate and insinuating form, to which page after page in 'The Gondoliers' bears convincing evidence. Leaving the discussion of ingredients in the general effect, let us indicate the all-pervading character of brightness and unaffected delight. In the Venetian act the exuberant life of the sunny land finds expression with Rossinian fulness and *abandon*, while in the more delicate comedy scenes, our English Auber could not be more piquant and charming were he the famous Frenchman himself. By way of exemplifying these remarks, we might go through the numbers of the opera one by one, but such a list may well be spared now that we

have indicated features which, as everybody will witness the opera, everybody will identify on his own account."

The imitation of the old Italian opera of the type of the end of the last century and the beginning of the present, many of the peculiarities of which are to be seen in the early operas of Rossini, and in those of his predecessors, Jomelli, Martini, Paesiello, Sarti, Salieri, and others of the minor school of later Italian art, forms a subtlety of musical humour which the musician can thoroughly appreciate, and even those unacquainted with musical history can heartily enjoy. Not alone in the reproduction of the peculiarities of Italian music, operatic or popular, is the skill of the composer exhibited. Of music of a more modern character there is abundance—songs both serious and humorous, such as "When a merry maiden marries," and "Thy wintry scorn I nearly prize," in imitation of the Molloy and popular ballad vein, some that are purely Sullivanian, patter songs of the model suggested in "Pinafore," songs preceded by the time-honoured "Chaunt," as it was called, which graced such ditties as the "Fine old English gentleman,"

or the "Conversation between the Monument and St. Paul's," popular half a century ago, all of which, however, are bright and lively, and adorned with the skill that a perfect knowledge of instrumental resources can bring. The quartett "A right down royal Queen" is a marvellous piece of merry music, and the other quartett, "In contemplative fashion," where all the characters sing a quiet strain, relieved by outbursts of alternate comment, and working to a strong *crescendo*, followed by a calm return to the first manner, although not altogether novel in design—as witness Haydn's trio "Maiden Fair"—is most original in treatment, and made an immense hit.

"The Golden Legend," than which no musical work has been more enthusiastically received in this country, was the subject of a special "command" performance at the Albert Hall on May 8, '88. In the August of that year it was one of the items in the Birmingham Festival, the directors of which thus took a leaf from the book of their rivals at Leeds.

The letters which Sir Arthur wrote home during this period—from '86 to '89 inclusive—

were addressed to his secretary, the late Mr. Smythe, and it is only to be expected that they are less frequent than when he wrote home to his mother; but amongst the points alluded to in them there is one which, from my point of view as a biographer, I think may very well be alluded to here. Some paragraphs had appeared in the least scrupulous part of the press which would have led any one entirely unacquainted with the temperament and disposition of the composer to imagine that he was a hardened gambler. Such paragraphs scarcely call for contradiction, and the only protest which Sir Arthur made about them is contained in these private letters; and if I take up the question now it is simply because a biographical work is of even less value than it otherwise may be if false statements are not corrected. In every detail one is naturally anxious to correct false impressions. It is the sole virtue of some people to try and find faults in others. The rule is simple. If you cannot discover the fault, invent it, and plume yourself upon your good nature and your accuracy.

February 18, 1888 (Monte Carlo), in response apparently to Smythe's inquiry.—“Alas! I have

not 'broken the bank' here. They have had slightly the better of me as yet, but as I don't play much or high, they won't bring me to grief!"

March 1, '89, in the P.S.—"I hear a great deal of untrue rubbish is written about me in the papers—high gambling, etc. I did one day have five louis on zero and it came up—that has been my most distinguished feat! It happens to others hundreds of times daily, only their faces are not so well known as mine. I wish the papers would leave me alone and confine themselves to Mr. Pigott!"

Monte Carlo, Ash Wednesday.—"Between ourselves I am bored to death down here. I can't walk up and down hills, especially in the wet. I am tired of the eternal gambling and the jargon connected with it, and the people don't interest me."

Central Hotel . . . April 7.—"Of course, I don't conduct the first night of 'The Mikado'—that wouldn't be etiquette, but I shall rehearse the company, and see how they are getting on, and watch the impression. The Crown Prince and Princess invited me to stay and go with them on

Monday, so now I shall probably accept. Then Tuesday is Princess Victoria's birthday, and she has begged me so hard to remain for it, that if I stay till Monday, I might as well stay a day longer. Nothing will induce me to remain after then. . . . I have been longing for weeks to get home, and feel quite home-sick."

CHAPTER X

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

(1889-1898)

Sullivan and Gilbert Part Company—"Haddon Hall"—
"Utopia"—"The Foresters"—"The Chieftain"—"The
Beauty Stone"

IT was during the run of the "Gondoliers" at the Savoy that it began to be rumored that the musician and the librettist who had now collaborated so successfully for twenty-three years had dissolved partnership. If one desired to do so, it would serve no useful purpose to recount the circumstances which preceded a disruption which has been so much regretted by the public. It is, indeed, a private and personal matter, and it is therefore questionable whether there will ever be any sufficient justification for a relation of the incidents which preceded this dissolution of professional partnership.

Gilbert subsequently wrote a piece which was set to music by the late Alfred Cellier, and which

was produced at another theatre. It was not until 1892 that Sullivan wrote the music to a play entitled "Haddon Hall," by Mr. Grundy, produced at the Savoy. It can hardly be said that the libretto is inspiring, and I fancy that many of the lyrics must have somewhat offended Sir Arthur's keen sense of rhythm. However that may be, there are but few songs in "Haddon Hall" which have achieved any great popularity, and it is rather in the so-called "descriptive" music and in the orchestration of the piece that one has to look for Sullivan's best achievement. Miss Lucile Hill took the part of the heroine, and "Haddon Hall" was also responsible for the introduction to the Savoy of Mr. Charles Kenningham. Although Mr. Kenningham had but a small part, he attracted no little attention by reason of his remarkably fine tenor voice and the exceptionally sympathetic quality of his rendering.

In the following year—1893—after four years of separation, it seemed as though there were to be a renewal of the artistic partnership, but as a matter of fact, owing to the same circumstances which ruled on the previous occasion, this was to

prove merely a temporary re-union. The result of the renewed collaboration was "Utopia, Limited," produced at the Savoy on October 7, 1893.

In this piece Miss Nancy M'Intosh made her *début*. Mr. Walter Passmore, who had made his first appearance at the Savoy in a piece entitled "Jane Annie," created a very favourable impression in "Utopia," and has by this time established himself as a permanent favourite. Although his method seemed a little provincial at first, he has developed into a finished comedian, who has nothing to fear from comparison with his predecessor, Mr. George Grossmith. Moreover, Mr. Passmore has one great qualification which by no means necessarily appertains to those who take part in light opera. He is a first-rate musician.

For some time the opera drew crowded houses. There seemed to be little lacking to ensure success. To begin with, the popular collaborateurs had "made friends," and were once more working in unison, so that, as a frivolous journalist remarked, one felt that a "national calamity" had been averted. No previous Savoy production, a'though Mr. Carte had never been

behindhand in stage-setting, had been so lavishly mounted. There was one thing lacking, however, which precludes one from ranking "Utopia, Limited," amongst the best of the operas. The libretto was, in effect, a repetition of much that had gone before, and with regard to the music there was but little which could be detached from the rest of the piece and prove of permanent interest to the free and independent vocalist who is ever with us.

Meanwhile, Tennyson's "Foresters" had been produced at Daly's Theatre, for which production Sir Arthur Sullivan had composed the incidental music. With regard to that music I need do no more than quote the critic of *The World* when he wrote that it is "by far the most beautiful that he [Sullivan] has ever given to the poetic and pastoral drama. His musical ode, 'To Sleep,' his forest songs, his manly English carols, will live and endure long after the 'Woodland Masque,' as an acting play, is dead, buried, and forgotten."

"The Chieftain" was produced at the Savoy Theatre on Wednesday, December 12, 1894. Although it is in part an adaptation of "The

Contrabandists," written by Burnand and Sullivan twenty-seven years previously, there was a good deal of new work in it. It could hardly be said that Mr. Burnand was an adequate substitute for Gilbert as librettist, and, indeed, throughout the piece the fun strikes one as thin and transparent; yet, on the other hand, it will be admitted that many of the songs possessed the true lyrical quality, and the musician is better served in this respect, to my mind, than he has been in some other instances, as, for example, in "Haddon Hall" and "The Beauty Stone." It was only to be expected that after such a lapse of time the piece should seem a trifle antiquated and somewhat musty in flavour. But "The Chieftain" is redeemed by some of the extremely felicitous composition of the sort that one has learnt to expect from Sullivan. There is, indeed, some of the best Sullivanesque throughout the pieces, as, for example, the chorus of the gold-washers, the lover's duet in school-French and English, the song, "There is something in that," with its quartett refrain and the sestett for the brigands "Be Mum."

Once again the collaborateurs worked to-

gether in "The Grand Duke," which was produced at the Savoy Theatre on March 7, '96. The primadonna on this occasion was Madame Ilka von Palmay. The piece is memorable for its wedding chorus, and for the vivacious dance music which is interspersed throughout the opera—the madrigal, "Strange views some people hold," and Julia's song, "Broken every promise plighted." It seems to have been generally admitted that the music was the best feature of "The Grand Duke," and I must confess personally that the libretto is often remorselessly flat and commonplace. The humour of the sausage-roll and the fun of hard-bake and butter-scotch is far from inspiring, and to say as much is to imply that the libretto is by no means in true Gilbertian vein. The free exercise of the blue pencil would have proved highly advantageous. In the music one finds even greater mastery of technique than before, but there is once again an absence of those catchy melodies which, as in such works as "The Mikado," "Pinafore," and "The Yeoman of the Guard," have become permanently memorised by the public.



ARTHUR SULLIVAN
ANZAC, 55.

"The Grand Duke" was followed on May 25, '97, by a revival of "The Yeoman of the Guard."

Meanwhile Sir Arthur had composed the music for a ballet, entitled "Victoria and Merrie England," which was produced May 5 at the Alhambra. Here we find the musician at his best in lighter vein, with his parody of the old English music, a delicious mazourka, a graceful *pas-de-deux*, and other dances and descriptive music which haunt the ear.

On March 22, 1898, a revival performance of "The Gondoliers" was initiated; and meanwhile Sir Arthur was hard at work on a new opera, the libretto of which had been written by Mr. Pinero and Mr. Comyns Carr, produced on May 28, 1898. The production is of such recent occurrence that it is unnecessary to point out that "The Beauty Stone" was a departure from Savoy traditions. The central motive of this musical drama was a delightful one, and I think that some of the music in this work is among the best that Sir Arthur has written. Undoubtedly the piece suffered much by the tender way in which the superabundant dialogue was

treated. There is such a superfluity of words that the dramatic significance of the play is often lost sight of ; but I think it will be admitted that wherever the composer has been given a chance he has made excellent use of it, for what can be more charming than the opening duet for the old couple—"Click, Clack." The "Invocation to the Virgin," sung by the cripple girl, is, indeed, beyond praise. It is a masterpiece of pure sentiment and restrained pathos. One may perhaps add that it was exquisitely rendered by Miss Ruth Vincent, who did excellent work throughout the piece. It was, however, most unfortunate, in view of the fact that the central interest of the story is the love of Philip for Laine, that the former should have been represented by an American tenor, whose voice and stage presence indicated nothing in justification of his selection for the part.

The music of "The Beauty Stone" is not, indeed, of the kind which would be popular amongst the makers of street organs, but it will prove a fund of delight to the musician. It may not be too much to hope that one day "The Beauty Stone" may be revived, with about half

The Elms

Rollingden

May. 14. 98.

Dear Sir Arthur Sullivan

Many thanks for your note. If a layman may speak in the presence of a master I quite recognize the difficulty you find about Recessional. The thing is a hymn in spirit and method and it seems to me should be dealt with on hymn lines. I wrote it to a well worn done in ancient & modern, and barring the an american attempt. . . . nothing has been done to the verses.

I generally find that as soon as I have formally picked up the notion of a story or rhyme. The idea I have been hunting arrives. It may be - and I shall be lucky, if this is so - that some day you will see your way to the one. Indubitable getting that must be floating about somewhere. It is far better that it should go unmet than be badly done and I have seen nothing in the scores of things sent to me "for approval and immediate authorization" that makes me change my mind. Please accept the thing as yours if you care to use it, and when you care to use it. There will be no other acting authorized by me.

Very sincerely yours

Rudyard Kipling

the libretto ruthlessly cut away, and that the heroine shall be supported by a tenor who will not only be able to sing the music, but who will possess the masculine presence which one is inclined to associate with the assumption of an heroic character. Nor would it be necessary, in such a case, to have one's ear offended by the anachronism of transatlantic accent in the spoken dialogue of a piece dealing with a period considerably precedent to the discovery of America.

CHAPTER XI

OUR LACK OF PATRIOTISM IN MUSIC

THIS will of necessity be but a short chapter and one might well wish that there were no occasion to write it. The strange lack of patriotism shown in musical matters in this country is a subject about which unfortunately a great deal might be written, but it is better, perhaps, in putting the matter once again before the public, and more especially before those "having authority," to do so very briefly, if forcibly.

It is a point which Sir Arthur has been good enough to discuss with me more than once, but on the occasion of our last conversation it chanced that the Society of British Musicians had just held a meeting at which this subject had been ventilated, and when I commented on this Sir Arthur rejoined, "Yes, the Society

of British Musicians is beginning to take up this question now, but I have been fighting this battle for the past twenty-five years. After the Jubilee celebration, for instance, I wrote a letter to *The Times* on the subject, signing myself 'A British Musician,' though I imagine that its authorship was an open secret.

"In that long Jubilee procession, regiment after regiment went by, home and colonial, and one day I hope people will find it almost impossible to believe that not one British tune could be heard. It was an occasion intended to be in every way representative of the resources of the British Empire, it was an occasion—if it meant anything—of patriotism, but British music had no representation whatever, its claims were entirely ignored. No one will venture to suggest that the performance of foreign music exclusively on such an occasion was due to the fact that there are not plenty of good British tunes. There are two departments of music in which Great Britain is not excelled by any other country—sacred music and stirring popular tunes. *The Times* gave my letter prominence, and bold type, but not a single musical paper

in England had the courage to take up the question, and no reply has been made to that letter."

One may fairly hope, however, in response to Sir Arthur's remarks, that the question will no longer be shirked, least of all by a press so free and unfettered in its expression of opinion as that of Great Britain, and while there can be no such thing as insularity in matters of art, the injury done to the musical profession and its professors in this country by this strange lack of patriotism is so serious, and is substantiated by personal evidence of so overwhelming and complete a character, that one may be pardoned for feeling confident that the statements made in this chapter will at least call for discussion, and probably some attempt at contradiction by those with whom responsibility rests.

I cannot do better than print the letter to *The Times in extenso*, and it may be that this time the musical press of this country will regard the question of whether British musicians should or should not be employed, and whether British music should or should not be played, as being worthy of some pointed discussion.

From *The Times*, July 19, 1897:—

MUSIC AND THE JUBILEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Times*.

“SIR,—The admirable article on the progress of art during the present reign, which appeared in your issue of last Saturday, bears witness to the increased interest taken by the British public in all artistic subjects. It seems to me also that the increased development of national feeling in art—especially music—is well worthy of remark.

“British music and musicians have gained an amount of sympathy from the public, both here and abroad, that was unthought of sixty years ago. At that period an English name on a title-page was almost sufficient at once to condemn the composition.

“But this unfortunate and old-fashioned opinion is apparently still held by our military authorities. One would think that on such a thoroughly national occasion as the Jubilee they would gladly display some amount of national feeling in their selection of music, but such was not the case.

“For instance, at the Review of Colonial Troops held by the Prince of Wales at Bucking-

ham Palace I noticed that the programme of the Grenadier Guards was as follows:—

March	"Under the Double Eagle"	Wagner
Overture	"Zampa"	Herold
Waltz	"Weiner Reigen"	Gung'l
Selection	"Orphée aux Enfers"	Offenbach
Waltz	"Immortellen"	Gung'l

"The above might perhaps be an appropriate selection of music for a military review in Berlin or Paris, but it is not so apparent why such pieces should be chosen to welcome our colonial kinsmen to their Fatherland. I have examined several other similar programmes, and find to my astonishment that British music on these occasions (with two or three exceptions) has been totally ignored, the preference in all cases having been given to foreign productions.

"I have no idea of depreciating either German or French military music; some of the marches in particular are rich in melody and in accent—are well harmonized and scored, and nearly all have a go and swing which render them admirable for military purposes; nor am I so exclusive as to wish that British music only should be performed at British musical entertainments; but on

great national occasions it is not unreasonable to expect that the public should be reminded that British tunes do exist. I know of nothing more inspiring than 'I'm Ninety-five,' 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' 'Hearts of Oak,' 'The British Grenadiers,' and our whole rich collection of Scotch, Irish, and Welsh national tunes; but most of these, at the recent Jubilee celebration, were conspicuous by their absence. Yet which would be the most likely to touch the sentiment of our home-coming brethren, such tunes as 'Home, Sweet Home' and any of the above-mentioned, or marches and waltzes with such unfamiliar titles as 'Gruss an Bayern,' 'Au Secours,' and 'Unter dem Fenster der Geliebten'?

"It is only in England that such an anomaly would be possible. It is inconceivable that at a national *fête* in Berlin the German military bands should confine themselves to performing French and Italian tunes, or that on a similar occasion in Paris songs from the German Fatherland should alone be heard.

"Our Royal Family, and especially the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, have

laboured for many years to foster and encourage British musical art. One would naturally expect that during the Jubilee—the culminating point in Her Majesty's Record Reign—all our musicians would have done their best to show that this royal encouragement has not been thrown away; but our military musical authorities, with a unanimity and persistency worthy of a better cause, seemed to have been determined to show that no practical results have accrued from the efforts made by our Royal Family on behalf of British music.

"Apologising for the length of this letter, which, I trust, may be excused on the ground of patriotism and a jealous regard for my art, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

"A BRITISH MUSICIAN.

July 17.

"For my own part," Sir Arthur continued, "I think I may say I have done all that I could. Some time ago I was asked to conduct a State concert at short notice. I chose English singers without exception. I could not put English music exclusively into the programme, but I went

as far as I could in that direction. I can assure you that to dispense with the services of foreign singers and foreign executants on such an occasion in our own country is a novelty, but not a word was written in any of our musical papers in regard to the not unimportant fact that I had given English artists a preference. I believe that if I had been backed up at all in the efforts which I have made with that end in view, there would have been a great reform in the direction of a decent patriotism in music.

“Can you imagine foreign artists being employed at a State concert in Paris or Berlin, or conceive of French or German soldiers marching to the strains of English tunes? It is not to be thought of, but here we act as if England were without musicians or music. On such occasions English music is almost entirely set on one side and foreign stuff substituted. Now, as I have already indicated, if there is one phase of music in which we are pre-eminent it is Church music. Yet, take the occasion of the service in memory of one of our Royal Princesses. The piece sung was a morbid anthem of Gounod's. In this matter I have not been backed up by the Press, and even

from my own profession I have had but little support.

"This is by no means a matter of sentiment, but one of the greatest concern to every English musician. Every year we are educating young men and women. We encourage them to take musical honors and work hard with a view to adopting music as a profession, and, having done this, we refuse them anything like fair opportunities, and close up the market. Sometimes my table here is almost covered with letters from men and women, without work and without much hope of getting it, not because they are incompetent, but because in musical matters it has become a convention with us to give foreigners the preference. The result of it all is that, at the present moment our schools of music are turning out highly-trained paupers. Personally I have suffered nothing from this lack of patriotism, but I wish I could believe that every other British musician is equally fortunate. Every one must have noticed that foreign conductors are accepted here with open arms. English conductors are comparatively few in number, but when the foreign conductor returns to his own country,

taking English money away with him, you will find that he never reciprocates by performing an English composer's music, nor can one be surprised if his estimate of the ability of the average British musician is a modest one, for if we thought much of our own musicians we should no doubt give them a little encouragement."

In regard to Sir Arthur's reference to the Press one exception must be made, and I am shown a letter which he had written to the critic in question, and from which I beg leave to quote.

"The few kindly words you said in print about me the other day are, I think, the only public, or rather published, testimony I have ever received on behalf of the efforts I have made to advance English music and English musicians. I have been at it for years, and in that matter am now thoroughly disheartened, for I have never had the smallest help or encouragement from the Press, or even from musicians themselves. The latter are listless, indifferent ; the former either absolutely neutral, or else actively favourable to the foreigner. There is a strong party of ' Little Englanders ' in music, who are deaf to the merits of the Englishman and the defects of the

foreigner. There is a deal of nonsense talked about no nationality in art. That is very well, but there is nationality in the artist, and if you offer me two men of equal merit, I take the one who is born and (probably) educated in England. What is the use of founding scholarships and educating hundreds of young people if you shut all the doors against them when they are ready to enter the world, by choosing the foreigner for everything? When I have the opportunity of engaging an orchestra I think you will find only Englishmen on the list, and yet I always get a fine band. At the Leeds Festival I have 117 men in the orchestra, and every man is an Englishman. Is my band at Leeds inferior in material to that at Birmingham, or any other great Festival?"

I have discussed this very point with other musicians, notably, for example, with Mr. Sims Reeves, who told me as a curious instance of the English prejudice against the English in music that, after he had made his *début* (some sixty years ago), he received a number of letters recommending him to adopt a foreign name, as likely to prove helpful to him in his vocation!

Our lack of patriotism in music is not a matter for mere academic discussion amongst those who suffer from the effect of it. I found that Mr. Sims Reeves could have given me many personal instances of men and women which could be added to the many more that Sir Arthur Sullivan could have given me, as unfortunate witnesses to an evil which one may be sanguine enough to believe will be remedied eventually by the force of public opinion, and that in this way a better patriotism in music will soon be made manifest.

CHAPTER XII

PERSONALITY AND METHODS OF WORK

THERE are many people who decry any attempt on the part of the scribe to deal with the purely personal. It is an attitude which is more than justified in face of a vulgar curiosity of the most insensate description. Those who pander to this indefensible inquisitiveness have attained depths of banality almost beyond credence. As an extreme case one might instance the fact that quite recently the editor of a magazine has requested certain "celebrities" to stand in a glutinous mixture so that their foot-prints may be reproduced for an admiring public. Surely impertinence can go no further. One might regard this as quite an exceptional freak on the part of the brilliant journalist who engineered it were it not for the absurd trivialities about people which confront one on every side, and the feeble attempts at so-called personal description, which, while conveying nothing in

the shape of sound comment or good definition, are often offensive to the unfortunate man or woman referred to. On the other hand, I have often found that an otherwise justifiable objection to the personal element in journalism and literature has developed into a pose—the poseur, in this instance, holding views on what he may term the maintenance of “personal privacy,” which, if pushed to their logical conclusion and carried into effect, would deprive us of not the least interesting or least important part of our literature, and relegate the names of many eminent men and women to oblivion. Many instances could be recalled of those whose personality is remembered and whose influence is at the present moment of a tangible character, whilst—though this does not apply to the subject of this book—they have left no permanent record in the shape of achievement in science, letters, or art. If there had been no Boswell there would be, at this moment, no Dr. Johnson. Much might be said, and very fairly, concerning the trivialities, the unpleasing subservience, and the quaint arrogancies, of the good Mr. Boswell, but it would be a bold man who would contend that Dr. Johnson is

greatly appreciated as a *littérateur*, and that his "Rasselas," his "Lives of the Poets," or his "Dictionary" are widely read nowadays, or that his works are destined to hold a permanent position in literature. It is hardly safe to assume that the artist is anxious to be disassociated from his art, and while every insistence must be made upon the dictates of good taste and discretion, it is only natural—more especially where we are interested in work which we believe to be good, which is certainly popular, and which is probably destined to be permanent—that we should feel a corresponding interest in the worker. Indeed, I think one need make no apology for wishing to know all about the author or artist to whose work one feels indebted. It is no small pleasure to us when we find that his life and character bear out what we have deduced from his work, our information enhancing rather than interfering with the ardour of our appreciation.

Nevertheless, anything worth having in the shape of "personal description" demands the pen of a Carlyle, perhaps with something less of his acerbity; and having said this much, it is not to be wondered at if I shrink from making any



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN
PRESENT DAY.

attempt in this direction, or even if I succeed in entirely evading the issue. Moreover, in some measure the endeavour would be superfluous, as Sir Arthur is so well known to the public. It may not be uninteresting, however, and may be amusing, to see what outward seeming he has borne to those who have essayed the task of description.

At the end of a biographical article which appeared in a weekly paper long years ago, there is a paragraph which strikes me as piquant.

"As a singular fact, it may be added that Mr. Sullivan is by no means demonstrative in the concert-room. Strangely pale, the dead-white of the forehead contrasting remarkably with the black hair, worn low on the forehead, and perfectly self-possessed, he presents himself without any expression of emotion or pleasure, does his work, and goes again, without effort, excitement, or apparent sense of his position."

This paragraph was published in 1871—just twenty-eight years ago, and it is presumably too late now to inquire what the writer implied by the suggestion that Mr. Sullivan showed "no sense of his position," or had his "position" been

more clear to him, what he would have been expected to do under the circumstances; but all who know Sir Arthur will appreciate the point which the writer of the paragraph endeavoured to make.

It has been my lot, as a mere item in the modern development of interview-journalism, to come into contact with many men and women, eminent in their respective professions, but I have never met any one who excelled Sir Arthur Sullivan in sincerity, whole-heartedness, and simplicity—as indicated in the sense of an entire absence of the least jot or tittle of mannerism, affectation, or ostentation. His entire absence of pose and prejudice, his catholicity of taste and equitable poise of temperament, must have been disappointing to those who regard any form of genius as an abnormal development which implies a sort of lop-sidedness, forgetful that extreme ability is more often the outcome of mind and body working in splendid harmony than the growth of a faculty to the exclusion of everything else, as if it were an extraneous excrescence. Level-headed and business-like to a degree, it is but rarely, I imagine, that the possession of so much

common sense—to use that best-abused term—is allied to such extreme sensibility, true sympathy, and healthy sentiment. I believe I shall not be charged with sycophancy if I add that his strong will, his definiteness of purpose, his dogged persistence, have often been exercised in a manner which does not fall short of heroism. Two or three of his most popular operas have been written in the brief intervals of acute suffering. On two occasions during his long and arduous career the accumulated returns of his work have disappeared in a moment, but never has anything occurred to shake his fortitude. The greatest success never brought with it any arrogance or modification of his views. Of course it pleased him, but it brought no strange excitement with it, and so, when on that eventful day in 1882, to which I have already alluded, he discovered that if he had been the most unsuccessful musician imaginable he could hardly have been worse off, for he had but a few sovereigns left in the world, there was no sound of complaint, no alteration of demeanour, and not the slightest abatement of the *verve* and painstaking care with which he conducted the first-night performance of “*Iolanthe*” on the

self-same evening of that extremely dark day. This is, indeed, the temperament of the man who, in the paragraph which I have quoted, "does his work and goes again, without effort, excitement, or apparent sense of his position," as the ingenious journalist in question has phrased it.

Perhaps I may absolve myself from sketching physiognomical details, and in place of making the attempt may be permitted to quote from an article written some time ago:

"Of medium height, broad-shouldered, well-built, Dr. Sullivan at once impresses you with a sense of power. The expression of his face is sympathetic, it has a touch of orientalism, is dark, and the features are mobile. Black wavy hair is brushed away from a compact intellectual forehead. The eyes are dark, the nose is sensitive, the jaw and chin indicate firmness and strength of character. He is a man with whom you are at home at once."

Here is a statement which will prove interesting:

"My chief companion in the Academy was Arthur Sullivan, now the famous operatic com-

poser. Six years my junior, he came fresh from the Chapel Royal, as merry and as mischievous a boy as can well be imagined. Although a huge favourite among the students, he was a sad thorn in the side of some of the professors, and to none more than Charles Lucas, the director of the Academy orchestra. It was no unusual thing at the rehearsal to hear at times the most unearthly noise proceed from one instrument and then the other, and the reason, therefore, was usually summed up in Lucas' exclamation, 'Now, Sullivan, you are at it again,' which might possibly have been further from the truth. Sullivan's mastery over orchestral instruments even then, at fourteen years of age, was marvellous. He played them all with apparent ease. In answer to my inquiry where on earth had he acquired his skill, he replied that from his babyhood he had been a regular attendant at the rehearsals conducted by his father in the band-room of the regiment of which he was bandmaster, and that by constant practice and his father's teaching he had gradually overcome all difficulties in this direction. As a matter of fact, he was one of the most gifted prodigies known to fame, and his

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facility in every department was simply stupendous. He could read anything at sight, play from a formidable score, clearly distinguish and declare any and all combinations of sounds even at the very top of the piano, without seeing the notes struck; and he accomplished in the line of study in five minutes what others could not succeed in doing in five months. Let me add one word of testimony to his excellent character as a man. Although he and I are now separated by an almost impassable gulf, both socially and musically, he is one of the best friends I have in the world; and amid all the pressure of work, and, I regret to say, under the burden of much sickness, he continues to this day to write me the cheeriest and kindest of letters, letters which are alike a credit to his head and his heart. I happen to know, too, that his goodness of heart and generosity of disposition extend to the whole brotherhood of musicians, and hundreds of the poorer brethren have good cause to bless the name of Arthur Seymour Sullivan."

The actual manual labour of musical composition is exceptionally hard; yet, although Sir Arthur has certainly been extremely prolific, he has



WILFRID BENDALL.
LOREL MONCKTON

M. W. FINCH
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

MR. HERBERT SULLIVAN

GROUP IN FRONT OF SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S HOUSE.

found time for many forms of physical exercise, recreation, study, wide reading, and travel. Shooting, fishing, boating, riding, and driving have been amongst the outdoor exercises and sport in which he has delighted, whilst indoors he will take a hand at billiards, whist, or the old-fashioned game of bezique. But reading—and fairly wide reading—has provided his favourite and most complete recreation. The works of many German and French writers find an honoured place on his shelves, together with a wide range of English works, though, of course, books dealing with musical history, biography, and reminiscences have a special prominence. More than once Sir Arthur has told me of his antipathy to fiction of a morbid or decadent character. It might be interesting to the authors to mention the titles of some of the books of which the first chapter more than sufficed, but one must refrain, although with regret.

Thackeray, and Dickens, more especially, are permanent and evergreen favourites, and, of contemporaries, he misses nothing by Bret Harte, Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, or Anthony Hope. At the time of one of my last interviews

with Sir Arthur preparatory to the compilation of this book I found that he was alternating the latest volume of stories by Louis Becke with a re-perusal of Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," and Sir Arthur told me that the books of travel and adventure have an increasing fascination for him. "I often feel now that I can read nothing else but books of travel," he told me; "and I am reading every traveller's story that I can lay my hands on. In fiction I must say that I do like what I call healthy work," he adds vigorously, "and when by any chance I come across something of the other sort, I find myself bored to death if I try to read it, and cannot help speculating upon the attitude of mind and the condition of body of those writers who are willing to produce such nauseating and impotent stuff." And, as I found myself so thoroughly in agreement with him on this point that there was no room for discussion, Sir Arthur went on to speak of the perils and vicissitudes endured and the hardihood evinced in Stanley's "long walk" through the Dark Continent.

The description of the way in which Sir Arthur Sullivan's compositions are written will form, I

hope, not the least interesting part of this book. To many who picture every composer as compelled to sit at a piano, running his fingers over the keys, seeking after inspiration, it will be almost a shock to discover that, in this instance, at all events, the composer handles nothing but pen, ink, and paper.

"Of course the use of the piano," Sir Arthur remarks, when discussing the subject, "would limit me terribly, and as to the inspirational theory, although I admit that sometimes a happy phrase will occur to one quite unexpectedly rather than as the result of any definite reasoning process, musical composition, like everything else, is the outcome of hard work, and there is really nothing speculative nor spasmodic about it. Moreover, the happy thoughts which seem to come to one only occur after hard work and steady persistence. It will always happen that one is better ready for work needing inventiveness at one time than at another. One day work is hard and another day it is easy, but if I had waited for inspiration I am afraid I should have done nothing. The miner does not sit at the top of the shaft waiting for the coal to come bubbling

up to the surface. One must go deep down and
226 \ work out every vein carefully."

Sir Arthur's methods would certainly seem to be distinguishable from those of many composers in two directions—his insistence upon rhythm before everything, and the extreme rapidity of his work.

Referring more particularly to the famous comic operas, to quote his own words:

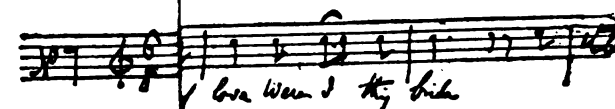
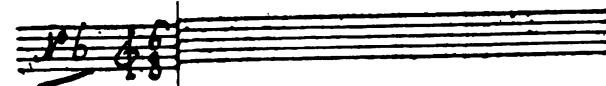
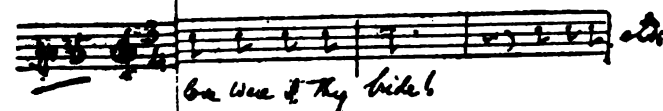
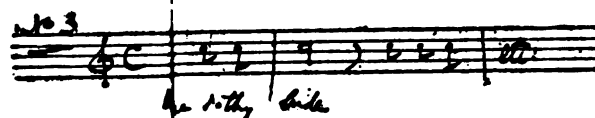
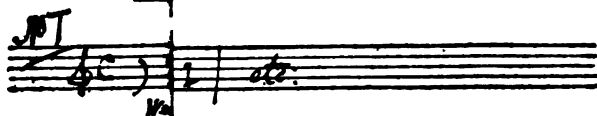
"The first thing I have to decide upon is the rhythm, and I arrange the rhythm before I come to the question of melody. As an instance let us take

"Were I thy bride,
Then all the world beside
Were not too wide
To hold my wealth of love
Were I thy bride!

"Upon thy breast
My loving head would rest,
As on her nest
The tender turtle-dove—
Were I thy bride!

You will see that as far as the rhythm is concerned, and quite apart from the unlimited possibilities of melody, there are a good many ways of treating those words," and that I might not be

1. *Esay*





unconvinced Sir Arthur sat down at his table and worked out the little exercises in rhythm, in the form of dummy bars, reproduced in this chapter. This essay in rhythm will be of interest to musicians, and it will be seen that the rhythm given last, as being that ultimately selected, is best suited to the sentiment and construction of the lines.

"You see that five out of six methods were commonplace, and my first aim has always been to get as much originality as possible in the rhythm, approaching the question of melody afterwards. Of course, melody may come before rhythm with other composers, but it is not so with me. If I feel that I cannot get the accent right in any other way, I mark out the metre in dots and dashes, and it is only after I have decided the rhythm that I proceed to notation.

"My first work—the jotting down of the melodies—I term 'sketches.' They are hieroglyphics which, possibly, would seem undecipherable. It is my musical shorthand, and, of course, it means much to me. When I have finished these sketches the creative part of my work is completed. After that comes the orchestration,

which is, of course, a very essential part of the whole work, and entails some severe manual labour. Apart from getting into the swing of composition, it is often an hour before my hand is steady enough to shape the notes well and with sufficient rapidity. When I have made a beginning, however, I work very rapidly.

➤ "You must remember that a piece of music which will only take two minutes in actual performance—quick time—may necessitate two or three days' hard work in the mere manual labour of orchestration, apart from the question of composition. The literary man can avoid sheer manual labour in a number of ways, but you cannot dictate musical notation to a secretary. Every note must be written in your own hand, there is no other way of getting it done; and every opera means four or five hundred folio pages of music, every crotchet and quaver of which has to be written out by the composer. Then, again, your ideas are pages and pages ahead of your poor, over-worked fingers."

To carry on the description of the method of work adopted for the operas, Sir Arthur continues :

"When the 'sketch' is completed, which means writing, rewriting, and alterations of every description, the work is drawn out in so-called 'skeleton score,' that is, with all the vocal parts, rests for symphonies, &c., completed, but without a note of accompaniment or instrumental work of any kind, although, naturally, I have all that in mind.

"Then the voice parts are written out by the copyist, and the rehearsals begin. On those occasions I vamp an accompaniment, or, in my absence, the accompanist of the theatre does so. It is not until the music has been thoroughly learnt, and the rehearsals on the stage, with the necessary action and 'business,' are well advanced, that I begin orchestration.

"As soon as the orchestration is finished, the band parts are copied, two or three rehearsals of the orchestra only are held, then the orchestra and the voices together without any stage business or action; and, finally, three or four full rehearsals of the complete work on the stage are enough to prepare the work for presentation to the public."

Meanwhile the full score has been taken in

hand, and from it an accompaniment for the voice parts has been "reduced" for the piano, so that the "words and music," that is to say, music for the piano as an accompaniment to the voice parts, is ready for the public simultaneously with the production.

After a full-dress rehearsal to which the favoured few are admitted comes the "first night," when, as on so many pleasant occasions, we have had the privilege of seeing Sir Arthur conduct the performance. Here the work of the composer is completed. This is, I think, a faithful description of the whole process, from the time that the libretto is handed by the author to the composer until the eventful night when the rap on the desk of the composer's *bâton* is the signal for the overture which precedes the rise of the curtain.

In regard to the rapidity with which much of Sir Arthur's work has been accomplished I cannot do better than quote some of the instances referred to by Mr. Willeby in the little monograph to which I have already alluded.

To go back to the extravaganza "Cox and Box" (1866), as soon as the composer had re-

ceived the manuscript from its author, Mr. F. C. Burnand, he set to work on the music, and it was performed several times in private ; but, as is his wont to this day, he wrote out no accompaniment, preferring, when required, to extemporise one himself. Some time afterwards it was arranged to perform the work at the Adelphi Theatre.

Sullivan deferred writing the accompaniment from week to week, from day to day, until the very last week had arrived, and the performance was announced for the following Saturday afternoon. Up to the previous Monday evening not a note for the orchestra had been written. On that night he began to score, and finished two numbers before going to bed. On the Thursday evening two more had been completed and sent to the copyist, so that on Friday evening, at eight o'clock, when he sat down to work, there were still five longish numbers to be scored, and the parts to be copied. Then began the tug of war. Two copyists were sent for, and as fast as a sheet of score was completed by the composer, the copyists in another room copied the parts. Throughout the night they kept it up, until at

somewhere about seven in the morning Sullivan, on going into the other room, found them both fast asleep. He was in despair. A moment's thought, however, decided him. One thing was certain—there was no time to score. There was then but one alternative—to orchestrate the remaining numbers *in parts*. This he did, and at eleven in the morning all was finished, and at twelve the piece was rehearsed.

What the achievement of a feat of this kind means, the strain on the memory and the application required, only a musician can fully realise. But in this respect he is, at all events, in England, unique. For rapidity of work Mr. Willeby writes "he may have been equalled in the history of music, but I do not think that he has been surpassed."

"Contrabandista," which followed "Cox and Box," was composed, scored, and rehearsed within sixteen days from the time he received the MS. libretto. The overture to "Iolanthe" was begun at nine in the morning and finished at seven the next morning. That to "The Yeoman of the Guard" was composed and scored in twelve hours, while the magnificent epilogue to "The

Golden Legend," which for dignity, breadth, and power stands out from amongst all of his choral examples, was composed and scored within twenty-four hours. Merely to write the number of notes in such a composition as this would be a feat to most men, but when all is perfection, as it is here, it is nothing short of prodigious.

CHAPTER XIII

ANECDOTAL

In the Auction-room—Thirty years afterwards—Old Church at Sandhurst—Rev. Thomas Helmore and the Boys—Battle of the Alma—Early Composition—Sterndale Bennett—Bach's room at Leipzig—Amateur Choral Societies—Gladstone and Disraeli—Burnand and his book—Byron and Palgrave—With the Duke of Edinburgh on the *Hercules*—The German Emperor—Peterhof—In the Baltic—Buffalo etiquette—"The Mikado" plagiarised in real life—Water and Good Society—The Gentlemanly Guide—Earthquake at Monte Carlo—Coincidences—Tennyson—Sullivan's Grand-parents and Napoleon I. at St. Helena.

IT has been Sir Arthur Sullivan's habit when writing an opera or other big work, to take a house in the country for two or three months, driven from London by the curse of street music. Except for this chapter, this book had been passed for the printer and made up into pages by the time Sir Arthur had left town for Wokingham, where he had taken a house, which, at the time of writing—the end of September 1899—he is now occupying while at work on

his new opera for the Savoy Theatre. After returning me the corrected proofs of that part of the book dealing with facts, Sir Arthur was good enough to invite me to spend a day with him at his place at Wokingham in order that we might have a final conversation in regard to this book. Hence it happens that the many interesting anecdotes which he told me after lunch, while we were discussing tea and cigarettes on the lawn, find their place, in fragmentary fashion, in this supplementary chapter, instead of being inserted in their proper sequence in the preceding chapters. In order to make a virtue of necessity it may be hinted that there are some who may prefer a number of anecdotes put together by way of dessert, after the more serious courses of the meal which have preceded it, and those who prefer a more methodical manner may perhaps find it possible to excuse the inevitable.

* * * *

"One of the earliest incidents which made an impression upon me in childhood was that which was known as the Frimley murder. Frimley was a village about two miles from where we lived.

Burglars had broken into the rectory in the middle of the night, and in the course of the struggle which ensued, shot at and killed the rector, Mr. Hollest. My brother, who went to a school close by there, when coming home in the evening, noticed three strange men standing outside a little public-house, and as in those days every face was known for miles round, he was struck by their appearance, and as soon as he arrived home, he told us that he had seen three dreadful-looking men in the village. This was in the late afternoon, and at the time he saw them they must have been contemplating the burglary which resulted in murder that night. The men were brought to trial, and I think all three were hanged, but the capture effected the discovery and break-up of a considerable gang of burglars and thieves.

“Subsequent to the murder an auction of the household goods was held at the rectory, and I went over with my mother to the sale. For some reason or other we became separated for a time, and not long afterwards an acquaintance came up to my mother and said to her: ‘Mrs. Sullivan, do you know that your son is bidding

in the auction-room?' I was about eight years of age at the time. My mother hurried to the auction-room and found that what her acquaintance had told her was perfectly true. I had already acquired a pair of leather hunting-breeches, at eighteenpence, a flat candlestick and a pair of snuffers which had taken my fancy, and was then bidding for a sofa! Why I bid for these things I have no idea. I should have been swallowed up in the breeches, I had no use for flat candlesticks, and I don't know who would have found room for the sofa. I had no money, but finding that some of the people were nodding their heads and saying 'Sixpence,' I did the same, with the notion of acquiring something of value. My mother acted promptly, and the auctioneer was bound to take the things back, as I was under age.

"It is a curious thing," Sir Arthur continues, "that I came to write 'The Golden Legend' in the house where I had lived as a child. I was about three years of age when my father went to Sandhurst, and we had rooms in the college. A few years later when my brother and I grew older we took two cottages in York

Town, threw them into one, and lived there until 1858, when my father joined the staff at Kneller Hall. Well, it was a curious coincidence that in 1886, when I wrote to some friends living in that part, asking them to find me some quiet country lodgings, so that I might peacefully write 'The Golden Legend,' they took rooms for me in the very house at York Town where I had lived as a child. So it happened, quite without any initiative of my own in the matter, that, thirty years afterwards, I found myself doing my work in the same house."

* * * *

"Sometimes I used to go to Sunday afternoon service at the old church at Sandhurst. The church was old in every respect: old-fashioned, high-backed, whitewashed pews, with a gallery at one end of the church for the musicians. What used to interest me most was the little ceremony which the clerk performed so solemnly in regard to the hymns. After he had, from his desk underneath the pulpit, given out the hymn, always selected from Tate and Brady's Psalter, he would walk slowly and solemnly to the other

end of the church, mount to the large empty gallery by means of a ladder, and picking up his clarionet, would lead the musical accompaniment, which consisted only of his own instrument, the clarionet, a bassoon, and a violoncello !

“I also remember going by coach from York Town to London to see the Great Exhibition of 1851, and returning in the same manner. There was no railway near us.”

* * * *

“I always recall my old master, the Rev. Thomas Helmore, with affection and respect. I was greatly influenced by his great idea of relying upon the boys' sense of honour, and he certainly did make us very conscientious in the performance of our work. We had to practise the music for the Chapel Royal service every Saturday morning for the following day. He would say to us, ‘Now, boys, if you get the music thoroughly well done you may go as soon as you like. There will be no need for you to stay in during the afternoon.’ I directed the practice of the music, whilst my schoolfellow, Alfred Cellier,

played the accompaniments. It was, I think, something to our credit and to the credit of Helmore's manner of dealing with us, that with the temptation of an afternoon's holiday in front of us we never scamped anything, and on more than one occasion, we stayed on well into the late afternoon in order to get the music correctly. Nor did we have any assistance of any kind. Helmore relied upon Cellier and myself.

"No, we never had any rehearsal of the Sunday service with the men during the whole time I was at the Chapel Royal. The actual service was the only occasion that the boys and men sang the music together.

"One day in 1854 Helmore came into the schoolroom and said, 'Put away your books, boys. I am going to give you the best lesson in English history you have ever had.' He then sat down, and, producing the *Times* newspaper from his pocket, read us the account of the battle of the Alma, described so graphically by my old friend, Dr. W. H. Russell. Sometimes the tears rolled down his cheeks, and down ours, too, as he read the account of some of the daring deeds and instances of heroism of our men at the

battle of Alma. At that time the use of the telegraph had not discounted beforehand the interest in these brilliant letters."

* * * *

"I remember singing for Sir Henry Bishop at some benefit concerts which were organized for him. Old John Braham came and heard me sing, and praised me very much afterwards. He was a very old man at the time, and had long given up singing 'The Death of Nelson,' and other similar songs, chronicling events which took place in his own lifetime."

* * * *

"I was always composing in those days. Every spare moment I could get I utilized for it. A short time ago I came across a four-part madrigal in an old manuscript book perfectly complete, and scribbled across it is, 'Written on my bed at night in deadly fear lest Helmore should come in and catch me.'"

* * * *

"The instruction at the Royal Academy of Music in those days was, perhaps, somewhat

desultory. . . . I remember how we would wait there for Sterndale Bennett from five o'clock until seven in the evening, until the message would come to ask us to kindly go up to his house in Russell Place, and then, although he was weary from teaching all day, he would give us some interesting lessons, telling us his experience of intercourse with various great composers. His wife was a most charming woman, and when I was there late, she invariably made me stay to supper with him. I must say that I enjoyed these evenings immensely. There was something very instructive and fascinating about Bennett's personality. He was, however, bitterly prejudiced against the new school as he called it. He would not have a note of Schumann, and as for Wagner, he was outside the pale of criticism! Cipriani Potter was converted, and became a blind worshipper of Schumann, but all my efforts with Sterndale Bennett were ineffectual. My master for harmony and composition, Sir John Goss, was more eclectic in his taste, and more open to conviction. I am eternally grateful to him; he had a wonderful gift of part writing, and whatever facility I

possess in this respect I owe entirely to his teaching and influence."

* * * *

"At Leipzig I frequently went to Hauptmann's house for lessons in counterpoint, and took them in the very room where Bach wrote all his great works when in Leipzig, so you can imagine the atmosphere of that room as being impregnated with counterpoint and fugue.

"When I came back to England at that time small choral societies which met at private houses were much in vogue. I conducted many of these. Sometimes we met at Mr. Gladstone's house in Carlton House Terrace. Occasionally he took part in the choruses. I had the honour on two occasions," Sir Arthur adds smilingly, "of singing bass with him from the same copy. . . . Once as the result of our continual practice a performance of 'The Prodigal Son' was given at a lady's house in Grosvenor Place. Of course all the chorus were amateurs, and the principal parts were taken by the more distinguished well-known amateurs of the day. The house was crowded. It was a hot night, and all the win-

dows were open. Our first mishap was that when the lady (Mrs. Moulton¹) who was to sing the soprano part arrived, she found the place so crowded that she could not get up the stairs, so went away, and her part was taken by another lady who generously volunteered. The second blot on the performance was that just as the tenor was singing the pathetic solo, 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him,' he was overpowered by the linkman's voice, who bellowed : 'Mrs. Johnson's carriage stops the way.' It came in so appositely that the interruption proved too much for our gravity, and the performance was very nearly temporarily suspended."

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The mention of Gladstone's name called up another reminiscence which the reader may or may not find illustrative of two types of character. "I was dining at the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild's," remarks Sir Arthur, "and Mr. Disraeli was present. After the ladies had left the table I found myself next to him, and the conversation

¹ A celebrated amateur vocalist, now Countess Daneskiold.

had become general : he turned to me with the remark that the process of musical composition had always been a matter of mystery to him, and begged me to explain it. Of course I complied to the best of my ability, telling him that when the composer sat down to write, he could, as it were, plainly hear and judge of the effect of every note and every combination of notes mentally, without their being sounded, just as an author *hears* the words he is writing, and so on, and tried my best to talk well. At the end of it Disraeli said to me : 'Well, it is still a wonder to me, but you have made many things much clearer to me than they were before.' Of course I felt quite elated and very well pleased with myself. Well, it happened that, a short time after my chat with Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone invited me to breakfast. We had not gone very far with the breakfast when Mr. Gladstone put precisely the same question to me. I set out to give much the same reply that I had given Disraeli, but I had not uttered six words before Gladstone interrupted me and proceeded to give an eloquent discourse on the subject of musical composition. He was very animated,

and it was very interesting. No doubt I could not have told him so much about it myself, but you can imagine which incident would best please a young man."

* * * *

"Frank Burnand and I used to ride on horse-back together two or three times a week. One day, when we had got as far as Merton, his horse stumbled and very nearly threw him, but after getting off and walking a little way, he remounted, only to find himself compelled to dismount immediately, as the horse had gone dead lame. 'Well, this is a nice thing!' he said, 'what am I to do?' and good-humouredly exclaimed, 'Happy thought! Walk!' and so he went on enunciating all sorts of notions, preceding each new suggestion with the exclamation, 'Happy thought!' This incident gave him the idea of using the phrase for the brilliant series of papers which became so deservedly popular."

* * * *

"Byron was constantly saying rather sharp things. One night I was at the late Charles Mathews' house, and amongst the amusements

provided for the visitors was a raffle for penny toys. You drew a paper, and, if successful, made your selection. Palgrave Simpson, the dramatic author, drew a prize, and said, in his finnickish way 'Dear, dear me! What shall I choose amongst these?' Byron immediately took up a penny sword, pulled it out of its sheath, and exclaimed, 'Take this, Palgrave: you need something that will draw,' which was rather hard upon Palgrave, who had just perpetrated a dead failure."

* * * *

"One of my pleasantest recollections is a cruise I had in 1881 on the *Hercules*. When the Duke of Edinburgh was in command of the Reserve Squadron he very kindly invited me to go with him on his annual cruise in the Baltic. This proved very interesting indeed. Kiel was the first place we landed at. We were met by Prince William of Prussia, now Emperor of Germany, and his brother Prince Henry. The Duke of Edinburgh presented me to Prince William, who shook me cordially by the hand, and said—quoting 'H.M.S. Pinafore'—'I think you polished

up the handle of the big front door, did you not, Mr. Sullivan ?

"From thence we went on to Copenhagen. Here I was much impressed with the popularity of the Royal Family and the homely way in which they mixed with the people. We dined at the Hermitage, one of the royal palaces situated a little way outside Copenhagen. The windows were wide open, the people walking about the park and sometimes coming right up to the windows, but they never stared in, and were never guilty of the slightest shadow of disrespect or inquisitiveness. The next evening was the occasion of a great *fête* at the Tivoli Gardens. There must have been about ten or twelve thousand people there. The King and Queen did not go, but the Crown Prince went with us and mixed freely with everybody, and was subject to no awkward attention of any sort. The King and Queen of Denmark were the most kind and fascinating people I have ever met.

"Afterwards we went on to St. Petersburg, where we arrived shortly after that terrible tragedy, the assassination of the Emperor. As it was the dead season of the year there was no one

at St. Petersburg. The Emperor and Empress were living at Peterhof, and so we—the Duke of Edinburgh and party—stayed at Peterhof. The Emperor and Empress lived in a villa close to us. They could not stay in the palace because it could not be surrounded by sentries. It was quite a terrible business. Every few steps one took one was met by a policeman, Cossack, or guard. I had an official pass, written in Russian and with a big seal attached to it, and I was told never to go outside the door without it. The place was in a state of ferment. The Emperor himself was brave enough, but those about him would not let him go out without a strong guard to surround him all the time.

“On our way back we were caught by a thick fog in the Baltic which lasted for thirty hours. During that time the Admiral was scarcely ever absent from the bridge, and took no rest at all. It was no small responsibility; ‘Eight ironclads, some thousands of lives, and a musical composer!’ to quote his Royal Highness’ words.”

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Speaking of his experiences with Gilbert in

America, Sir Arthur tells me: "Gilbert and I arrived at Buffalo early one winter morning. We went to a hotel, the Tifft House, and walked upstairs to our rooms. We wanted the fires lit, upon which the maid told us, with great dignity and condescension, that 'the gentleman'—alluding to the colored servant—would do that for us. He did, but before he had finished the maid came up again, and ejaculated, 'Either of you men got any washing? the gentleman has called for it,' to which we replied, with delicate irony, 'When this gentleman has finished lighting the fires he will probably be kind enough to take the washing down to the gentleman who is waiting to take it away,' and then we subsided."

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"When I was at Los Angeles a curious thing had just occurred. It seems there was a little bit of land between California and Mexico which, by some accident, had been left out of the United States survey. The result was that no one quite knew who had jurisdiction, but there was one man who was Judge, Sheriff, and Executioner, besides being anything else that was considered requisite

for the proper carrying out of the law. One day a Mexican killed another man. There was no doubt about it. He was brought up before our friend of the multiple offices, who tried him and sentenced him to death. Meanwhile there was no likelihood of the man running away, so he was left perfectly free, and told that his execution would take place within three days of sentence. When the day arrived, the Judge, being his own Sheriff, went to look for him, and having found him, said, 'Come along, Juan Baptisto! Time's up!' But Juan was engaged in a very exciting game of euchre, and asked the Judge for permission to finish the game. The Judge, being a bit of a sportsman, acceded, and I am not sure that he did not take a hand in it himself. As soon as the game was over Juan declared himself ready, and within a few minutes afterwards the Judge and Sheriff satisfactorily performed his duty as hangman." It should be added that "The Mikado" had been produced some time before this occurrence."

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"When in the train one day, travelling from

Salt Lake City to Sacramento, while passing through the great Alkali Desert, I remarked upon it to another man in the carriage—there were only three of us—and said, ‘I suppose that’s all right in its way. It’s a pity it can’t be utilized?’ to which my friend replied, ‘Yes, the soil is good enough; plenty of water and good society would make it a regular Paradise.’ Then the other man, who had been silent hitherto, said drily, pointing his forefinger downwards, ‘Yes, that’s all the other place wants!’ ”

* * * *

“When we were at Naples, my travelling companions and myself went outside the hotel, after dinner, not quite knowing how best we could spend the evening. In the porch of the hotel we noticed a most dignified-looking gentleman in black frock coat and tall hat, resembling an English clergyman in his dress and the gravity of his appearance. Raising his hat, he said, ‘Do you want a guide? and told us that he knew everything to be seen in the city or its environs. On our replying ‘No, not just at present,’ he handed us a card which (I suppress the real name) read

as follows: 'Vermicelli Giovanni, *Organisateur de Menus Plaisirs*, Napoli.' What a delicate name for his real profession!"

* * * *

"I was at Monte Carlo when the earthquake took place at 6:10 A.M. The hotel in which I was staying suffered little damage, but it was shaken severely. The effect of it was as if a giant had taken hold of the house, shaken it, then had paused to take breath, shaken it again with a more rapid movement, and then repeated the performance for the third time with increased energy. Every one was running about in night attire. We had several shocks within the next two or three hours, and I had a curious feeling of annoyance at being disturbed, rather than fear. The next day all Monte Carlo seemed to have turned out. The poorer people had lit fires and camped out on the grass, and when night came one could see them there offering up prayers to the Virgin. When a further shock came later in the morning, I was standing at a window of the hotel, and seeing the trees swaying from side to side made me feel actually sick, as if at sea."

"Some years ago there was a series of disasters in the south of France, but very few have noted the following extraordinary coincidences in regard to it. The terrible railway accident at Monte Carlo occurred on a Shrove Tuesday evening. The next year, on Shrove Tuesday evening, the theatre at Nice was burned down, causing a fearful sacrifice of life; and again on Shrove Tuesday in the third year came the great earthquake in the Riviera."

* * * *

Sir Arthur is able to furnish me with some information throwing an extremely interesting side-light on history in regard to Napoleon I., as follows:

"My grandfather was born 126 years ago in the county of Kerry. He was an impoverished young Irish squire, much given to steeple-chasing. One day he won a noteworthy steeple-chase, and riding homewards he stopped at a little village inn to celebrate the event. This he did, as was the wine-bibbing custom in those days, somewhat too freely. At that time every able-bodied man was being pressed into the Queen's service. There happened to be a re-

cruiting-sergeant in the inn, who pressed the Queen's shilling into my grandfather's hand. The next morning when he awoke from his heavy sleep he discovered that he had enlisted. There was no help for it. Unfortunately he had just married the handsome daughter of a well-to-do farmer, but the farmer absolutely declined to buy his discharge, and having no money himself, there was nothing to be done but to submit to the inevitable. He was immediately ordered off for foreign service, and took part in the Peninsular campaign, and behaved with distinction at Vittoria, Salamanca, and Badajos. These engagements thinned out the regiment so much that it was ordered home to the depôt.

“After the battle of Waterloo my grandfather was ordered with a detachment of his regiment to St. Helena, and his wife accompanied him. At first they lived in the regimental quarters close to Longwood, where Napoleon lived, and while there a child was born to my grandmother. During her confinement one of the soldiers was sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes for being drunk on duty, but the

doctor declared that his cries would make my grandmother very ill, so he was taken down from the triangle, let off, and was eternally grateful to my grandmother. Amongst Napoleon's companions were General Bertrand, the Comte and Comtesse Montholon, faithful adherents, who preferred to share their exile with Napoleon, and there was also his valet, Las Casas. The Comtesse Montholon was confined about the same time as my grandmother, and being very ill, could not nurse her child. My grandmother, who was strong and healthy, offered to nurse the child with her own, and so removed to Longwood, where she and her husband remained until Napoleon's death, and my grandfather—who was a man of superior education for those days—became, I believe, paymaster of Napoleon's household. The children were brought up together, and when the little ones were old enough to toddle about, Napoleon would make them the companions of his daily walks, taking one child by each hand, giving them cakes, sweets, etc., and he became very much attached to them both. In the ordinary way he contented himself with walking up

and down the corridors. This was his only exercise, for he never went outside Longwood for fear of being pointed out or stared at.

"Napoleon complained bitterly of the harsh behaviour of Sir Hudson Lowe, and of both the quantity and quality of the food supplied, but his complaints were in vain. By way of remedy, he conceived the notion of breaking off the gold and silver eagles from his covers and plates, which my grandfather, who was devoted to him, used to sell for him, in order to furnish necessaries for the table. When this device was discovered it would seem to have had some effect, for better treatment followed.

"When Napoleon died—on May 5, 1821—his body was opened for embalming, and his heart taken out and placed in a wash-hand basin in an adjacent room, with a lamp on the table beside it. Longwood was infested with rats, and fearing the result of an incursion of these voracious creatures, my grandfather volunteered to sit in the room all through the night with an old 'Brown Bess' in his hand and shoot the rats when they came too near

"Sir Hudson Lowe, on his return to England,

lived a solitary life in an old-fashioned brick house in Chelsea. The house stood in large grounds, with tall trees giving shelter to hundreds of rooks. To-day, house and trees have disappeared to give place to palatial flats.* He was in the habit of walking alone every afternoon in the Park ; and returning one day through Wilton Crescent, he was met by a man who looked at him for a moment, and then produced a heavy riding whip with which he lashed Sir Hudson Lowe across the back two or three times, and then disappeared. That man was Las Casas, Napoleon's valet."

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"Read this," said Sir Arthur to me.

"I remember poor Byron, Hobhouse, Trelawney, and myself dining with Cardinal Mezzocaldo at Rome,' Captain Sumph began, 'and we had some Orvieto wine for dinner which Byron liked

* The house stood just off Cadogan Terrace, and a few yards east of it was a Roman Catholic chapel built by the Abbé Voyaux de Franoux, a French noble who escaped to England during the Reign of Terror. He settled there and devoted his life to good works. One day, on hearing that the Comte de Chambord was going there to early service, his followers flocked to the spot in hundreds, and literally stormed the building, leaping over seats and pews like a rush

very much. And I remember how the Cardinal regretted that he was a single man. We went to Civita Vecchia two days afterwards, where Byron's yacht was—and, by Jove! the Cardinal died within three weeks; and Byron was very sorry, for he rather liked him.'

" 'A devilish interesting story, Sumph, indeed,' Wagg said. 'You should publish some of these stories, Captain Sumph, you really should,' Shandon replied.' "

" Each time that I am tempted to relate some incident in my life that to me is of interest, the above passage from Thackeray's immortal 'Pendennis' rises warningly before me. I feel that I am Captain Sumph. Yet in spite of such warnings the reminiscences will roll out.

" Who of us does not love to dwell on his association with the great ones who have left us? and on the other hand, surely we love to hear of them—no matter how trifling the incident—first hand, direct from personal contact. I call to mind with what awe I listened to Sterndale Bennett saying

into a theatre on Boxing Night, in order to catch a glimpse of their beloved Prince. The Comte himself escaped the scrimmage by being forcibly pulled in through a small door.

familiarly: 'When I was dining with Mendelssohn one day'; or to Moscheles saying: 'As Beethoven and I were walking in the Graben,' etc.; and to any one, in fact, who had spoken with departed great statesmen, warriors, or artists. There was a fascination in looking at and speaking with such an one. And at those times I could appreciate poor Captain Sumph and should have loved to be with him.

"Here is a reminiscence worthy of the gallant captain:

"The first time Tennyson came to dine at my house, the door was opened to him by a parlour-maid who had been with us many years and was like one of the family. She was fairly staggered by the appearance of the visitor, who, as will be remembered, always wore a deep, broad-brimmed black felt hat and a black cape or short cloak, which made him look exactly like a conspirator in an Italian or Spanish play. Our little party consisted of Tennyson, Millais, Francis Byng (now Earl of Strafford), myself, my mother and another lady (Captain Sumph again!). We met to discuss the proposed work in collaboration—which afterwards was published *without* Mil-

lais' illustrations as 'The Window; or, the Loves of the Wrens.' When the guests had departed, Kate, the maid, said to me, "Was that really the great poet, Master Arthur? [I was nearly thirty!] Well! he *do* wear clothes!" 'Of course,' I replied with subtle irony, 'all poets do. Besides,' I added, 'you forget that he is Poet-Laureate.'

"She hadn't forgotten it, for she had never known it. Then after a slight pause, she said thoughtfully: 'What a queer uniform!'

"Now, I wonder if she imagined that Tennyson belonged to a brigade all dressed in the same way.

"I long now to tell of my friendship and association with others besides Tennyson. Millais, in whose studio I passed hours when a lad, and who in after years had much difficulty in painting my portrait, and made me vow I would never disclose the enormous number of sittings I gave him for it; Leighton, who in his younger days was fond of singing Italian songs and duets, and who with Millais at my instigation first invited musicians to the Royal Academy banquet, and who there first introduced the toast of 'Music

and the Drama,' to which Irving and myself responded; of Sir A. Cockburn and his love of music—how we frequently went to concerts together, and upon one occasion missed a Monday Popular Concert altogether in consequence of sitting until ten o'clock discussing some very fine old port and the Tichborne case at the same time. At one time this *cause célèbre* absorbed his thoughts and conversation entirely; and I remember at a dinner at his house, when some distinguished foreigners were present, he gave a complete *résumé* of the case in French (which he spoke perfectly—his mother was French, I believe), lasting a couple of hours. Then Browning—the very antithesis of Tennyson in every respect; Fred Clay, one of the most gifted and brilliant of men, and like a brother to me; 'Sim' Egerton (the late Earl of Wilton), a born musical conductor, who struggled manfully against the disadvantages of birth, wealth, and position; and Sir Frederic Ousely, whose musical genius met with the same obstacles—both these men would have made a mark in the musical world if they had had to work for their living. *Apropos* of Ousely a humorous episode comes to my recol-

lection. He was of a very gentle, shy nature, and rather shunned mixing in society, but drawn on the subject of music he became vivacious and talkative. One Sunday evening he and I were invited by 'Sim' Egerton to dine at mess with the Life Guards: his natural reserve and hesitation with regard to a Sunday dinner were soon overcome by assurance that it would be very quiet and staid, and so we went. Shy at first, some one talked to him about music, when he brightened up and began to tell various incidents in his musical career. He overlooked the fact that with one or two exceptions none present understood his reference to technical details, but he crowned his recital by describing the humorous points in an exercise for the degree of Doctor of Music which had come before him as Professor of Music at Oxford. The officers listened respectfully, hardly comprehending a word, and he finished up by exclaiming: 'And you'll scarcely believe me, Colonel So-and-So, when I tell you that the whole movement was in the hypomyxolydian mode!' 'God bless my soul, you don't say so!' replied the Colonel, with well-feigned astonishment. 'It is a fact,' replied Ousely."

CHAPTER XIV

"ABOUT MUSIC"

An Address Delivered in the Town Hall, Birmingham, on October 19, 1888, by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

IT has come to my good fortune to have to address you as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, and I naturally choose the subject of Music. I can choose no other. Music has been my incessant occupation since I was eight years old. All my energies, all my affections, have been bestowed upon it, and it has for long been to me a second nature. The interests and triumphs of my art are dearer to me than any other interests and triumphs can be. Music is to me a mistress in every sense of the word ; a mistress whose commands I obey, whose smiles I love, whose wrongs move me as no others do. And therefore it will not be difficult for you to understand the gratification with which I address you in this famous city, a city which first set England the example of combin-

ing the triumphs of practical science with those of art by founding here, in the middle of your workshops and factories, the world-renowned Birmingham Festival, and afterwards crowning the edifices of this great town by the majestic portico of that temple in which so many masterpieces of music have been first heard by thousands of enthusiastic worshippers.

But I confess that it is with very considerable diffidence that I speak to you on the subject of music, and I can at once relieve you of all anxiety by stating that my address will be a very short one, because all my life I have been making music and not talking about it. It is so easy, in an address on music, either to sink into dull platitudes, or to indulge in wearisome and, to many in a general audience, incomprehensible technicalities. I shall, however, endeavour to avoid both of these errors, and in the few remarks I am addressing to you shall give utterance to a few thoughts of my own on the subject, which may, I trust, interest you as they have interested me.

Among the many advances of our country in the last half-century, surely none has been

greater than that of music. Publications and performances are now so extraordinarily multiplied that the masterpieces—not only of the old composers, but of the most modern writers—are brought within the means of every one, more so, probably, than in any other country; and England has thus, so far, the chance of again assuming the position that she held many hundred years ago of being at the head of Europe as a musical country. She was once (as I believe the most Teutonic of German historians now allow) a long way in advance of other nations—yet how little is this known or acknowledged by ourselves! So far back as the year 1230 a piece of music composed by a monk of Reading (John of Fornsete was his honoured name, and the MS. of his work is at the British Museum) was far, far in advance, both in tunefulness and expression, of anything else produced at that time. I allude to the celebrated glee, in six vocal parts, “Sumer is a-cumin in.” And observe that that pre-eminence implies many years (I might say centuries) of previous study and progress on the part of our countrymen. But we need not trust to implication only; records exist to prove how dili-

gently and enthusiastically music was pursued in England from the reign of King Alfred to the time of the Reformation. Here are a few facts :—

In 550 A. D. there was a great gathering and competition of harpists at Conway—an early Eisteddfod.

In 866 King Alfred instituted a professorship of music at Oxford, and there must have been concerted music in those Anglo-Saxon times, for in the British Museum is an old picture of a concert consisting of a six-stringed harp, a four-stringed fiddle, a trumpet, and a crooked horn. Curiously enough, this is, with the exception of the horn, exactly the same combination of instruments that we see nearly every Saturday night playing outside a London public-house! I have not noticed whether the background of the picture I allude to represents the corresponding locality of that period.

Even then music had begun to exercise an influence on trade; the metal industry and joinery must have already benefited by it, for in the tenth century the monk Wulston gives a long description of a grand organ in Winchester Ca-

thedral, and St. Dunstan, famous for his skill in metal work, at the same date fabricated an organ in Malmesbury Abbey, the pipes of which were of brass.

Long before the Conquest, three-part harmony was practised, and is spoken of by the chroniclers as the "custom of the country." Thomas à Becket, on his visit to France to negotiate the marriage of Henry II., took with him 250 boys, who sang a harmony of three parts, which is expressly recorded to have been "in the English manner, and till then unheard of in France."

It is a satisfaction to know, also, that in those days musicians were well paid; for at the wedding of Edward I.'s daughter every King's minstrel received forty shillings—equal, at least, to twenty pounds in these days. Chaucer, in his "Princesses' Tale," mentions approvingly that young children were taught to sing as much as they were taught to read. But he somewhat weakens the value of his judgment, in my eyes, by expressing elsewhere the opinion that every country squire should be taught to play the flute.

In the reign of Edward II. harmony had

advanced. At the "Tournament of Tottenham" we read that—

"In all the corners of the house
Was melody delicious
Of six-men songs."

The constitution of military bands in England was also of a very early date. Henry VI., when he went to war with France, took over with him a band consisting of ten clarion players and other instrumentalists, who played at headquarters morning and evening. This is the first military band we have a record of. Queen Elizabeth improved upon it so far as to have a band which played during her dinner, of twelve trumpets, two kettledrums, pipes, cornets, and side drums, and I am not astonished when I read that "this musicke did make the hall ring for half-an-hour."

In her reign the priest must have been (as he often is now) the musician of the parish, and a cheery good fellow; for in Vernon's "Hunting of Purgatory and Death," 1561, the author says:—"I knewe a priest whiche, when any of his parishioners should be maryed, would take his backe-pype and go fetch them to the Church,

playinge sweetlie afore them; and then he would lay his instrument handsomely upon the aultar tyll he had maryed them and sayd mass. Which thyng being done, he would gentillye bringe them home again with his backe-pype."

I could produce an immense mass of evidence as to the forward condition of music in England up to the beginning of the sixteenth century, but I will not weary you with details—details which you can learn for yourselves in your excellent Free Library, if you are inclined to go more deeply into the matter. Suffice it to say that we have clear proof of the existence of a highly educated school of theoretical musicians who preserved the plain-song of the Church in its integrity, and made it the basis of harmonic treatment; who wrote out their harmony in score, and from one of whom emanated the earliest remaining composition of freedom and beauty, the before-mentioned glee, "Sumer is a-cumin in." And this was followed up by a succession of original works by such writers as John Dunstable, who, though now little known in England, had in his own day a great reputation abroad.

Thu Universities of Cambridge and Oxford

acknowledged the importance of music by making it a faculty, and granting doctors' degrees, analogous to those granted in Divinity, Law, and Medicine, at a very early date. Joan of Arc and her tragical end seem to us a long, long way back in our history, and yet only thirty years after her death was the first musical degree conferred at Cambridge; and even now no other universities in Europe but English ones confer musical degrees.

There are clear indications that up to the time of the Reformation music was in continual progress. But, unfortunately, the Wars of the Roses and the ruthless destruction which accompanied the suppression of the monasteries (the only homes of art of all kinds in those rough savage days) have obliterated all but the rarest indications. But it is certain, not only from the treatises and compositions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that have survived, but from the splendour of the English School when we again encounter it about 1520, that in the interval our music had been growing and flourishing, as everything in England grows and flourishes when it really seizes hold of the English people.

Palestrina (from 1550 to 1600) no doubt wrote more nobly than any of his contemporaries, including our own Tallis and Byrd; but it is not too much to say that the English predecessors of Tallis and Byrd—Edwards, Redford, Shepperd, Tye, White, Johnson, and Marbecke, who date from 1500 to 1550, were much in advance of any of the predecessors of Palestrina on the Continent. For they were their equals in science, and they far surpassed them in the tunefulness and what I may call the common sense of their music. Their compositions display a "sweet reasonableness," a human feeling, a suitability to the words, and a determination to be something more than a mere scientific and mechanical puzzle, which few, if any, of the Continental composers before 1550 can be said to exhibit. I have only to mention the familiar title of the charming and favourite madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed" (by Edwards, 1523-1566) to convince many here present of the truth of what I am saying. Such was our position in the first half of the sixteenth century; and the half-century following is the splendid time of English music, in which the illustrious names of Morley, Weekes, Wilbye,

Ford, Dowland, and Orlando Gibbons shine like stars. These names may be unknown to some of you, but the men existed, and their works live; live not alone by reason of their science, their pure part-writing and rich harmonies, but by the stream of beautiful melody which flows through all their works—melody which is ear-haunting even to our modern and jaded natures, and which had no parallel elsewhere. Those of you who have heard such works as the "Silver Swan," by Gibbons, and "Since first I saw your face," by Ford, will, I am sure, endorse my opinion.

I will not go into the causes which, for nearly 200 years, made us lose that high position, and threw us into the hands of the illustrious foreigners, Handel, Haydn, Spohr, Mendelssohn (so long the favourite composers of the English), and of the Italian Opera, which exclusively occupied the attention of the fashionable classes, and, like a great car of Juggernaut, overrode and crushed all efforts made on behalf of native music. My belief is that this was largely due to the enthusiasm with which commerce was pursued, and to the extraordinary way in which religious and political struggles, and, later still, practical sci-

ence, have absorbed our energies. We were content to *buy* our music, while we were *making* churches, steam-engines, railways, cotton-mills, constitutions, anti-Corn-Law Leagues, and Caucuses. Now, however, as I have already said, the condition of things is changing—it *has* changed. And yet I cannot but feel that we are only at the entry of the Promised Land. Habits of mind and modes of action are still to be found which show that we have much to do before we become the musical people that we were in the remoter ages of our history. We do, indeed, love music, but it is with an inferior affection to that which we lavish on other objects of life. We have not yet ceased to talk whilst music is being performed; we still come in late to a concert, and whilst some noble and pathetic work is enchaining the attention of every one, we too often insist upon disturbing twenty or thirty people and destroying their enjoyment because we have bought seats Nos. 23, 24, and 25, and mean to have our money's worth. And if we come late, depend upon it we always go out before the concert is finished, to show how thoroughly independent we are. In this we are like Charles

Lamb, who, when a clerk in the East India Office, was reproached by his chief, "Mr. Lamb, you come so late in the mornings." "Yes sir," was the reply, "but I go away so early in the afternoons."

I am not apt to praise the foreigner at the expense of Englishmen, but we have a lesson to learn from both Germans and Frenchmen in this respect. I fear we must admit that even at present, in the mind of a true Briton, business, society, politics, and sport, all come before art. Art is very well ; we have no objection to pay for it, and to pay well. But we can only enjoy it if it interferes with none of these pet pleasures ; and in consequence it has often to suffer.

I will name an amusing little instance of similar indifference in another art which came to my notice while preparing these remarks. A very eminent commercial firm gave my friend, Sir John Millais, a large sum for a beautiful picture, with the full-size facsimile of which we are familiar—the lad blowing soap-bubbles. The bubble is in the air over the boy's head, and the picture tells its tale to every one. But a second facsimile has been posted, and in order that the

name of the firm may be made more prominent, the bubble has been covered over and the whole point of the painting is lost.

But besides the indifference I speak of, there is no doubt that music has had to suffer much from the lofty contempt with which she and her votaries have been treated by those who professed to have a claim to distinction in other walks. True, since the days of that piggish nobleman, Lord Chesterfield, things have greatly changed. Eton, Harrow, Rugby—all the great schools—have now their masters for music on the same footing as other instructors. Go into the officers' quarters in barracks, and you find pianofortes, violins, and violoncellos ; and lying about there will be *good* music. Amateur societies flourish, which bring rich and poor together. H.R.H., the Duke of Edinburgh told me that he had a complete string quartette amongst the officers on board his ship—all these things point to a great reaction in the feelings of the professional classes towards music.

But much of the old leaven remains, and one of its most objectionable developments is a curious affectation of ignorance on the part of many

men of position in the political and scientific world—as if music were too trivial a matter for their lofty intellects to take notice of. At any great meeting of the subject of music, archbishops, judges, politicians, financiers—each one who rises to speak will deprecate any knowledge of music with a snug satisfaction, like a man disowning poor relations.

I am not here to explain why music should be cultivated, nor to apologise to superior-minded persons for its existence, nor to speak humbly and with bated breath of its merits ; but I claim for it boldly and proudly its place amongst the great things and the great influences in the world ; and I can but express pity for those who are ignorant and stupid enough to deny its importance in the world and history, and to look upon it as a mere family pastime, fit only for women and children.

Darwin, in his “Descent of Man,” says:—
“Neither the enjoyment nor the capacity of producing musical notes are faculties of the least direct use to man in reference to his ordinary habits of life.” Physiologically he is probably correct, but as soon as merely rudimentary

actions are left, as soon as existence becomes life, his statement is completely false. Indeed, music is, as the same philosopher elsewhere says, bound up in daily life, and a necessity of existence.

Of its usefulness in daily life there can be no question. What would religious services be without organs and singing? What would armies be without bands? If music were a mere luxury, would people spend so much time and money on it? It is not to obtain mere ear-enjoyment—it is because it is a *necessity* to satisfy certain requirements of the mind. It enters into the chemistry of the mind as salt does into the chemistry of the body. Here and there you meet with a person who says, "I never eat salt—I do not require it." Well, you are sorry for him; there is evidently something wrong in his physical constitution. So when any one assumes a tone of lofty superiority, and boasts that he knows nothing about music, and pretends not to be able to distinguish one tune from another, you may either accept his statement with a considerable amount of reserve, or conclude that there is something wrong in his physical or

mental faculties, and recommend him to consult an artist.

Now bear with me a few moments while I briefly consider three points about music—its usefulness, its necessity for the mind, and its overpowering influence in the world. It is singular from how very early a date music took a great position. In the account of the origin of mankind as given us in the book of Genesis, we find society divided into three great divisions, (1) Agriculturists, "those that dwell in tents and have cattle"; (2) Manufacturers, "artificers in brass and iron"; (3) Musicians, "such as handle the harp and pipe," *i.e.*, strings and wind. Music is put on a level with such essential pursuits as agriculture and manufactures. And this equal share in the economy of the world music has maintained; but belonging, as it does, to the inmost part of man's nature, its presence is often overlooked, and we are as unconscious of it as we are of the air we breathe, the speech we utter, the natural motion of our muscles, or the beating of our hearts. It is co-extensive with human life. From the soft lullaby of the mother that soothes our cradle-life to the dirge that is sung

over the grave, music enters into our existence. It marks periods and epochs of our life, stimulates our exertions, strengthens our faith, speaks both words of peace and of war, and exercises over us a charm and indefinite power which we can all feel, though we cannot explain. I repeat, it is a necessity to the mind, as salt is to the body.

And now, to bring the question of its *use* forcibly forward to our British understandings, what would commerce be without the music trades, without that multitude of industries, those millions of workers who are necessary for the production of organs, pianofortes, and every kind of wind, string and percussion instruments; for the engraving, type-setting, and printing of music; for the manufacture of the millions of reams of paper used in music-printing and copying?

I will take one item, comparatively a small one, but one which for Birmingham has a peculiar interest. Have you ever thought of the amount of steel wire used in the manufacture of pianofortes? It is impossible to get the actual statistics of the pianoforte trade of the world,

but I have been to some pains to inquire, and have formed a fairly approximate estimate. Taking the products of the principal manufacturing countries, England, France, Germany, America, and smaller states, I find that the total of pianofortes manufactured every year is about 175,000, and that the average amount of wire used in each pianoforte is about 570 feet; your own quick calculation will tell you that this represents in length 18,892 miles of steel wire! If it were in one continuous piece it would reach from here to Japan and back again, and then you would have enough left over to run up with to Scotland and back.

When we come to the question of the influence of music, we arrive at its most important function—the era of its greatest power. Who shall measure the boundless influence of music on human feeling? Who shall gainsay the mighty power it exercises over human passions? or deny the dynamical force which it has exerted in history? In the ancient world it is constantly found associated with eventful episodes. The earliest records of the Bible contain more than one such combination. To the incident in the life of Lamech,

the antediluvian hero—an incident embodied in what are perhaps the earliest lines of poetry in the world—I shall only refer ; but I would remind you that in the East verse and music are more constantly associated than they are with us, and that Lamech's poetry probably had its own melody. Jubal, the inventor of string and wind instruments, and the father of all the musicians who have succeeded him, has (as I have already pointed out) his existence announced in exactly the same terms as the discoverers of agriculture and of engineering. The greatest of the great wells which supplied the Israelites during their wandering in the wilderness is expressly stated to have been dug to the sound of a solemn national music, of the extent of which we can form little idea from the concise terms of the ancient narrative; but from the mention of the fact that, at the special command of Jehovah, the great Lawgiver himself, the leaders of the people and the whole congregation took part in the singing, there can be little doubt that it was a most imposing and impressive musical ceremonial. We have the words, the very words themselves:—

" Spring up, O well, sing ye unto it ;
The well which the princes digged,
Which the nobles of the people delved
With the sceptre and their staves."

Would that the music had also been preserved !

In Greece we find that the first definite political revolution in Athens—the murder of Hipparchus the tyrant, and the establishment of free government, as early as 514 B. C.—was consecrated and probably accompanied by a song which is still preserved, the song of Harmodius and Aristogeiton. This song was for generations a rallying cry to the Greek Jacobins.

In more modern times music fully maintained its political influence. The Reformation in Germany was powerfully advanced by Luther's famous hymn, "Ein feste Burg," and by his other chorales, which are well known to have precipitated the conversion of whole towns to the reformed faith, and which during the late Franco-German war were lively symbols of heroic rejoicing, and watchwords of the national faith. During the same war the national song of the "Wacht am Rhein" had a popularity and an influence which it is difficult for us to understand, seeing how weak the tune is, but which is perpetuated in the immense

national monument near Bingen on the Rhine, erected in the year 1883. I need hardly do more than refer to the French warlike songs of "Malbrouk," the "Ça ira," and the "Marseillaise," which played so large a part in the French Revolution of 1790, or to "Dunois the young and brave," and the "Chant du Départ," which fanned the flames on both sides in the later revolutions.

Nor have we Britons been without our musical influences. The enormous power exercised by the Welsh bards of old caused their extirpation. Readers of Carlyle's "History of Cromwell" will recollect his account of the Battle of Dunbar, and the emotion which forced that silent and undemonstrative man into urging his soldiers forward by shouting and making them shout the 117th Psalm to the version still used in the Church of Scotland, and to a still existing tune. On the other side "The King shall enjoy his own again" and "Bonnie Prince Charlie" were of great political importance in inspiring and encouraging the Royalist party. And need I, in an assemblage of Britons, do more than allude to the tune of mighty force which binds us all together

over the whole wide world, "God Save the Queen!"

Dibdin's songs, simple and melodious, without doubt, have taught our sailors lessons of patriotism and self-denial, and "Auld Lang Syne" has brought about kindness, goodwill, and the extinction of many a long estrangement between friends.

Well, this is all sentiment, many may be disposed to say. Yes, but he who refuses to accept the force of sentiment on human nature is a blind fool. Many a statesman has found, and will still find this to his cost.

That the force of sentiment *has* been recognised we know from the fact that certain music has been prohibited by reason of its influence. In Poland, no man, woman, nor child was allowed by the Russians to sing any of their own national songs. They raised feelings dangerous to the conquerors. Certain tunes are even now forbidden to be played by the bands of the Highland regiments when they are quartered in foreign parts far from home. The effect on many of the men is actually physical; they fall ill of the intense longing for home which the music excites.

And the same thing happens to the Swiss peasant when he is removed from his mountains and valleys; the loved strains of the "Ranz des Vaches" produce positive suffering—an actual home-sickness.

I have myself witnessed the extraordinary effect of their rhythmical music on the Arabs in Egypt, more especially at the great ceremony of the departure of the Sacred Carpet for Mecca. In one tent there were nearly a hundred dervishes swaying their bodies in all kinds of movements and contortions, and singing the same monotonous measure over and over again, until they got maddened, and fell down, some senseless, some in furious fits when they were really dangerous.

And is not our own British soldier moved at the tunes of "The British Grenadier" and "I'm ninety-five," which thrill his whole being and make him feel that he is still equal to five foreigners!

Now, if this influence is so great, ought it not to be recognised and controlled by proper education?—education, not for performance—but for *appreciation and understanding*. The School Board is doing something, but it could do a great

deal more. £160,000 a year is apportioned by Parliament to music, but it is not spent directly on teaching—it is brought in as an allowance for attendance, with what result I do not quite know. I ought to have referred to my friend, Sir John Stainer, who is the able Government Inspector of Schools. But great things might be done with so splendid a sum devoted to instruction.

The love of music by children is remarkable—see what pleasure they derive from their school songs and hymns. And their love of music does not cease with their school-days; the girls carry it with them into the factories, and the lads become a principal element in the numerous brass bands, which have lately so much increased in the midland and northern counties. There is a sort of continuity in the musical life of our country which should be fostered and encouraged. The early home, the village school, the church choir, the choral society, or the brass band, and, in special cases, systematic study at one of our great music schools. The municipalities ought to take up this work and systematise it by the establishment of some kind of secondary schools. Ireland possesses a special Act sanctioning the teaching

of music in municipal schools with aid from the rates in support; but we are not yet so fortunate in England. Our legislation not only does not encourage music, but it exhibits a curiously Philistine attitude towards it; I speak of the classing of music and drinking licences together, under the same authority. I suppose there is some subtle reason for it, but I fail to understand why it is that in the midst of all that is low and degrading, the one humanising element which might lift poor besotted creatures, if only for a few moments, out of the depth of their wretched and sordid condition, should require the special sanction of a board of magistrates. They may drink as much as they like, but let any one of them sing a song, or play a tune on the cornet or violin, and down comes the law upon them.

I wonder if this anomaly arises from the lofty contempt in which so many of our so-called politicians have held music in their *unsalted* minds. With them it was an occupation for the "lower classes," the fit companion to drinking or tight-rope dancing. Of course it is the *place* that is licensed—not the art;—that I know. But neither a picture gallery nor a bookseller's shop requires

a licence ; and yet a great deal more harm can be done to public morals by books and pictures than by music.

And herein lies one of the divine attributes of music, in that it is absolutely free from the power of suggesting anything immoral. Its countless moods and richly varied forms suit it to every organisation, and it can convey every meaning except one—an impure one. Music can suggest no improper thought, and herein may be claimed a superiority over painting and sculpture, both of which may, and indeed do at times depict and suggest impurity. This blemish, however, does not enter into music ; sounds alone (apart from articulate words, spectacle, or descriptive programme) must, from their indefinite nature, be innocent. Let us thank God that we have one elevating and ennobling influence in the world which can never, never lose its purity and beauty.

And now I have come to the end of telling you the thoughts that entered my mind whilst considering my address to you. They have been somewhat rambling perhaps, and there has been no intention to point any particular moral. I

have endeavoured to show you how England was at one time in the foremost place amongst musical nations, and I would now only urge you to use all your efforts to restore her to that proud position. The means lie in education. We must be educated to appreciate, and appreciation must come before production. 'Give us intelligent and educated listeners, and we shall produce composers and performers of corresponding worth. Much is now being done in England for the higher education of musicians. At the Royal Collège of Music, my old and valued friend, Sir George Grove, is doing work of incalculable value, guiding and directing with unerring judgment his splendid staff of professors, and imbuing every one with his own enthusiasm. Nor must we forget the services the Royal Academy of Music has rendered to musical education, and that under the spirited guidance of that gifted musician, Dr. Mackenzie, it is daily increasing its sphere of usefulness. Many other kindred institutions are fighting earnestly and unflaggingly the battle of our art, and to-night we have witnessed the result of that sturdy energy which Birmingham possesses in such a high de-

gree in the prosperity of the Midland Institute, where I am proud to see that musical education plays such a prominent part. I read on the list of teachers the names of men well known to me—their names are a guarantee that the instruction is sound. But there is one particular branch for which no professor is appointed, and with good reason, for I am sure that every teacher on the staff includes it in his instruction—namely, the art of listening. We want good listeners, rather than indifferent performers ; and with this little moral axiom, and with my warm thanks for the great compliment you have paid me in being yourselves such kind and attentive listeners, I will conclude.

SULLIVAN AS A COMPOSER

BY B. W. FINDON

TO anticipate posterity is a hazardous undertaking, and a most invidious task is it even to endeavour rightly to place a man in artistic rank among his contemporaries, for, however impartial the critic, the sympathetic leaning of his nature, due to association, personal predisposition, or zealous appreciation of what he considers pleasing and beautiful must inevitably sway his judgment. If, therefore, there appears in this short critical review of Sir Arthur Sullivan's life-work an admiration which others less sympathetically inclined may deem excessive, the writer makes no apology, begs no pardon, and is content to take his stand on opinions that have been carefully formed, that are the outcome of an intimate acquaintance with the works under notice, and that are put forward with an honesty of intention born of sincere conviction.

Since the days of Purcell, England has, hap-

pily, produced many estimable musicians, but not one who is more closely allied in spirit to that first and foremost of all native composers than Sir Arthur Sullivan. During the present century we have known the facile, fecund genius of Michael William Balfe, and the finished style of William Sterndale Bennett; but in each of these there was a quality lacking, and this minimised the value of their compositions as a whole, and forbade them that unique place in the Temple of Art which otherwise might have been theirs. But in Arthur Sullivan the chief characteristics of these two men are united with the happiest results; with the one he shares that marvellous flow of spontaneous melody, and with the other that mastery of refined and carefully chosen expression which gives such charm to his various compositions. True it is that Sullivan studied under Bennett at the Royal Academy, and from him he may have learned the more subtle graces which go so far to enhance the solid attractiveness of his music to those qualified to appreciate it from an intellectual aspect. The balance of form, the peculiar nicety of musical phraseology have ever been noticeable in all that Sullivan has

accomplished. Let the hardened and, if need be, the antagonistic critic search his works through, and he will not be able to put his hand on a slovenly phrase or a progression that is not scholastically correct and perfectly designed to illustrate the meaning intended. The thought at times may be commonplace, but its decoration gives it sterling worth ; in literature the placing of words is next in importance to the idea they are called upon to set forth, and the same remark applies to music. This faculty, however, can seldom be acquired in all its fullness ; it must be born in the man, and is as much a part and parcel of his nature as his own soul. The true poet is he who can penetrate the mysteries of nature, and by his power of expression act as an interpreter to his less divinely endowed fellow-men ; the true composer is he who can put in tangible form the music of our souls, the tunes of our imagination. This is he who gives us the songs that go direct to a nation's heart, the melodies that become associated with the innermost history of our lives. He may not be for all ages, he may only be of contemporary worth, but he has some share of the divine quality, and is a

true child of the Muse. It is within this hallowed circle that we rank Arthur Sullivan. He has earned his position by deeds which have won for him the regard and the love of the whole English-speaking race. His melodies have winged their way to the furthest corners of the earth, and found a welcome resting-place in the affections of those to whom the old country is a shrine that not all the exotic luxuriance of southern lands, or the stern beauties of more northern latitudes can efface from their recollections ; his songs are known to the hardy pioneers of civilisation who make their adventurous way through trackless forests, and to the industrious settlers who are as laborious and determined in their living as those pilgrims of the *Mayflower* who laid the foundations of that great empire which, once an integral part of our own, is now again allied to us in the strong bonds of mutual good faith and love. Here, then, is contemporary fame almost or absolutely unparalleled in musical history, and can we believe that a talent so universally acknowledged will go unappreciated by succeeding generations? It seems impossible, and yet prophecy is a dangerous and

barren form of amusement, and one that it is no imperative duty of ours to indulge in.

Much of Sullivan's popularity is due to the beautiful spontaneity of his work ; his language is simple, clear, and direct, as all great language should be, and therefore it is understood of the people. Though nurtured in the academies, the force of his own individuality, of his genius, has kept him free from the pedantic narrowness of professorial writing, while at the same time he has found within the accepted limitation of legitimate rules ample scope for the expression of his fertile imagination. Unlike the extreme modern school of to-day he has not deemed it necessary to descend to the barbarous practices of those composers, who, having no inspired utterance of their own, so twist and distort the phraseology of music that their work not infrequently more nearly resembles the uncouth cries of wild animals in pain than the coherent speech of cultivated humanity. Not a little, however, of this singular directness and gracefulness of expression is owing to the early bent of his studies while a chorister at the Chapel Royal, for there Arthur Sullivan had the opportunity of becoming intimately

acquainted with the compositions of the great church writers of the seventeenth century ; and with his quick gift of perception, his ready power of assimilation, it is not surprising that he obtained a complete mastery of their lucid style and a ripe familiarity with the canon, fugue, and imitation which form so important a part in their, compositions.

But now let us glance at the other side of the shield. Let us put ourselves in the position of those who think that Sullivan might with his great gifts have accomplished work which would have placed him by the side of his greatest compeers. Their attitude is not altogether unreasonable. No young composer ever made a more brilliant *debut* than did he at the Crystal Palace when his "Tempest" music was performed, and at that time he was only in his nineteenth year. In spite, however, of his juvenility his composition was mature in thought and form ; it was the accomplishment of a perfectly equipped musician. There was nothing in it which suggested that the composer owed his success to a lucky stroke of inspiration, or that he would not in the future be able to write something equally good,

or better. His symphony in E flat which was given a hearing at the same place five years later was even more indicative of exceptional talent, and the surmise that did he choose to confine himself to the more laborious branch of his art he would become, at least, the English Mendelssohn, was perfectly justifiable. Fortune, however, smiled on the young composer. To escape the drudgery of teaching he indulged in the more agreeable occupation of song writing, and he at once touched the sympathies of the public with his delightful essays in this direction. Society took him to its bosom, Royalty extended to him a flattering hand ; he was not called upon to tread the rugged path which so many of the world's great men are and have ever been compelled to pace, and the sunny nature of his disposition found itself perfectly at home in the environment which spread itself about him. With few exceptions the masterpieces of the world have been the outcome of an intense nervous apprehension of its ills, if not of actual participation in them. Apart, however, from the troubles that inevitably attend men both old and young in the course of their earthly pilgrimage,

there was nothing in the earlier life of Sullivan calculated to stir the deeper emotions within him. The death of his father first touched his affectionate nature to the quick, and that resulted in the production of that beautiful example of the emotional in music, the "In Memoriam" overture. Here was the tangible outcome of his gift of introspection ; here was evidence of the latent capacity ; why was it not developed ? But man can only control his destiny to a certain extent ; the strongest of us are but toy boats on the waters of life, subject to its swiftly running currents, and to varying breezes. And what he might have accomplished in abstract art had he followed its course it is difficult to say. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, roughhew them how we will," and it became Arthur Sullivan's end to minister to the happiness of the greatest number, to elevate and ennoble a lighter form of art, instead of gratifying the exacting desires of the comparative few ; and much as may have been lost in the process, there can be no doubt that the world at large has gained. The pen that produced "Cox and Box" was predestined to write "The Mikado," and the fortuitous association

with Mr. W. S. Gilbert in "Trial by Jury" had its natural outcome in the series of comic operas that began with the "Sorcerer" at the Opera Comique in 1877. It was just as much Sullivan's mission to write such music as it was Brahms' to put forth sonatas and symphonies, and to censure him for not entering into rivalry with the few great composers of abstract music of his generation is as fatuous as to blame Burns for not having essayed the epic form of Milton. But in Sullivan's case it was an easier matter for him to write a symphony, as he showed, that should command the respectful attention of critical and exacting minds than it would have been for the two or three men who have composed successful symphonies during the past thirty years to have accomplished a comic opera of the excellence of "The Yeoman of the Guard." Not Brahms himself could have brought more perfect knowledge and skill to bear on the orchestration, while as for the ability to succeed in suiting the music to the words there is no man of his time so happily gifted.

It is the consummate mastery of his art as a whole that has enabled Sullivan to achieve

success in his lighter music. The general public have realised the beauty of his work, they know that his music differs from all other music they have heard in the theatre, and there is a something in connection with it of which they are conscious, which they cannot explain, but which gives them a full and unique measure of sensuous enjoyment. The people have their faults, they make mistakes in plenty, but their judgment is right in the long run. They venture on no subtle distinctions, no analysis of the cause of their pleasurable emotions; they are content with their knowledge of the fact, even as they are content to gaze on a lovely sunset without bothering their heads as to the forces of nature which produce it. But there are others who do know and appreciate the marvellous merit of this light music of his, and others, again, who affect towards it a patronising air and pityingly express their regret that Sullivan should waste his time on such ephemeral work; they have even been known to describe these unique masterpieces of their kind as "pot-boilers," and in other ways to give evidence of their superior intellectual equipment, their admiration for only

that which is severe and lofty in art, and in some cases they have even boasted of their entire ignorance of the works in question. Such people are the curse of the musical world, for their whole existence is based on a *point d'orgue* of cant, and they are all but dead to the healthy sensibilities of rational life. What a pity it is that we have not some Pied Piper who could periodically pipe such people away to the cavernous depths of a specially appointed Koppenberg, where their punishment would be to listen to the eternal playing of neglected masterpieces by unknown composers!

Fortunately, however, Sir Arthur Sullivan's reputation does not depend on his success in either department of music alone. If we except chamber-music—for the few fugitive pieces he has written for the piano can scarcely count—he has worked and achieved distinction in ways as various as Purcell himself, but we confess to a lingering regret that he made no efforts in the direction of the instrumental quartette. With his delicate appreciation of all that is essentially lovely in music, with his consummate mastery of instrumental effects, with the immense capacity

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he has shown for four and five part harmony, his technical skill in counterpoint, we should, in all probability, have been endowed with work that might have occupied an honoured place by the side of similar compositions by Mendelssohn, Schubert and others, who have left behind for the enjoyment of posterity so many delightful examples of one of the purest and most sensitive branches of musical art. To speculate on the might have been is, however, one of the least profitable exercises of the mind, and Sullivan has given mankind so much that is worthy of consideration that we can well afford to overlook his lack of effort in this particular groove. It is only because he has accomplished so much that we desire more and have a greedy propensity for pandering to an ever-increasing appetite.

As it is the present day fashion to detach a composer's life into periods we shall review Sullivan's work from three points of view, which may be classified as the Sacred, the Secular, and the Dramatic. It was in the domain of church art that he first displayed the signs of a creative talent which was afterwards to bear such rich

fruit, and which has to a certain extent coloured all his subsequent endeavours. Even in his operas we find it sprouting forth, sometimes with a peculiarly touching effect and at others with that subtle strain of humour that is ever enchanting without being offensive. No better example of this latter can be found than in the ecclesiastical accompaniment which attends the presence of Friar Tuck through "Ivanhoe," his most ambitious operatic attempt. Here the broad harmonies and cadences of the church are employed with such refined taste, with such dramatic appropriateness, that it is impossible for the most fastidious to take offence. Again, we have the delightful parody of the Handelian style in the martial music given to Arac and the Three Knights in the third act of "Princess Ida." Then, too, the results of his studies of the old English masters are equally obvious in the glees and madrigals which abound in his operas, and nothing more perfect of its kind exists than his humorous parody of the glee of the latter end of the seventeenth century in "A British Tar is a soaring soul," in the first act of "H.M.S. Pinafore." But these are points which may be more

fittingly discussed when we arrive at the dramatic section of his work. Reference is now only made to them in order to illustrate his remarkable aptitude for putting acquired knowledge to practical use. There are many composers who are as theoretically well equipped as Sullivan, but lack this serviceable power, just as there are learned men at our universities whose minds are stored with the philosophy of ages, but lack the inestimable gift of being able to communicate their mental wealth to their fellow-men, and who, for the most part, are walking encyclopædias with two-thirds of their leaves stuck together. With this general reference to Sullivan's work we may now proceed to deal with it more in detail; with this reservation, his achievement will be measured by his more important contributions to musical literature, and no attempt will be made to survey the complete list of his compositions, or to indulge in a technical analysis which would be as mystifying and unprofitable as it would be uninteresting to the general reader, to whom dullness is the one unpardonable crime in an author or reviewer.

SACRED MUSIC

IN his career as a composer Sir Arthur Sullivan has enjoyed two advantages which do not fall to the lot of the many, and both of which have largely influenced his work. In the first place he was cradled to the sound of the military band, and, secondly, he was made to study music from a practical standpoint at an age when most boys are more versed in the gentle arts of hopscotch and leap-frog. His earliest footsteps took him to the practice room of his father's soldier musicians at Sandhurst, and there began his intimate acquaintance with instrumental music, while as a chorister at the Chapel Royal he was initiated into the fine vocal excellences of composers who remain unsurpassed in their contributions to our choral literature. Seldom, indeed, have such unique opportunities been presented to one so eminently favoured, and seldom have they been turned to better advantage. It really seemed that the gods were bent on adding to the

gift of a great natural talent all the accessories of musical art for daily consumption with his bread and butter, that his receptive and intellectual faculties generally should be taught to assimilate musical form and sound with that unconscious certainty which is one of the blessings of precocious childhood. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this association with instrumental music from his infancy, for he then undoubtedly possessed himself of a practical knowledge that stood him in good stead when he was called upon to pursue his theoretical studies, and in later years enabled him to score his works with a readiness and exactitude that largely accounts for the spontaneous quality of his compositions and their apposite instrumentation. Nor could any training have been better adapted to Sullivan's characteristic bent as a second course than that which he received as a chorister at the Chapel Royal. Spread out before him were the masterpieces of Tallis, Byrd, and Gibbons; of Pelham Humphreys, Blow, and the immortal Purcell; of Boyce, Battishill, Attwood, and a score of others who have bequeathed to us music which will co-exist with the English Church, and

perhaps survive it. The sacred motet or anthem and the hymn tune, brought into prominence by Luther, became an integral part of the church service from the early years of Elizabeth, and with these glorious examples before him it was only to be expected that Sullivan would try his prentice hand at imitation. Church music, therefore, forms no inconsiderable feature of his life's work, and, to put aside the youthful exercises in this direction, he is responsible for two services, a score of anthems and miscellaneous pieces, and about fifty hymn tunes, to which must be added his more important festival productions. His anthems are characterised by the best attributes of their kind, and are well-known in all choirs and places where they sing ; while some of his hymn tunes are familiar to well-nigh every cottage home, in fact, his "Onward, Christian Soldiers," might almost be described as the war song of the English Church Militant of the nineteenth century. We may now pass on to Sullivan's more ambitious devotional music.

If Englishmen have not been wholly nurtured on hymns, anthems, chants, and oratorios, there is no doubt that their musical proclivities owe not a

little of their peculiar bent to those forms of composition. To our forefathers, indeed, the music of the parish church was the mainstay of their knowledge of the art, and music and the Bible were so associated in their minds that the way was made easy and clear for the oratorios of Handel and Haydn, Bach and Mendelssohn. The words appealed to their religious instincts, and the music supplied a picturesque colouring which gratified their sensuous cravings; the same causes are at work to-day, and so it is that certain oratorios are still in the zenith of their popularity with middle-class England, and will remain so while we are a church-loving nation. Naturally, therefore, almost every English composer has essayed this form of composition, or its half-brother, the cantata, and it is scarcely necessary to say that Sullivan is numbered among the eager aspirants for honours in this direction. Emerson has said that "The sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant life tones of tenderness, truth, or courage. The oratorio has already lost its relation to the morning, to the sun, and the earth, but that persuading voice is in tune with these." By this

we are to understand that we have lost the freedom of form, the infinite essence of true art, the sweet flowing fountain of invention and beauty. The severe critic would probably say much worse of the oratorio that owes its birth to contemporary endeavour, and it is an undoubted fact that England has not produced a simple composer who has given to the world a work of the enduring quality of the "Elijah," and only one who has produced something on a smaller scale that rivals in popularity and merit Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer."

Sullivan's first oratorio was "The Prodigal Son," which was produced at the Worcester Festival of 1869. In this work he broke new ground and made a very satisfactory attempt to do justice to his own genius and to show that he was capable of sustained effort in a class of composition that tries the strength of a man almost beyond any other form of vocal and instrumental work. The music of "The Prodigal Son" is intensely devotional and the composer makes no attempt to sever himself from the religious aspect of the subject, while the choruses, as might be expected, are admirable exhibitions of sacred

writing. That the work is now only heard at long intervals is no disparagement to its worth as a composition, for although the oratorio-loving public will courteously listen to novelties, perhaps give a grateful ear to them a second time, their standard is the "Messiah" and "Elijah," and unless an oratorio has the captivating power of Handel, or the mellifluous quality of Mendelssohn, it has no chance of being even temporarily enrolled among the people's favourites.

"The Light of the World," a more ambitious and elaborate oratorio was produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1873, where both it and the composer met with a flattering reception. To maintain the peculiar quality of sacred music throughout a long and diffuse text restrains within too narrow a limit a gift which leans so closely to the dramatic as Sullivan's; but again we are constrained to admire the wonderful art of the part-writing and the beauty of the orchestral accompaniments. A fine illustration of his accomplishment in the direction of concerted vocal music is the imposing chorus, "I will pour my spirit," while his more delicate method is well instanced by the grateful children's chorus,

"Hosanna to the Son of David"; and his exquisite handling of four and five part harmony is adequately shown in the unaccompanied quartette and quintet. A somewhat singular feature in connection with this work is that it presents Jesus in the first person, and an inner orchestra is provided especially to accompany the utterances of the Saviour, which throughout are of a particularly solemn character. "The Light of the World" may not take rank with the highest examples of oratorio art, but its undoubted merits entitle it to an honoured and intimate companionship with its more favoured brethren. It is a member of the same family, it has the noble traits of a great inheritance; but it is of the younger branch and once removed from the direct line of succession. Its production gave an additional *cachet* to the composer's fame, and its musicianly qualities will certainly not lessen his reputation in the eyes of the student of the future.

Only a few composers have been successful in producing *pièces d'occasion* that have in them sufficient merit to stand the test of an initial performance, and it would not have been surprising

if Sullivan's Festival "Te Deum" had shared the usual fate of these hasty works of art, more especially when it is borne in mind that it was presented under difficulties which would have handicapped any work whatsoever. To celebrate the recovery of the Prince of Wales, the Crystal Palace Company organised an enormous fête and commissioned Mr. Sullivan to write the hymn of praise which was to be sung in testimony of the people's gratitude for the return to health of the heir to the English throne. The performance of the "Te Deum" took place in that section of the Palace which is utilised for the purpose of the Handel Festival, in the presence of a large audience that it would be a wild stretch of fancy to describe as musical or as in any way capable of appreciating fine musical work. The very circumstances of the day were unpropitious for the presentation of a new and unfamiliar work, for the people had foregathered as to a national fête of which the "Te Deum" was but an incident among many others more alluring to the public mind. The first performance of Berlioz's "Symphonie Funébre" was scarcely given under worse conditions; but the

merits of the "Te Deum" were sufficiently obvious to the appreciative few, and although seldom heard in the metropolis we know of its repeated performance by small choral societies to the simple accompaniment of pianoforte and harmonium. One of the most characteristic features of the work is the ingenious way in which the composer has manipulated the well-known St. Anne's hymn tune; the contrapuntal writing to be found in the "Finale" is quite remarkable, while a striking effect is obtained by the use of a military band for the "Domine Salvam fac Reginam."

We now pass from the strictly sacred work of Sullivan to another phase, which, however, is so closely allied to the sacred that it may well be included under that heading. The sacred or dramatic cantata has the advantage of offering the composer a wide scope for the exercise of his talent and less restriction in the matter of form and style. He is more at liberty to follow the dictates of fancy and to colour his work with the hues of a vivid imagination. That Sullivan should recognise the suitability of the dramatic poem to his particular requirements after the

striking success that had attended his efforts on the stage was only to be expected, and the production of "The Martyr of Antioch" at the Leeds Festival of 1880 fully justified his expectations. The work achieved an instant success and its frequent performance is sufficient testimony to its abiding charm. Last year the Carl Rosa Opera Company had the cantata adapted for stage purposes, and some very effective representations were given in the leading provincial cities. The air "Come, Margarita," has long since become popular with tenors for concert room purposes, and another solo number which is strongly attractive is the contralto air "Io Paeon," with its peculiarly quaint accompaniment. One of the most important numbers is "The Hymn to Apollo," which takes up seventy-two pages of the vocal score and is a fine example of Sullivan's scholarly attainment and original charm.

The next work of its kind was "The Golden Legend," which was produced at the Leeds Festival of 1886 with a success so pronounced, so striking, so unequivocal that its like had not been witnessed for half a century, not since,

indeed, Mendelssohn conducted his "Elijah" at the Birmingham Festival of 1846. To slightly alter a phrase of Balzac's with regard to Victor Hugo, we might remark of "The Golden Legend," "It's a great work; let's say no more about it." For, whatever variety of opinion there may be with regard to Sullivan's other ambitious endeavours, there can be no two opinions with respect to the qualities that make his second, and unfortunately up to the present time, his last cantata popular in every town and district of the United Kingdom. In this work Sullivan reaches his highest level of utterance. Nothing in English modern art surpasses it; nothing equals it; nothing even approaches it in beauty of design, conciseness, symmetry, execution, and achievement. It stands unique among compositions of its class. The master hand grips the attention from the moment the original and thoughtful writing of the prologue falls on the ear and holds it to the last strain of its choral epilogue. The music allotted the respective characters is so distinctly characteristic, so dramatically appropriate, so teeming with suggestiveness, that we do not find in it one superfluous bar, one unneeded

note. How beautifully tender are the numbers in which Elsa is engaged; how abundantly clever the orchestration that accompanies Lucifer; how quaint the mixture of monkish chant with Satanic malignity, how almost cloyingly sweet the unaccompanied hymn "O Gladsome Light"! In short, the marvellous completeness of the cantata justifies the enthusiasm with which it has been received, and however much of Sullivan's work may find its way into the Wallet of Oblivion we may surely assume that "The Golden Legend" will live as a worthy memorial of musical art during the Victorian era and as a lasting tribute to the genius of its most popular composer.

SECULAR AND DRAMATIC MUSIC

NO review of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music would be complete without some few special comments on the songs which did so much so make his name popular with the English public three decades ago. We have always been a ballad-loving nation, and the list of composers who have left behind them worthy examples of the art of song writing is extremely lengthy and varied. But in the middle part of the present century the old virility and charm of song-making had seemingly vanished, and at a time when we were beginning to be inundated with the mawkish sentimentality of the drawing-room ballad, Sullivan appeared on the scene, and by his art and engaging qualities did not a little to bring back the taste of the public to something more nearly akin to that which prevailed in the early part of the century, when Henry Bishop was chief among a very able number of composers, who were largely influenced

by Purcell and his immediate successors. To the melodious beauty of the old English ballad, Sullivan added the finish and refinement of modern workmanship, and most satisfactory to the musical mind are his Shakesperean songs, his setting of the Tennyson series—"The Window; or, The Loves of the Wren," and "O, fair dove." But it is an invidious task to mention merely a few out of a collection that numbers close on one hundred and with such melodies ringing in the mind as "Once Again," "Let me dream again," "Looking Back," "O, ma charmante," "The Distant Shore," to say nothing of "The Lost Chord," of which more than a quarter of a million copies have been sold, and which still charms and captivates English-speaking audiences the whole world over. In his songs there is the same careful attention to musicianly details, the same apt fancy for arriving at appropriateness of thought and expression, which characterises his more elaborate and ambitious work; and although he does not always succeed in maintaining the same high level of achievement, there is not one among them to which, great as his reputation now is, he need be ashamed of

seeing his name attached. In his part songs he was equally conscientious and equally successful, and there is scarcely an amateur vocalist who is not acquainted with "O, hush thee, my babie."

And now it becomes our duty to consider the works which, when all is said and done, stand for a memorial of Sullivan's accomplishment in abstract art, and as indicative of what he might have achieved had he taken a wholly ideal view of his mission in life, and pursued it with unhesitating firmness and persistency. Even those of us who are his warmest admirers, who recognise the great service he has accomplished in doing what he has done for comic opera, who still delight lovingly to pursue our way through the vocal scores of "Pinafore," "Patience," and the others of that wonderful series, occasionally dwell pensively and sometimes sadly on the little he has given us of that higher beauty which one might almost say transcends art, and approximates the grander products of nature. And yet who could wish "The Gondoliers" unwritten? Pondering over Sullivan's career is like sitting on two stools, and the ulti-

mate choice of either would leave us frankly dissatisfied. We would not be without our Savoy reminiscences, and yet we would have him classically allied with Beethoven and Bach and sharing their domain ; in short, to take an illustration from nature herself, we would that we could liken him to those mountains of the Cordilleras which, having their base in a torrid zone and their peaks in the snowy clouds, pass through the varying temperatures of the spheres, their sides bedecked with the herbaceous growths of every latitude. But, perhaps, in our enthusiasm and admiration for his talent we over-estimate his limitations; perhaps he himself has gauged them more accurately and from a more modest standpoint. In choosing as he did, whether actuated by art or profit, it matters not which, he has attained as near perfection as possible, and better is it for man to do something superlatively, irreproachably well than something which his fellows can equal, and which his predecessors have surpassed. Let us, therefore, descend from the misty heights of speculation, and come direct to the more material subject of actual accomplishment.

The production of his "Tempest" music at the Crystal Palace in 1862 was rightly hailed at the time as a significant epoch in the history of English musical art. It was the work of a boy of eighteen, and yet to the astutest critic there were no signs of inexperience, crudity, or ill-digested thought. Chronicling the production, H. C. Chorley, the eminent critic, remarked "that there has been no such first appearance in England in our time," and we can well understand by the light of performances in our own day the effect the composition must have had on an audience as visibly impressed by the youthfulness of the composer as by the remarkable quality of his work. That the "Tempest" music strongly reflects the influence of Mendelssohn detracts in no way from its captivating merit. Mendelssohn at the time Arthur Sullivan was a student at Leipzig was almost as paramount as Wagner is at present, and his winning personality added not a little to the dominion he held over the musical students of the middle part of the century. But the listener of to-day can easily discern in the work the characteristics that have marked Sullivan's music throughout his whole career, and which

belong to himself and to none other. If we simply take as an example the shipwreck music of the third act, we have the familiar charm of his orchestration, the quaint fancy and conceit of a mind devoid of vulgarity; or again, in the admirable prelude to act five, we have that poetical and mysterious sweetness which has ever been a noticeable feature of Sullivan's sedater moments. His incidental contributions to the Shakespearean literature include the delightful music to the masque in the "Merchant of Venice," a work that was performed at the recent Leeds Festival, and wholly fascinated an audience which was astonished at the freshness, the charm, and the modernity of the composition. The "Henry VIII." music, equally delightful, maintains its position in the concert programme; while the overture to the "Macbeth" music, composed for the Lyceum in 1888, is a remarkably majestic and impressive piece of writing. Mention must also be made of the "Marmion" overture, and the graceful and melodious "Overture di Ballo," which, composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1870, remains one of his most popular works. Allusion has previously been made to

the "In Memoriam" overture and the source of its inspiration, and a brief return need only be made to it for the purpose of drawing special attention to the pathetic beauty of the work as a whole ; its combination of pious hope and poignant grief, and its wonderfully impressive finale, wherein the organ joins the instrumental family with all the grandeur of its breadth and power. There are some few weak moments in the second movement, but he must be a stony-hearted cynic indeed who can listen to its performance unmoved, or fail to realise in its religious spirit the active current of man's best emotional instincts.

The year of the "In Memoriam," 1886, also saw the production of the Symphony in E minor, which has been erroneously termed the "Irish" Symphony. This is the most ambitious effort Sullivan has made in the pure regions of abstract art, and its recent performances at the Crystal Palace enabled not a few to appreciate at a much higher value his remarkable talent. The work was composed when Sullivan was but twenty-two years of age, and its æsthetic bearing seems to have been induced by a visit to Ireland, for

although the Hibernian title is denied it, yet there is sufficient internal evidence to show that it contains the evidence of Irish character, not, it might be said, a difficult thing for Sullivan to accomplish, seeing he was but speaking the language of his race. In its various movements there is to be found the plaintive chord of sadness, the irrepressible and ebullient humour, the strange contradiction of melancholy and mirth, the close association of laughter and tears, which are typically characteristic of the Celt, and only a composer of keen dramatic instinct could have invested his theme with such psychological truthfulness. Sullivan, in this symphony, writes with the authority of a master, the form and symmetry of classic design must have been his by natural inspiration, as we have here a complete work of its kind, full of intellectuality, and lacking in no indication of creative greatness. Music is not made by Rule of Three, but produced, as Socrates said of the poet's achievement, "under the influence of enthusiasm, like prophets and seers." Alas! it is the only symphony the composer has given us, and it is too late in the day to expect that he will make good the deficiency.

Sullivan's dramatic music is so well known, and its fine qualities are so generally admitted, that it almost becomes a work of supererogation to deal with it from a critical point of view, and the purposes of this review will be served by lightly touching on a few of its salient features, for to dwell on the detailed charm of all that excites our admiration in his brilliant series of comic operas would be to begin with *Bouncer's* song in "*Cox and Box*," and end with the final chorus in "*The Beauty Stone*." The one fact, however, which may be driven home in the minds of the unthinking is their superiority to any works of the kind that any composer of native birth has produced, and we might go further and include alien musicians. What Boieldieu did for opera comique in France at the beginning of the century Sullivan has done for comic opera in England at its end. It used to be the fashion to dub him "the English Offenbach," a compliment to the Frenchman certainly, but except in one particular the two are as distinct in quality as the Parisian diamond and the genuine crystal of nature. Given a favourable light the one sparkles with almost the brilliancy of the other, but a fairly

competent judge is quickly able to distinguish the meretricious from the true, the artistically beautiful from the merely alluring. Offenbach has the same free fancy for inventing melody, but his talent has its affinity in the *café chantant*, while Sullivan's is instinct with the charm of an eminently refined nature ; added to which he has that technical mastery of his craft which Offenbach never possessed. Seldom, indeed, has poet, painter, or musician ever succeeded more completely in achieving the art of concealing art. The instrumental scores of his comic operas are as complete and as perfect in their way as the masterpieces of Beethoven and Brahms ; they abound with every indication of ripe scholarship, with a wealth of the most delicious melody, and they have the rare quality of a humour so genuinely racy, so opposed to the vulgarisms which had hitherto been allowed to pass muster, that Sullivan may almost be credited with the distinction of inventing a new and delightful phase of art.

It was our original intention to have touched briefly on the leading features of each opera, but on reflection that course appears unnecessary.

The words of approval suited to the one are equally adapted to each of the others. The rich vein of ore that was discovered in "Cox and Box" runs through the remainder of the series, for in the little operetta he wrote in collaboration with Mr. F. C. Burnand he sprang, after the manner of *Minerva*, full-grown and fully armed into the world of comic opera. "Cox and Box" is as complete in its way as "The Mikado," and the essential characteristics of the one are the essential characteristics of the other. "H.M.S. Pinafore" was the work which unquestionably first gave Sullivan and Gilbert their world-wide reputation, and "The Yeoman of the Guard" we hold to take the highest rank as a work of art, although from a musical point of view "Ruddigore," the least successful of the series, runs it very close. Special attention may be directed to the wonderful orchestration of the "dream" song in "Iolanthe," and this done we may cease to explore and explain the obvious. In "Haddon Hall" a more pretentious stand was taken, and again in "The Beauty Stone," and each work bears the unmistakable stamp of Sullivan, although they are not distinguished by any

new features which call for special notice. In "Ivanhoe," however, Sullivan undoubtedly essayed a distinctly higher form of art, and his music is characterised by a much more ambitious fancy ; but like so many of his predecessors he was handicapped by the nature of the libretto, and this has told against the permanent success of the work. Its orchestration is extremely able and appropriate, the vocal part-writing, although somewhat simple in texture, is very charming, and from a lyrical point of view the work is wholly delightful. The Templar's love song in C flat in the third scene of act two is the best example of passionate writing that Sullivan has accomplished, and the duet which follows it is so strikingly beautiful and powerful that it would scarcely be exceeding the bounds of discretion to describe it as the finest to be found in the whole range of English opera.

Enough has now been said of Sullivan's work for contemporary purposes; what the judgment of posterity will be we have no manner of knowing. In years to come it may be thought that the diadem which might have adorned the fair brow of our English Muse has not received its

adequate equivalent in the golden treasure that has been given to the world for the past three decades. But this much may be said in reply. Sullivan's comic opera music has made the world healthier and happier; it has given exquisite pleasure to myriads of his race; it has cheered the family circle and lightened the burden of many a wearisome day. And, this acknowledged, can it be said that he has misused his great gift, that he has not fulfilled his artistic mission; that he has failed to put to good purpose his "five talents"? The academical and the pedantic may regret that he did not confine himself more devotedly to the path of abstract art; but how many more have rejoiced at the rapturous notes, the blissful melody, the gush of harmonious sound that have been borne on the bosom of enchanted winds to the four corners of the earth!

APPENDIX

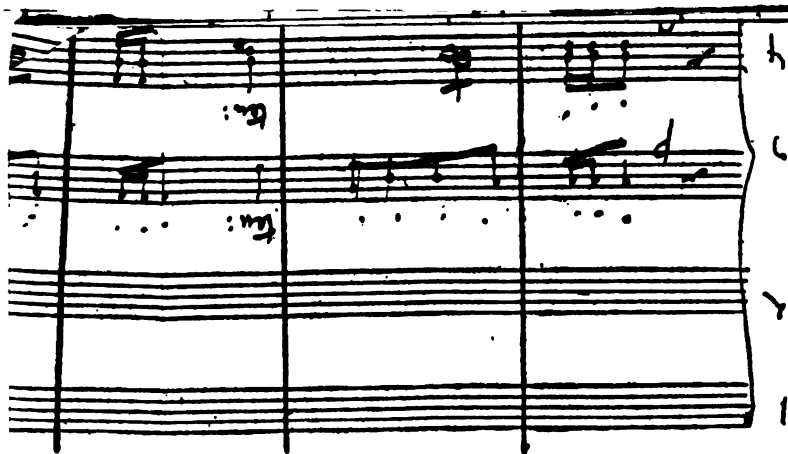
**COMPRISING A COMPLETE LIST OF
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S
WORK**



COMPILED BY WILFRID BENDALL

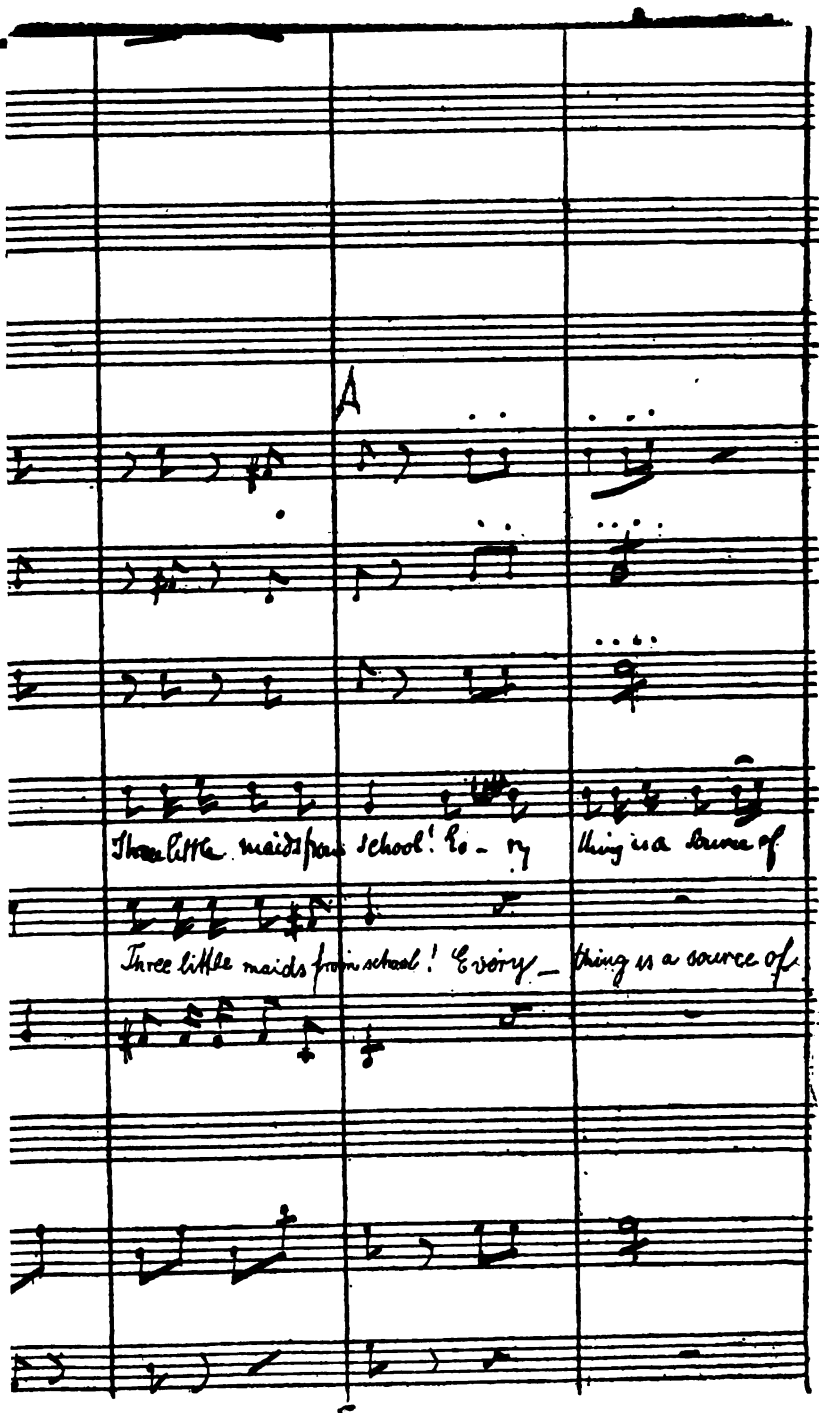
OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC WORKS.

Title.	Description.	Librettist.	Place of Production.	Date.	Publisher.	Form.
The Tempest.	Incidental music.	—	Crystal Palace.	1862	Cramer, afterwards Novello.	Vocal score (piano duet accomp.) Full score.
L'Île Enchantée. The Contrabandista.	Ballet. Comic opera.	— F. C. Burnand.	Covent Garden. St. George's Hall.	1864 1867	MS. Boosey.	Vocal score and piano solo. Vocal score.
Cox and Box.	Comic operetta.	—	Adelphi.	1867	"	
Thespia. Merchant of Venice.	Comic opera. Incidental music.	W. S. Gilbert. —	Gaiety. Prince's, Manchester.	1871 1873	MS. Cramer, afterwards Bosworth.	Piano duet, full score, and piano solo.
Merry Wives of Windsor. Trial by Jury.	"	—	Gaiety.	1898 1874	MS.	Vocal score.
The Zoo.	Dramatic cantata.	W. S. Gilbert.	Royalty.	1875	Chappell.	
The Sorcerer.	Comic opera.	B. C. Stephenson.	St. James's.	1875	MS.	
H. M. S. Pinafore, Amor an Bord, German Version. Henry VII.	" " Incidental music.	W. S. Gilbert. —	Opera Comique. " Theatre Royal, Manchester.	1877 1878 1878	Metzler. " Litolf. Metzler.	Vocal score and piano solo. " Vocal score and full score. Full score and piano score.



THE
COLL
1910

Handwritten musical score on six staves. The notation is organized into three measures across the staves. The first measure contains notes on the top staff and rests on the others. The second measure contains notes on the top staff and rests on the others. The third measure contains notes on the top staff and rests on the others. The notation is in a single system with three measures. The bottom staff has a measure number '16' and a page number '162' written below it.



The Pirates of Penzance.	Comic opera.	W. S. Gilbert.	Opera Comique.	1880	Chappell.	Vocal score and piano solo.
Patience.	"	"	"	1881	"	"
Iolanthe.	"	"	Savoy.	1882	"	"
Princess Ida.	"	"	"	1884	"	"
The Mikado.	"	"	"	1885	"	"
Ruddigore.	"	"	"	1898	Bosworth.	Full score.
The Yeoman of the Guard.	"	"	"	1887	Chappell.	Vocal score and piano solo.
The Gondoliers. Ivanhoe.	"	"	"	1888	"	"
The Foresters.	"	"	"	1889	"	"
Haddon Hall.	Grand opera.	J. Sturgis.	English Opera House.	1891	"	"
Utopia.	Incidental music.	—	Daly's, N. Y.	1892	"	Vocal score.
The Chieftain (enlarged version of the Contra- bandista).	Comic opera.	S. Grundy.	Savoy.	1892	"	Vocal score and piano solo.
King Arthur.	"	W. S. Gilbert.	"	1893	"	"
The Grand Duke. Victoria.	"	F. C. Burnand.	"	1894	Boosey.	"
The Beauty Stone.	Incidental music	—	Lyceum.	1894	MS.	"
	Comic opera.	W. S. Gilbert.	Savoy.	1896	Chappell.	"
	Ballet.	—	Alhambra.	1897	Metzler.	Piano solo.
	Romantic opera.	A. W. Pinero and Comyns Carr.	Savoy.	1898	Chappell.	Vocal score and piano solo.

Various movements from the above works are also published separately.

ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, AND OTHER ORCHESTRAL WORKS.

Title.	Description.	Librettist.	Produced at.	Date.	Publisher.	Form.
Procession.	March.	—	—	1863	Cramer.	Piano solo and duet.
Princess of Wales'.	"	—	—	"	"	Piano solo and duet.
Kenilworth.	Cantata.	H. J. Chorley.	Birmingham.	1864	Chappell.	Vocal score.
The Sapphire Necklace.	Overture.	—	—	1864	MS.	
Symphony in E.	—	—	Crystal Palace.	1866	MS.	
Concertino for Violoncello.	—	—	"	1866	MS.	
In Memoriam.	Overture.	—	Norwich.	1866	Novello.	
Marmion.	"	—	Philharmonic Society, London.	1867	MS.	Full score, piano solo and duet.
Di Ballo.	"	—	Birmingham.	1870	MS.	
Additional accomps. to Handel's Jephthah.	—	—	—	1869	MS.	

The Prodigal Son. On Shore and Sea. Festival Te Deum.	Oratorio. Cantata.	— Tom Taylor.	Worcester. Albert Hall.	1869 1871	Boosey.	Vocal score.
The Light of the World. The Martyr of Antioch. The Golden Legend.	Oratorio.	—	Crystal Palace (For the re- covery of the Prince of Wales.) Birmingham.	1872	Novello.	Full score and vocal score.
			Leeds.	1873	Cramer.	Vocal score.
Exhibition Ode. Imperial Insti- tute Ode.	Sacred music drama. Cantata.	Dean Millman. Longfellow (arranged by J. Bennett.) Tennyson. Lewis Morris.	Leeds.	1880	Chappell.	Full score and vocal score.
			"	1886	Novello.	"
Imperial March.	—	—	Albert Hall. Imperial Insti- tute (laying of foundation- stone by the Queen).	1886 1887	Chappell.	Vocal score. "
			Imperial Insti- tute (at the opening by the Queen).	1893	"	Piano solo.

Movements from several of the above works are also published separately.

SERVICES, ANTHEMS, CAROLS, AND PART SONGS.

Title.	Description.	Publisher.	Date.
When Love and Beauty.	Madrigal.	Novello.	1863 pub- lished
O Love the Lord.	Anthem.	"	1868
We have heard with our ears.	"	"	1864
Te Deum, Jubilate and Kyrie.	Service.	"	1865 1866 & 1872
The Rainy Day.	Part Song. (S. A. J. B.)	"	1867
O Hush Thee, My Babie.	"	"	"
O Taste and See.	Anthem.	"	1868
Rejoice in the Lord.	"	Boosey.	"
Evening.	Part Song. (S. A. J. B.)	Novello.	"
Joy to the Victor.	"	"	"
Parting Gleams.	"	"	"
Echoes.	"	"	"
Song of Peace (from On Shore and Sea).	"	Boosey.	"
I Sing the Birth.	Sacred Part song (S. A. J. B.)	"	"
The Long Day Closes.	Part song (S. A. J. B.)	Novello.	"
The Beleaguered.	"	"	"
Sing, O Heavens.	Anthem.	Boosey.	1869
All this Night.	Carol.	Novello.	1870
O God, Thou Art Worthy.	Anthem.	"	1871
I Will Worship.	"	Boosey.	"
It came upon the Midnight.	Sacred Part song (S. A. J. B.)	"	"
Lead, Kindly Light.	"	"	"
Through Sorrow's Path.	"	"	"
Watchman, what of the Night?	"	"	"
The Way is Long and Drear.	"	"	"
Festival Te Deum (see Table B).	"	"	"

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SERVICES, ANTHEMS, CAROLS AND PART SONGS—Continued.

Title.	Description.	Publisher.	Date.
Turn Thee Again. Mercy and Truth.	Choruses adapted from Russian Church Music.	Boosey.	1874
I Will Mention. Upon the Snowclad Earth. Hearken unto Me.		Metzler.	1875
I will Sing of Thy Power.	Anthem.	Novello.	1876
Turn Thy Face.	Carol.	Novello.	1877
Who is Like unto Thee?	Anthem.	"	"
Hark, what means?	"	"	1878
	"	"	1883
	Carol.	Patey	"
		Willis.	"
Wreaths for our Graves.	Anthem.	Novello.	1898

SONGS, ETC.

Name.	Publisher.	Date.
O Israel (Sacred)	Novello.	1855
Bride from the North	Cramer.	1863
I heard the Nightingale	Chappell.	"
Arabian Love Song	"	1866
Orpheus with his Lute	Metzler.	"
O Mistress Mine	"	"
Sigh no more, Ladies	"	"
The Willow Song	"	"
Sweet Day, so Cool	"	"
Rosalind	"	"
Over the Roof (from The Sapphire Neck- lace)	Cramer.	"
Thou art Lost to Me	Boosey.	"
Will he Come?	"	"
A Weary Lot is Thine	Chappell.	"
If Doughty Deeds	"	"
She is not Fair to Outward View	Boosey.	"
County Guy	Ashdown.	1867
The Maiden's Story	Chappell.	"

Songs, Etc.—Continued.

Name.	Publisher:	Date.
Give	Boosey.	1867
In the Summers Long Ago afterwards	Metzler.	..
My Love beyond the Sea		
What does Little Birdie Say?	Ashdown.	..
The Moon in Silent Brightness	Metzler.	1868
O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove	Ashdown.	..
O Sweet and Fair	Boosey.	..
I Wish to Tune my quiv'ring Lyre	"	..
The Snow lies White	"	..
The Mother's Dream	"	..
The Troubadour	"	1869
Birds in the Night (from Cox and Box, with different words)	"	..
Sad Memories	Metzler.	..
Dove Song	Boosey.	..
A Life that Lives for You	"	1870
The Village Chimes	"	..
Looking Back	"	..
The Window; or the Loves of the Wren, a cycle of twelve songs	Strahan.	1871
Once Again	Boosey.	1872
Golden Days	"	..
None But I can Say	"	..
Guinevere	Cramer.	..
The Sailor's Grave	"	..
The Maid of Arcadia (from Thespiis)	"	..
There Sits a Bird	"	1873
Looking Forward	Boosey.	..
The Young Mother (three songs)	Cramer.	..
The Days are Cold		
afterwards		
Little Darling, Sleep Again	Metzler.	1876
Ay di Mi	Cramer.	1873
The First Departure afterwards	Metzler.	1876
	Cramer.	1873
The Chorister	Metzler.	1878
O Ma Charmante	Cramer.	1873
O Bella Mia (Italian version)		

SONGS, ETC.—Continued.

Name.	Publisher.	Date.
Sweet Dreamer	Cramer.	1873
Two songs in The Miller and his Men : (drawing-room entertainment)	"	"
The Marquis de Minceple		
Finale		
Nel Ciel Sereno (Merchant of Venice)	"	"
Venetian Serenade	Bosworth.	1898
Sleep, my Love, Sleep	Boosey.	1874
Mary Morison	"	"
The Distant Shore	Chappell.	"
Thou art Weary	"	"
My Dear and only Love	Boosey.	"
Living Poems	"	"
Tender and True	Chappell.	"
Christmas Bells at Sea	Novello.	1875
The Love that Loves me not	"	"
Love laid his Sleepless Head	Boosey.	"
Let me Dream Again	"	"
Thou'rt Passing Hence	Chappell.	"
Sweethearts	"	"
My Dearest Heart	Boosey.	1876
Sometimes	"	1877
The Lost Chord	"	"
When Thou art Near	"	1877
I Would I Were a King	"	1878
King Henry's Song (from Henry VIII.)	Metzler.	"
Morn, Happy Morn (trio) (in the play Olivia)	"	"
Old Love Letters	Boosey.	1879
St. Agnes' Eve	"	"
Edward Gray	S. Lucas.	1880
The Sisters (duet) (originally published in the <i>Leisure Hour</i>)	"	1881
In the Twilight of our Love (from <i>Patience</i> , with different words)	Chappell.	"
A Shadow	Patey Willia.	1885
Ever	Chappell.	1887
You Sleep	"	1889
E tu Nol Sai } (in the play of <i>The Profligate</i>)		
Bid me at Least	"	1894

HYMN TUNES.

Name.	Where first Published.	Publisher.	Date.
Hymn of the Homeland.	<i>Good Words.</i>	Strahan (afterwards Boosey).	1867
Thou God of Love.	Book of Praise Hymnal.	Macmillan.	1867
Of Thy Love. Mount Zion.	" " Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship.	Nisbet.	" "
Formosa (Falfield). St. Luke.	Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship. Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship.	" "	" "
The Strain Upraise.	Brown Borthwick's Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book.	Novello.	1868
The Son of God.	Brown Borthwick's Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book.	"	"
Hymn of the Homeland. Gennesareth (Heber).	— Sarum Hymnal.	Boosey. —	" 1869
Lacrymas, 222.	The Hymnary.	Novello.	1872
Lux Mundi, 225.	"	"	"
Saviour, when in Dust, 249.	"	"	"
Welcome, Happy Morn- ing, 284.	"	"	"
St. Revin, 285.	"	"	"
Onward, Chris- tian Soldiers (St. Gertrude), 476.	"	"	"
Safe Home, 507.	"	"	"
Gentle	"	"	"
Shepherd, 509.	"	"	"
Angel Voices, 532.	"	"	"
Propior Deo, 570.	"	"	"

HYMN TUNES—Continued.

Name.	Where first Published.	Publisher.	Date.
Venite (Rest), 597.	The Hymnary.	Novello.	1872
St. Edmund, 646.	Church Hymns with Tunes	S.P.C.K.	1874
Christus, 406.			
Coena Domini, 207.	" "	"	"
Coronao, 354.	" "	"	"
Dulce sonans, 316.	" "	"	"
Ever Faithful, 414.	" "	"	"
Evelyn, 390.	" "	"	"
Golden	" "	"	"
Sheaves, 281.	" "	"	"
Hanford, 400.	" "	"	"
Holy City, 497.	" "	"	"
Hushed was the Evening Hymn 572.	" "	"	"
Litany, 585.	" "	"	"
" 592.	" "	"	"
Paradise, 473.	" "	"	"
Pilgrimage, 367.	" "	"	"
Resurrexit, 132.	" "	"	"
St. Francis, 220.	" "	"	"
St. Nathaniel, 257.	" "	"	"
Saints of God, 191.	" "	"	"
Ultor Omni- potens, 262.	" "	"	"
Valete, 30.	" "	"	"
Veni, Creator, 346.	" "	"	"
St. Mary	" "	"	"
Magdalene, 404.	" "	"	"
Lux in Tenebris, 409.	" "	"	"
Lux Eoi, 67.	" "	"	"
St. Patrick, 144.	" "	"	"
St. Theresa, 566.	" "	"	"

APPENDIX

HYMN TUNES—Continued.

Name.	Where first Published.	Publisher.	Date.
(Also seven tunes specially adapted or arranged.) Dominion Hymn. Courage, Brother. O King of Kings (Bishopgarth)	Church Hymns with Tunes	S.P.C.K.	1874
	<i>Good Words.</i>	Chappell.	1880
		Strahan.	1882
	Written by command for the Queen's Jubilee.	Eyre and Spottiswoode, afterwards Novello.	1897

WORKS FOR PIANO.

Name.	Publisher.	Date.
Thoughts, two pieces for piano solo . . . Afterwards published as	Cramer.	1862
Reverie in A }	Phillips and Page.	
Melody in D }	Phillips and Page.	
The same arranged for piano and violin	Boosey.	1867
Day Dreams, six pieces for piano solo .	Chappell.	1868
Twilight	Lamborn	
Duo concertanto for piano and 'cello .	Cock.	

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